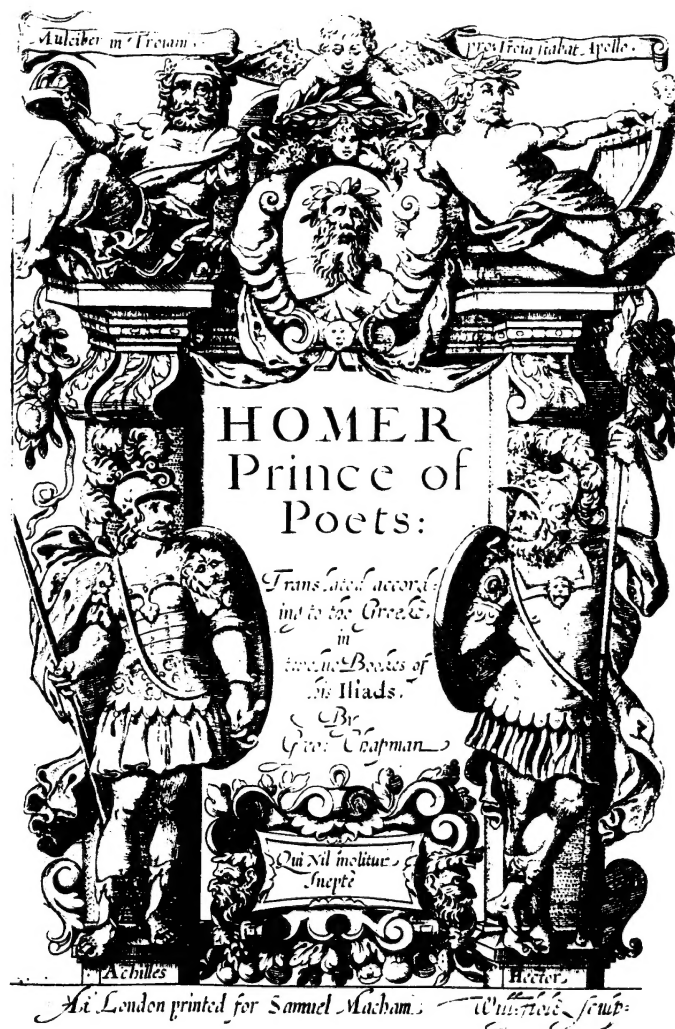


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# TO THE HIGH BORNE PRINCE OF MEN,

*HENRIE; Thrice Royall Inheritor*

to th'vnited Kingdomes of Great

*BRITANNE, &c.*

**S**ince perfect happinesse, by Princes sought,  
Is not with birth, borne, nor exchequers bought;  
Nor followes in great Traines; nor is posselt  
With any outward State; but makes him blest  
That gouernes inward; and beholdeth theare,  
All his affections stand about him bare;  
That by his power can send to Towre, and death,  
All traitrous passions; marshalling, beneath  
His iustice, his meere will; and in his minde  
Houlds such a scepter, as can keepe confinde  
His whole lites actions in the royall bounds  
Of Vertue and Religion; and their grounds  
Takes-in, to sowe his honors, his delights,  
And compleat empire; you should learn these rights  
(Great Prince of men) by princely prefidents;  
Which here, in all kindes, my true zeale presents  
To furnish your youths groundworke, & first State;  
And let you see, one Godlike man create  
All sorts of worthiest men; to be contriu'd  
In your worth onely; giuing him reuiu'd,  
For whose life, *Alexander* would haue giuen  
One of his kingdomes: who (as sent from heauen,  
And thinking well, that so diuine a creature  
Would neuer more enrich the race of Nature)

Kept

*The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

Kept as his Crowne his works; and thought them still  
His Angels; in all power, to rule his will;  
And would affirme that *Homers* poesie  
Did more aduance his Asian victorie,  
Then all his Armies. O 'tis wondrous much  
(Though nothing priske) that the right vertuous touch  
Of a well written soule, to vertue moues.  
Nor haue we soules to purpose, if their loues  
Of fitting obiects be not so inflam'd:  
How much then, were this kingdomes maine soule maim'd  
To want this great inflamer of all powers  
That moue in humane soules? All Realmes but yours,  
Are honor'd with him; and hold blest that State  
That haue his workes to read and contemplate:  
In which, humanitie to her height is rais'd;  
Which all the world (yet, none enough) hath pray'd.  
Seas, earth, and heauen, he did in verse comprise,  
Cut-sung the Muses, and did equalise  
Their king *Apollo*; being so farre from cause  
Of Princes light thoughts, that their grauest lawes  
May finde stufte to be fashioned by his lines;  
Through all the pompe of kingdomes still he shines,  
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie  
Your Lutes, and Violls, and more lustily  
Make the Heroiques of your *Homer* sung;  
To Drummes and Trumpets set his Angels tongue:  
And with the princely sport of Haukes you vse,  
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse:  
And see how like the Phoenix she renues  
Her age, and starrie feathers in your sunne;  
Thoulands of yeares attending; euerie one  
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in  
Their seasons, kingdomes, nations that haue bin  
Subuerted in them; lawes, religions, all

Offerd

*The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

Offerd to Change, and greedie Funerall;  
Yet still your *Homer* lasting, living, raining;  
And proues, how firme Truth builds in Poets faining.  
A Princes statue, or in Marble caru'd,  
Or Steele, or Gould, and shrinde (to be preferu'd)  
Aloft on Pillars, or Pyramides;  
Time into lowest ruines may depreffe:  
But, drawne with all his vertues in learn'd verse,  
Fame shal resound them on Obluions herse,  
Till Graues gaspe with her blasts, and dead men rise:  
Nogould can follow, where true Poesie flies.  
Then let not this Diuinitie in earth  
(Deare Prince) be sleighted, as she were the birth  
Of idle Fancie; since she workes so hie:  
Nor let her poore disposer (Learning) lye  
Still Bed-rid. Both which, being in men defac't;  
In men (with them) is Gods bright Image ras't.  
For, as the Sunne, and Moone, are figures giuen  
Of his refulgent Deitie in Heauen:  
So, Learning, and her Lightner, Poesie,  
In earth present this fierie Maiestie.  
Nor are Kings like him, since their Diademes  
Thunder, and lighten, and proiect braue beames;  
But since they his cleare vertues emulate;  
In Truth and Iustice, Imaging his State;  
In Bountie, and Humanitie since they shine;  
Then which, is nothing (like him) more diuine:  
Not Fire, not Light; the Sunnes admired course;  
The Rise, nor Set of Starres; nor all their force  
In vs, and all this Cope beneath the Skie;  
Nor great *Existence*, tearm'd his Treasure:  
Since not, for being greatest, he is Blest;  
But being Iust, and in all vertues Best.

What sets his Iustice, and in his Truth, best forth

A

(Best

### *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

(Best Prince) then vse best ; which is Poesies worth.  
For, as great Princes, well inform'd and deckt  
With gracious vertue, giue more sure effect  
To her perswasions, pleasures, reall worth,  
Then all th' inferiour subiects she sets forth;  
Since there, she shines at full ; hath birth, wealth, state,  
Power, fortune, honor, fit to eleuate  
Her heauenly merits ; and so fitt they are  
Since shee was made for them, and they for her :  
So, Truth, with Poesie grac't, is fairer farre,  
More proper, mouing, chaste, and regulare,  
Then when she runnes away with vntrus't Prose ;  
Proportion, that doth orderly dispose  
Her vertuous treasure, and is Queene of Graces ;  
In Poesie decking her with choicest Phrases,  
Figures and numbers ; when loose Prose puts on  
Plaine letter-habits ; makes her trot, vpon  
Dull earthly businesse (she being meere diuine) ;  
Holds her to homely Cates, and harsh hedge-wine,  
That should drinke Poesies Nectar ; euerie way  
One made for other, as the Sunne and Day,  
Princes and vertues. And, as in a spring,  
The plyant water, mov'd with any thing  
Let fall into into it, puts her motion out  
In perfect circles, that moue round about  
The gentle fountaine, one another rayning:  
So Truth, and Poesie worke ; so Poesie blazing,  
All subiects false in her exhaustless fount,  
Works most exactly ; makes a true account  
Of all things to her high discharges giuen,  
Till all be circulare and round as heauen.  
And lastly, great Prince, marke and pardon me ;  
As in a flourishing, and ripe fruit Tree,  
Nature hath made the barke to saue the Bole ;

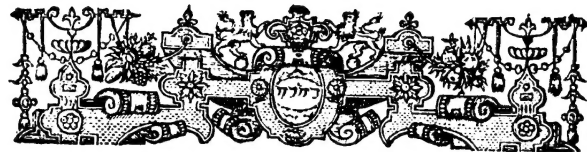
The

### *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

The Bole, the tappe ; the tappe, to decke the whole  
With leaues and branches ; they, to beare and shield  
The vtull fruit ; the fruit it selfe to yeld  
Guard to the cornell, and for that all those  
(Since out of that againe, the whole Tree growes):  
So, in our Tree of man, whose neruie Roote  
Springs in his top ; from thence euen to his foote,  
There runnes a mutuall aide, through all his parts,  
All ioyned in one to serue his Queene of Artes:  
In which, doth Poesie, like the cornell lye  
Obscure ; though her Promethean facultie  
Can create men, and make euen death to liue :  
For which, she should liue honor ; kings should giue  
Comfort and helpe to her, that she might still  
Hould vp their spirits in vertue ; make the will,  
That gouernes in them, to the power conform'd ;  
The power to iustice ; that the scandals, stormd  
Against the poore Dame, cleared by your sayre Grace,  
Your Grace may shine the clearer. Her lowe place,  
Not showing her, the highest leaues obscure.  
Who raise her, raise themselves : and he sits sure,  
Whom her wingd hand aduanceth ; since on it  
Eternitie doth (crowning Vertue) sit.  
All whose poore seede, like violets in their beddes,  
Now growe with bosome-hung, and hidden heads:  
For whom I must speake (though their Fate conuinces  
Me, worst of Poets) to you, best of Princes.

By him, that most ingenuously wisheth your Highnesse,  
all the Vertues, and Royalties, eternise by your  
Diuine Homer ;





## To the Reader.

**E**ast with foule hands you touch these holy Rites;  
 And with preiudicacies too prophane,  
 Passe Homer, in your other Poets sleights;  
 VVash bere; In this Porch to his numerous Phane,  
 Heare auncient Oracles speake, and tell you whom  
 You haue to censure. First then Silius heare,  
 Vt ho thrice was Consul in renowned Rome;  
 Vt hose verse ( *Sues Martiall* ) nothing shall out-weare.

*Silius Italicus. Lib. 13.*

**H**E, in *Elysium*, hauing cast his eye  
 Vpon the figure of a Youth, whose hayr  
 With purple Ribands braided curiously,  
 Hung on his shoulders wondrous bright and faire;  
 Said, Virgine? What is he whose heauenly face  
 Shines past al others, as the Morne the Night;  
 Whom many maruailing soules, from place to place,  
 Pursue, and haunt, with sounds of such delight?  
 Whose countenance (wer't not in the Stygian shade)  
 Would make me, quetionless, belieue he were  
 A verie God. The learned Virgine made  
 This answere; If thou shouldst beleue it here,  
 Thou shouldst not erre: he well deserv'd to be  
 Esteem'd a God; nor held his so-much brest  
 A little presence of the Deitie:  
 His verse comprisde earth, seas, starres, soules at rest:  
 In song, the Muses he did equalise;  
 In honor, *Phæbus*: he was onely soule;  
 Saw al things spher'd in Nature, without eyes;  
 And raide your *Trey* vp to the starrie Pole.  
 Glad *Scipio*, viewing well this Prince of Ghosts,  
 Saide, O if Fates would giue this Poet leaue,  
 To sing the acts done by the Romane Hoasts;  
 How much beyond, would future times receiue

To the Reader.

The same facts, made by any other knowne:  
O blest *Æacides*! to haue the grace  
That out of such a mouth, thou shouldst be showne  
To wondring Nations, as enricht the race  
Of all times future, with what he did knowe:  
Thy vertue, with his verte, shall euer growe.

Now heare an Angell sing our Poets Fame;  
Whom Fate, for his diuine song, gaue that name.

Angelus Politianus, in Nutricia.

More living, then in old *Demodocus*,  
Fame glories to wax yung in *Homers* verse.  
And as when bright *Hyperion* holds vs  
His goulden Torch, wee see the starres disperse,  
And euerie way flye heauen; the pallid Moone  
Euen almost vanishing before his light:  
So with the dafeling beames of *Homers* Sunne,  
All other ancient Poets lose their light.  
Whom when *Apollo* heard, out of his starre,  
Singing the Godlike Acts of honor'd men;  
And equalling the actuall rage of warre,  
With onely the diuine straines of his penne;  
He stood amaz'd, and freely did confesse  
Himselfe was equall'd in *Maonides*.

Next, heare the graue and learned *Plinie* v'se  
His censur of our sacred Poets Muse.

Plin. Nat. hist. lib. 7. Cap. 29.

Turn'd into verse; that no Poete may come neere *Homer*.

Whom shall we choole the glorie of all wits,  
Held through so many sorts of discipline,  
And such varietie of workes, and spirits;  
But Grecian *Homer*? like whom none did shine,  
For forme of worke and matter. And because  
Our proud doome of him may stand iustified  
By noblest iudgements, and receiue applause  
In spite of enuie, and illiterate pride;  
Great *Macedon*, amongst his matchles spoiles,  
Tooke from rich *Persia* (on his Fortunes cast)  
A Casket finding (full of precious oyles)  
Form'd all of gould, with wealthy stones enchac't;

He

To the Reader.

He tooke the oyles out; and his neereft friends  
Askt, in what better guard it might be vs'de?  
All giuing their conceits, to seuerall ends;  
He answerd; His affections rather chos'de  
An vlc quite opposite to all their kindes:  
And *Homers* bookes should with that guard be serv'd;  
That the most precious worke of all mens mindes,  
In the most precious place, might be preserv'd.  
The Fount of wit was *Homer*; Learnings Syre,  
And gaue Antiquitie, her liuing fire.

Idem lib. 17.  
Cap. 5.  
Idem lib. 25.  
Cap. 3.

Volumes of like praise, I could heape on this,  
Of men more auncient, and more learn'd then these:  
But since true Vertue, enough louely is  
With her owne beauties; all the suffrages  
Of others I omitte; and would more faine  
That *Homer*, for himselfe, should be belov'd,  
Who euerie sort of loue-worth did containe.  
Which how I haue in my conuersion prov'd,  
I must confesse, I hardly dare referre  
To reading iudgements; since, so generally,  
Custome hath made euen th' ablest Agents erre  
In these translations; all so much apply  
Their paines and cunnings, word for word to render  
Their patient Authors; when they may as well,  
Make fish with foule, Camels with Whales engender;  
Or their tongues speech, in other mouths compell.  
For, euen as different a Production  
Asks Greeke and English; since as they in sounds,  
And letters, shunne one forme, and vnison;  
So haue their sense, and elegancie bounds  
In their distinguish'd natures, and require  
Onely a iudgement to make both consent,  
In sense and elocution; and aspire  
As well to reach the spirit that was spent  
In his example; as with arte to pierce  
His Grammar, and etymologie of words.  
But, as great Clerks, can write no English verse;  
Because (alas! great Clerks) English affords

Of Translation  
and the naturall  
distinction: Dilecti  
necessarij  
to be obserued  
more.

Idem.

A 4

(Say

To the Reader.

(Say they)no height, nor copie; a rude tongue,  
 (Since tis their Native);but in Greek or Latine  
 Their wits are rare; for thence true Poësie sprung;  
 Though them(Truth knowes)they haue but skil to chaſe in,  
 Compar'd with that they might ſay in their owne;  
 Since thither the others full ſoule cannot make  
 The ample tranſmigration to be ſhowne  
 In Nature-louing Poëſie: So the brake  
 That thoſe Tranſlators ſticke in, that affect  
 Their word-for-word traductions(where they loſe  
 The free grace of their naturall Dialect  
 And ſhame the Authors, with a forced Gloſe,  
 I laugh to ſee; and yet as much abhorre  
 More licence from the words, then may expreſſe  
 Their full compreſſion, and make cleere the Author.  
 From whole truth, if you thinke my ſeet digreſſe,  
 Becauſe I ſe needful Periphrases;  
 Reade *Valla, Heſſus*, that in Latine Proſe,  
 And Verſe conuert him; read the *Meſſines*,  
 That into Tulcan turns him; and the Gloſe  
 Graue *Salut* makes in french, as he tranſlates:  
 Which (for th'aforeſaide reaſons) all muſt doo;  
 And ſee that my conuerſion much abates  
 The licence they take, and more ſhowes him too:  
 Whoſe right, not all thoſe great learnd men haue done  
 (In ſome maine parts) that were his Commentars:  
 But (as the illuſtration of the ſunne  
 Should be attempted by the erring ſtarres)  
 They faild to ſearch his deepe, and treaſurous hart.  
 The cauſe was, ſince they wanted the fit key  
 Of Nature, in their down-right ſtrength of Art;  
 With Poëſie, to open Poëſie.  
 Which in my Poem of the myſteries  
 Reuealde in *Homer*, I will clearely proue.  
 Till whoſe neere birth, ſuſpend your Calumnies,  
 And ſarre-wide imputations of ſelfe loue.  
 Tis further from me, then the worſt that reads;  
 Profeking me the worſt of all that wright:  
 Yet what, in following one, that brauely leads,  
 The worſt may ſhowe, let this prooſe hold the light.

The neceſſary  
 neceſſity of  
 tranſlation to  
 the example.

The power of  
 nature, above  
 Art in Poëſie.

But

To the Reader.

But grant it cleere: yet hath Detraction got  
 My blinde ſide, in the forme, my verſe puts on;  
 Much like a dung-hill Maſtife, that dares not  
 Affault the man he barks at; but the ſtone  
 He throwes at him, takes in his eager lawes,  
 And ſpoyles his teeth becauſe they cannot ſpoyle.  
 The long verſe hath by prooſe receiu'd applauſe  
 Beyond each other number: and the foile,  
 That ſquint-eyd Enuie takes, is cenſur'd plaine.  
 For, this long Poeme asks this length of verſe;  
 Which I my ſelfe ingenuouſly maintaine  
 Too long, our ſhorter Authors to reherſe.  
 And for our tongue, that ſtill is ſo empayrde  
 By trauailing linguists; I can proue it cleere,  
 That no tongue hath the Muſes vterance heyrd  
 For verſe, and that ſweet Muſique to the eare  
 Strooke out of rime, ſo naturally as this;  
 Our Monofyllables, ſo kindly fall  
 And meete, oppoſde in rime, as they did kiſſe:  
 French and Italian, moſt immetricall;  
 Their many ſyllables, in harſh Colliſion,  
 Fall as they brake their necks; their baſtard Rimes  
 Saluting as they iuſt'd in tranſition,  
 And ſet our teeth on edge; nor tunes, nor times  
 Kept in their falls. And me thinkes, their long words  
 Shewe in ſhort verſe, as in a narrow place,  
 Two oppoſites ſhould meet, with two-hand ſwords;  
 Vnwieldily, without or uſe or grace.  
 Thus hauing rid the rubs, and ſtrow'd theſe flowers  
 In our thrice ſacred *Homer's* Engliſh way;  
 What reſts to make him, yet more worthy yours?  
 To cite more prayſe of him, were meete delay  
 To your glad ſearches, for what thoſe men found,  
 That gaue his praiſe, paſt all, ſo high a place:  
 Whoſe vertues were ſo many, and ſo crounde,  
 By all conſents, Diuine; that not to grace,  
 Or adde encrease to them, the world doth neede  
 Another *Homer*; but euen to rehearſe  
 And number them: they did ſo much excede,  
 Men thought him not a man; but that his verſe

Our Engliſh  
 Language, above  
 all others, for  
 Rhythmicall Po-  
 etry.

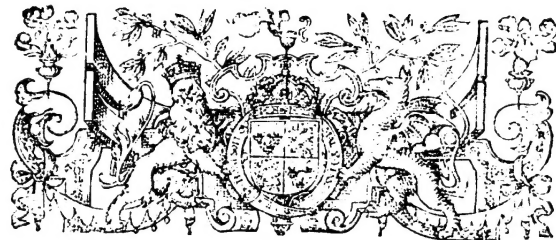
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*To the Reader.*

Some meere celestiall nature did adorne.  
And all may well conclude, it could not be,  
That for the place where any man was borne,  
So long, and mortally, could disagree  
So many Nations, as for *Homer* stru'd,  
Vnlesse his spurre in them had bene diuine.  
Then end their strife, and loue him (thus reuiu'd)  
As borne in *England*: see him ouer-shine  
All other-Countrie Poets; and trust this,  
That whose-soeuer Muse dares vse her wing  
When his Muse flies, she will be tru'st by his,  
And thowe as if a Bernacle should spring  
Beneath an Eagle. In none since was seene  
A soule so full of heauen as earth, in him.  
O! if our Moderne Poesie had bene  
As louely as the Ladie he did lymne,  
What barbarous worldling, groueling after gaine,  
Could vse her louely parts, with such rude hate,  
As now she suffers vnder euerie swaine?  
Since then tis nought but her abuse, and Fate,  
That thus empayres her; what is this to her  
As shee is reall? or in naturall right?  
But since in true Religion men should erre  
As much as Poesie, should th' abuse excite  
The like contempt of her Diuinitie;  
And that her truth, and right saint sacred Merites,  
In most liues, breed but reuerence formally;  
What wonder is't if Poesie inherits  
Much lesse obseruance; being but Agent for her  
And finger of her lawes that others say?  
Forth then ye Mowles, sonnes of the earth abhor her;  
Keepe still on in the durtye vulgar way,  
Till durty receiue your soules, to which ye vow;  
And with your poison'd spirits bewitch our thrifs.  
Ye cannot so dispile vs, as we you.  
Nor one of you, about his Mowlebill lifts  
His earthy Minde; but, as a sort of beasts,  
Kept by their Guardians, neuer care to heare  
Their manly voices; but when, in their fits,  
They breath wilde whistles; and the beasts rude care  
Hears

*To the Reader.*

Hears their Curres barking; then by heaps they fly,  
Headlong together: So men, beastly giuen,  
The manly foules voice (sacred Poesie,  
Whose Hymns the Angels euer sing in heauen)  
Contemne, and heare not: but when brutish noises  
(For Gaine, Lust, Honor, in litigious Prose)  
Are bellow'd-out, and crack the barbarous voices  
Of Turkish *Stentors*; O! ye leane to those,  
Like itching Horse, to blocks, or high May-poles;  
And break nought but the wind of wealth, wealth, All  
In all your Documents; your Asinine soules  
(Proud of their burthens) feele not how they gal.  
But as an Asse, that in a field of weedes  
Affects a thistle, and falls fiercely to it;  
That prickes, and galls him; yet he feedes, & bleeds;  
Forbeares awhile, and licks; but cannot woo it  
To leaue the sharpnes; when (to wreak his smart)  
He beats it with his foot; then backward kickes,  
Because the Thistle gald his forward part;  
Nor leaues till all be eate, for all the prickes;  
Then fals to others with as hote a strife;  
And in that honourable war doth waste  
The tall heat of his stomacke, and his life:  
So, in this world of weedes, you worldlings taste  
Your most-lov'd dainties; with such war, buy peace;  
Hunger for torment; vertue kick for vices;  
Cares, for your states, do with your states encrease;  
And though ye dreame ye feast in Paradise,  
Yet Reasons Day-light, shoves ye at your meate  
Asses at Thistles, bleeding as ye eate.



*To the sacred Fountaine of Princes; sole  
Empresse of Beautie, and Vertue; A N N E,  
Queene of England &c.*

**W**ith whatsoeuer Honor wee adorne  
Your Royall Issue; we must gratulate you  
Imperiall Soueraigne. Who of you is borne,  
Is you; One Tree, make both the Bole and Bow.  
If it be honor then to ioyne you both  
To such a powerfull worke, as shal defend  
Both from foule *Death*, and *Ages* oughly Moth;  
This is an Honor, that shall neuer end.  
They know not vertue then, that know not what  
The vertue of defending vertue is:  
It comprehends the guard of all your State,  
And ioynes your Greatnesse to as great a Blisse.  
Shield vertue, and aduance her then, Great Queene;  
And make this Booke your Glasse, to make it teene.

*Your Maiesties in all subiection most  
humbly consecrate,*

Geo. Chapman.





## THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



**A**pollo Priest to th' Argiue Fleete doth bring  
Gifts for his daughter, prisoner to the King:  
For which her tendred freedome he intreats:  
But being dismist with contumelious threats,  
At *Phobus* hands by vengefull prayer hee seekes,  
To haue a plague inflicted on the Greekes:  
Which done *Achilles* doth a Councell cite,  
And forceth *Cbalchus* in the Kings despite  
To tell the truth why they were punisht so:  
From whence their fierce and deadly strife doth grow.  
In which *Achilles* so extreamely raues,  
That Goddesse *Thetis* from her Throne of waues  
(Ascending Heauen) of *Ioue* assistance wonne  
T'afflict the Greekes, by absence of her Sonne,  
And make the Generall himselfe repent  
To wrong so much his Armies Ornament.  
This found by *Iuno*, shee with *Ioue* contends,  
Till *Vulcan* with Heauens cuppe the quarrell ends.

*Another Argument.*

*Alpha*, the prayer of *Chryssys* sings,  
The Armies plague th' incensed Kings.

**A**chilles banefull wrath, resound great Goddesse of my verse  
That through th' afflicted host of Greece did worlds of woes disperse,  
And timeles sent to hell by troopes, the strong and generous soules  
Of great Heroes; but their limbs left food for beasts and foules:  
So *Ioues* high counsell tooke cument, from whence that larre begun,  
Twixt Agamemnon King of men, and *Thetis* Godlike sonne.  
What God did giue them up to strife? *Ioues* and *Latonas* seede,  
Who angrie with the King for wrongs, against his Priest decreede,  
Made sickenes rage through all the host, which much life put to flight:  
His Priest came to the Greekes swift Fleete, with ranfome infinite.

B

The

*The golden Scepter and the Crowne far-shooting Phœbus wore,  
To free his daughter: which in hand he humbly brought before  
The Peeres of Greece; whom he besought, but both the Attrides, most,  
Who were most mightie in the rule of all th'imperiall host.*

*Attrides and ye well-griev'd Greekes, Gods that in Heav'nly Halls,  
Make blest abodes, renowne your swords with Pitiāns razed walls;  
And grant your wisht retreat to Greece: weane space accept of me  
These sacred presents, as the price of Nobles setting free  
My onely daughter: In which deed, ye shall sit Honor shewe,  
To Phœbus: honouring me, his Priest. 'Tis all the Peeres allow;  
Gueit grace to the reverend Priest: and thinke the wisht release  
Defer'd well in the sacred Price; which yet did nothing please  
The great Attrides: who thus wrong'd the Deitie of the Day,  
In wronging his religious Priest: commanding him away.*

*Hence dotard: quickly quit our flete: nor let me euer more,  
Heare of thy presence; least the Crowne of him thou dost adore  
And his great Scepter helpe thee not; I will not set her free  
Till age hath freed her of my love: At Argos farre from thee,  
She shall be hushwife in my Court, and a honord with my Bedae.  
Be gone then, that thou may'st be safe; The old man fear'd and fled,  
And by the farre-resounding seas went silent, till (far gone)  
He thus besought the King of Men: Fayre-hayrd Latonas sonne,  
Heare thou that bear'st the silver Bowe, that dost on Chrysa shine,  
'Tis that strongly govern'st Tenedos, and Cylla most divine.  
O Smynthius, if euer I thy thankfull Temple crownde,  
Or with fat thighs of Bulls and Goats, have made thy fires abound,  
Gueit full effect to my desires, and for these teares I shed  
Let Greekes pay paines, and with thy shafts in troopes be striken dead.*

*Thus pray'd he, and Apollo heard, who at the heart offended  
Downe from the tople's browes of heauen, into the host descended:  
His bowe and Quiver cover'd round, his golden shoulders wore,  
His angrie arrowes (as he mov'd) did thunder on the Shore.  
So, like the lowering night he walkt, and tooke his wreakfull stand  
Athwart the Flecte: his silver Bowe, with his hard loofing hand,  
A dreadfull sound did make, and first the mules and dogges he wounds,  
And after with the brefts of men, his martall shafts confounds:  
The funerall pyles did euer burne with heapes of men he slew;  
Nine dayes together through the host, his poisoned arrowes slew,  
The tenth a counsell through the Camp AEacides designde,  
Which Iuno with the silver Armes, did put into his minde:*

Who

*Who stood; emorsefull of the Greekes to see them euerie where  
Employ the greedy fires of death: and now conuented were  
The chiefe commanders of the camp, who (altogether please)  
From sacred Thetis swift footed Juno this supposition passe.*

*Attrides, some new error now procures this plague I feare,  
To drive vs hence; if with our lues we may th'impulsions beare  
Of this our double pestilence, th'infection and our warre:  
But let vs some graue Prophet aske, or Priest that sees from farre;  
Or some interpreter of dreames (for dreames proceede from Ioue)  
Who may report what sinne doth thus the Delphian Archer moue  
To punishments: if hecatombs; or fumes of offered sheepe,  
Or foulest Goates, or vowes vnkept, which now our Zeales may keepe,  
That his sharpe arrowes in our breastes hee may refrain to sleepe.*

*Achilles, having sayd, fate downe; when Calchas, The Istor, sonne  
(The best of Augures, that was skild in all things present, done  
Needs past, and euerie act to come, and did direct the course  
Of th'Argive Flecte to Vion, for his propheticke force  
Given by Apollo) next stood up, and thus did silence breake.  
Ioue-lou'd Achilles, if thou wilt, and wilt command me speake  
My knowledge of Apollos wrath; couenant and sweare to mee,  
That readie with thy hand and sword, thou wilt assistant bee  
Both now and in affaires to come: for him that moit doth sway  
'The soueraine Empire of the host, whom all the Greeks obey,  
I feare my sentence will offend: and if a mightie fate  
Against a much inferiour man conceiue a lordly hate,  
Though hee depreesse it for the time, yet he reserves it still,  
Till best advantage of his power haue perfected his will.  
Say then if thou wilt warrant me, against the worst euent?  
Achilles answer'd, All thou knowest, speake, and be confident:  
For by the deere below'd of Ioue, the dayes Eternall King,  
From whom (O Calchas) to the Greekes, thou Oracles dost sing,  
Not one of all the Peeres shall lay offensive hands on thee,  
While my truth shielding forces last, or that in earth I see:  
No not if Agamemnons frowne, hee obiect of thy feares,  
Who to be soueraine of vs all, the glorious title beares.*

*Then tooke the blamelesse Prophet hart, and sayd they were not vowes,  
Yet vnperform'd, nor hecatombs, but loue that Phœbus shewes,  
In honor of his Priestles disgrasse by Agamemnons will,  
That skorn'd his ransom, and reserves his dearest daughter still;  
For this, Apollo sends this plague, and yet will send vs more,*

B 2

Nor

Nor will containe, from our distresse, his beaue *home* band, before  
The blacke eyde virgin be releast, vnought and ransomlesse,  
And conuoy'd hence with Hecatombes, till her chaste foot do presse  
The flowrie Chrytas holy shoure; and so if wee shall please  
Th' offended God, perhaps he may recure this keene disease.

He saie: the great Hetoe rose, the far commanding king  
Atides, full of froward griefes, excessive angers sting  
Sperr'd blackefumes round about his brest, his eyes like burning fire  
Cast sparkles from his bended browes, all blown out of his ire:  
And looking sternely on the priest, Prophet of ill (said he)  
That neuer didst preface my good, but tookest delight to be  
Offensine in thy Auguries, not one good word proceedes  
From thy rude lips, nor is perform'd in any after deedes:  
And now thou frowardly dost preach, in midst of all the Greekes,  
That heaucns farre shooters in this plague, the reslutation seekes  
Of my faire prisoner, who retaynd, is cause of our annoy:  
And all because thou know'st, in her I take such speciall ioy,  
And wish to bring her to my Court, since I esteeme her more,  
Then Clyemnestra, that to me, the nuptiall contract swore,  
When shee was yet a maide and young: nor doth she merite lesse  
Both for her bodies comely forme, her native towardnesse,  
Her wisdom and her huswiferie; yet will I render her  
If it be best: for to my good, my Souldiers I preserve.  
But in her place some other Pryse see quickly you prepare,  
That I alone of all the Greekes, lose not my honors share:  
Which needes must be confest vnfit; but thus my friends you see  
That what by all your mindes is mine, one other takes from me.

To him, the excellentst of foot, diuine Achilles said,  
Ambitious and most covetous man, what Pryse can be repaid  
By these our noble minded friendes, for thy desired supply?  
All know how scantily wee haue stor'd our common treasure.  
For what the spoiled Citties gaue, each souldier for his paine  
Hath duely shar'd by our consents, which to exact againe  
Were base and ignominious; but to the God resigne  
Thy pleasure for our common good: and if the most diuine  
So grace vs, that this well wall'd towne, we leauill with the plaine  
We fourefold will repay the losse, thy fortunes now sustaine.

The king replied; Be not deceiv'd, nor thinke thy priuate force  
(Godlike Achilles) can outgoe the free, and publique course,  
In which, heauen set my eminent power; it wil be neuer so;

Thou

Thou hast a like Pryse; wouldst thou wish that I should thus let goe  
The right I win, and thou keepe thine? But if the rest thinke fit,  
That my rule thus be ouer-ru'd, let them as well admit  
My worthy recompence: if not, Ile make mine owne Amends;  
In person, I will come my selfe to thee, or to thy Friends,  
Ajax, or Ithacus; and take my choice of any Pryse,  
That I thinke counternayles my losse, in all your Custodies;  
Let him seeke wreake, that thinks him wrong'd; But, touching this designe,  
We will hereafter, and elsewhere conclude what shall be mine:

Now let vs lanch the Sable Barke into the holy seas,  
Shippe chosen rowers in her banks: and Hecatombes to ease  
Our instant plague: and we will cause bright Christs to ascend:  
Whose charge to some Greeke prince in chiefe t'is fit we should commend:  
Or to the royall Idomen, or Ajax Telamon:  
Or to the prudent counsaylor, Diuine Laertes sonne:  
Or to the terriblest of men, thy selfe Acaides:  
That offrings made by thy strong hands, Apollo may appease.

Acaides obseruing well the urg'd authoritie  
Of his proud foe: with browes contract, return'd this sharp reply;  
O thou posselt with impudence, that in command of men,  
Affectst the brute minde of a Fox, for so thou fill thy denne  
With forced or betrayed spoyle, thou feel'st no sense of shame:  
What souldier can take any spirit, to put on (for thy fame)  
Contempt of violence and death, or in the open field,  
Or secret ambush; when the hye his high desert should yeeld,  
Is before hand condemn'd to glut thy gulfes of auarice.  
For me; I haue no cause t' account these Ilians enemies:  
Nor of my Oxen nor my horse, haue they made hostile spoyle;  
Nor hurt the comfortable fruites of Pthys populous soyle;  
For many shady distances, hills and resounding Seas  
Are interpos'd: but our kinde armes, are lifted to release  
(Thou senselesse of all Royaltie) thine and thy brothers fame,  
Imprisoned in disgracefull Troy, which nothing doth inflame  
Thy dogged nature to requite, with fauour or renowne,  
Our ceaselesse and important toyles; for which, what is mine owne,  
Given by the generall hands of Greece (yet by the valure got  
Of my free labours) thy rude lust will wrest into thy lot:  
In distribution of all townes, won from our Trojan foes.  
Still more then mine to thy heapt store, th' vneuen proportion rose;  
But in proportion of the fight the heaviest part did rise,

B 3

To



To my discharge; for which I finde much praise and little prise.  
But he enuire this ods no more: 't is better to retire,  
And to my country take my fleet, not feeding thy desire,  
Both with the wracke of my renowne, and of my wealth beside,  
Exchanged thy barbarous thirst of thy degenerat pride.

Affect, thou slight, replied the King, be gon and let not mee  
Nor my good of mine be cause to slay thy fleet or thee;  
There are enow besides, will slay and do my state renowne:  
But chiefly prudent Iupiter. Of all his band doth crowne,  
Thou still art bittrest to my rule; contenti on and sterne fight  
To thee, are vnitie and peace; if thou exceed in might,  
God gaue it thee, and 't is absurde to glorie as our owne,  
In that we haue not of our selues; but is from others growne.  
Home with thy fleet and Myrmidons; there let thy rule be seen,  
Hearth so much to feare thy rage, or gloriie thy spleene,  
That to thy face it threaten thee; and since th'offended Sunne  
Takes Chryties from me, whom by right of all contents I win;  
Let I with mine owne shippe and men must send her to her Syres;  
My selfe will to thy tent repaire and take thy hearts desire;  
Euen bright-checkt Bryllis from thine armes; that th. n thy pride may sweare  
Atides is thy bettter far, and all the rest may feare  
To vaunt equalitie with mee; or take ambitious hart,  
To stand with insolence comparde, in any aduerse part.  
Thou set Peleides souie on fire, and in his bristled brest,  
His rationall and anerie parts, a doutfull strife distrest;  
If he should draw his wreakfull sword, and forcing way through all,  
End Agamemnons insolence in bloudie funerall;  
Or else restrain his forwarde mind and calme his angers heat,  
Whilst in his thus diuided selfe, these agitations beat,  
And see his mightie sword vnbeath'd, wife Pallas was in place,  
Foreseent by great Saturnia, that makes the white embrace;  
Who, of the two late enemies, had wondrous loue and care;  
She stood behind AÆacides, and by the goulden hayre  
She told him to her; and to him she onely did appeare:  
Who turning to her heavenly sight, was strooke with reuerent feare;  
But by her dreadfull sparkling eyes her godhead straight he knew,  
And sayd, Why comes Ioues daughter here? the arrogancie to view  
Of Atteus sonne? were fitter death his barbarous pride should bow  
It hose author, I haue vow'd to be, and will performe my vow:  
She answered, 'T is not best for thee, and I am come t' appease

Thy

Thy violent furie, if thou wilt for my perswasions cease,  
Sent by the luorie-finger'd Queene, that tenders both your lines,  
Forbeare then thy aduise-les sword, and rule that part that strives;  
Reproving him with words more safe; and here I promise thee,  
What shall be perfectly perform'd: Thou shalt presented bee  
With gifts of three-fold excellence to thy rectined wrong,  
And therefore serue our deities: and onely vse thy tongue.

'Tis fit (Peleides did reply) your godheads should be pleas'd;  
Though at my soule I bee incens'd: who is for heauen please'd,  
Heauen will appease his wrongs for him: this said, his ample hand  
(Close'd in his siluer hilt) forbore, and did the Dames Command;  
So to the heauenly house shee slew of Egis bearing loue  
To keepe her stata with other Queenes; that sway the thrones above.  
Shee gone, Peleides did renew breach of his tempers peace;  
And gaue the king despightfull looks, nor yet his wrath would cease.  
Thou great in wine, with dogged looks, and hart but of a Hart,  
That neuer with the formost troups, in fight darst (bake thy dart,  
Nor in darke ambush arme thy selfe: these seeme too full of death  
For thy cold spirits) 't is more safe, with contumelious breath,  
To show thy manhood gainst a man, that contradicts thy lust,  
And with thy conscious valour, take his spoyle, with force vnus'd;  
Because thou knowest a man of fame, will take wrong ere hee be  
A generall mischief: nor sham'st thou though all the armie see.  
Then souldier-eating king, it is on beasts thou rule hast won;  
Or els this wrong had beene the last, thou euer should'st haue done:  
But I protest and sweare to thee, a great and sacred oath,  
Euer by this Scepter (which with kings, lawes and religion both  
Was vout to institute, and held a symbole of the right,  
By partles iustice ministred, and still beuayes the might  
Of princes carried in their hands, protecting all the lawes  
He ail receiue from Iupiter) which giues sufficient cause,  
To make thee thinke I meane t' obserue, what I so deeply sweare;  
That as it neuer since it grew, did leaues or branches beare,  
Cut from the hils, and can no more produce delightfome shade,  
So since thy most inhumaine wrongs, haue such a slaughter made  
Of my affections borne to thee, they neuer shall renew  
Those sweet and comfortable flowers, with which of late they grew.  
But when the vniuersall host shall faint with strong desire  
Of wrong'd Achilles; though thou pine, thou neuer shalt aspire  
Helpe to their miseries from me, when underneash the hand

of

Of bloudie Hector, cold as death their bodies spread the sand;  
And thou with inward griefe, (halt teare thy miserable minde  
That to the most kinde worthy Greek thou wert so most unkinde.

This said, he threw against the ground his Scepter, all besprent  
With such a kinde of goulden sudde, as figur'd Regiment.

So fate the king and he invagde; when vp old Nestor flood,  
The sweet-voic'd Pylion Orator, whose tongue powrd forth a flood  
Of speech that honnies taste exceed'd; two ages he had liu'd,  
Of sundrie language men, all which were dead, yet he for uiu'd,  
And now amongst the third he reign'd; hee thus bespake the peeres.

O Gods what mighty woes will wound all Princely Achiue eares?  
And how will Priam and his sonnes with all the liion seed,  
Euen at their hearts reioyse to heare these haynous discordes breed,  
Twixt you, who in the skill of fight and counsels, so excell  
All other Greekes: let my aduise this bitternefs expell;  
You are not both so old as I, who liu'd with men that were  
Your betters far, yet euer held my exhortations deare;  
I neuer saw, nor euer shall behold the like of them  
Of whom my counsels were esteem'd; the godlike Poliphem,  
Exadius and Perithous and Drias great in power,  
And Theseus like a Personage bred in the Olympian towre,  
And Cæneus a right worthie man; all which, the strongest were,  
Of all the earth then nourished; and euerie way sans Pere;  
And hand to hand with wildest beasts that euer mountaine bred,  
Fought, and destroy'd them; and with these my Lycians forth I led,  
Far from the land of Apia: themselves did call me forth,  
And to my utmost strength I fought; and these were men whose worth  
No men that now liue durst wish stand: yet these would gladly heare  
My counsels and obey them too: then do not both you beare  
Greater conceits then greater men: but (as they did) obey.  
Obedience better is then rule; where rule erres in his sway;  
Let not the king officiously by force the damsell take,  
But yeeld her whom the Greekes at first Pelides prise did make.  
Nor let a kings heire gainst a king, with such contempt repine;  
Since neuer scepter-state attaind an honour so diuine,  
And rightfully by Loues high gift: though better borne thou bee  
Because a goddesse brought thee forth, yet better man is he  
Since his command exceeds so much; then let the king subdue  
His spirits greatnesse, and my selfe, to Thetis sonne will sue,  
That he depose his furies heat: who is the mightiest barre

Betwixt

Betwixt the Grecian: safe estate, and spoyle of impious warre.

With good decorum (reuerend Syre) Atreides did replye,  
Thou giu'st vs counsell; but this man, about vs all will lye,  
All in his power he will conclude, and ouer all men raigne,  
Commanding all; all which, I thinke, his thoughts attempt in vaine.  
What if the euer being-state to him such strength affordes,  
Is it to rende vp mens renowmes with contumelious words?

Achilles interrupted him, Thou might'st esteeme me base,  
And cowardly to let thee vse thy will in my disgrace:  
To beare such burthens neuer were, my strength and spirits combine,  
But to reforme their insolence: and that thy soule should finde,  
Were it not hurt of common good more then thy worst despight;  
But I (not soothing Nestors sute) for rights sake, euereue right,  
Which thou dost seruely commend, but violate it quites  
And thus euen in thy trayles print: I le not profane my hand,  
With battell in my lusts defence; A gyre cannot command  
My honour and my force like thine, no yet commandst our hoar;  
Slauelike he to the world, that lines slauely to his lusts engross;  
But feed it, come and take the dame, safe so thy violent secte;  
But n'at souer else thou findst, aborde my sable steere,  
Dare not to touch without my leau: for seele my life mischance,  
If then thy blacke and lust-burnt bloud, slow not vpon my Lance.

Contending thus in words, Opposde they rose; the counsaile brake;  
Pelides to his tents and ships, his frind and men did take;  
Atreides lanc'd the full sayld slippe into the brackish seas;  
And put therein the Heccatembe that should the God appease;  
Twise ten selected rowers then; then Chrysis soorth he brings,  
Made her ascend the sacred shippe: with her the grace of kings  
(Wise Ithacus) ascended too: All shipt, together then  
Neptunes moist wildernes they plow; the king charg'd all his men  
Should hallow'd Lustrations vse: which done, into the floud  
They threw the Ouse, all, and the Barke purge'd from polluted blood:  
Thus, sweet and due solemnities they to Apollo keepe,  
Of Bulls and Goates, nere to the shore of the vnfruitfull deep.  
The sauer wrapt in cloudes of smoake, ascended to the skies,  
And thus they sanctifi'd the Campe with generall sacrifice:

Yet Agamen nons froward thoughts, did not from discord cease:  
But cald to him, Talchibius, and grane Euribates,  
Heralds, and carefull ministers, of all his high commandes:  
And this iniurious Ambassie committed to their hands;

C

Goe

Go to Achilles tent, and take the bright check Brylls thence ;  
 If he denie, tell him, my selfe with more extreame offence,  
 Will come and force her from his armes, with vnrefisted handes ;  
 The heralds all unwilling went along the barren sands :  
 The tents and fleet of Myrmidons they reacht and found the king,  
 At his blacke shippe and tent ; Their sight could be no welcome thing,  
 To his sterne eyes ; His lookes amaz'd and made them reuerent stand,  
 Not daring to salute his mood ; nor what they sought, demaunde ;  
 Hee seeing them loath, th' iniurious cause of his offence to be ;  
 Welcome, ye Herald, messengers of Gods and men (said hee)  
 Come neare : I blame not you, but him that gainst your wils doth send,  
 To haue the lovely Brylls brought ; Patroclus, princely friend  
 Brings forth the dame, and render her, pleas'd be their Soueraigne then ;  
 But here before the blessed gods before the eyes of men,  
 Before your ignominious king, bee faithfull witnesses,  
 Of what I feele : If euer worke in future bitterness,  
 Of any plague to be remoon'd from your unhapp ; hoj,  
 Be needfull of my friendly hand : wronz, hath your refuge lost.  
 Your king not present harmes conceives, much lesse succeeding woes,  
 But led by enuious counsell, raues and knowes not what hee does :  
 Nor how to winne his name renouez, being careful to foretell  
 How with least death his men might fight, and haue them bulwark well.

This said, Patroclus well allow'd the patience of his friend ;  
 Brought Brylls forth, and to her guides her comforts did commend  
 With most kindnesse ; which his friend could not for anguish use ;  
 Shee next, and lookt vpon her Loue, he sigh't and did refuse ;  
 O how his wisdom with his power, did mightily contend,  
 His loue encouraging his power, and spirit that durst descend  
 As far as Hercules for her : yet wisdom all subdu'de.  
 Wherein a high exploite he shew'd, and sacred fortitude.

Brylls without her soule did moue, and went to th' Achies tents ;  
 Achilles fier'd from his friends, melts anger in laments,  
 Vpon the shore of th' aged deepe, viewing the purple seas  
 And lifting his braide hands to heauen hee did with utterance ease  
 His manly boome, and his wrongs to Thetis thus relate ;

O mother, since you brought me forth to breath so short a date,  
 Th' Olympian thunderer might commix some boone with my short breath ;  
 That what my minds power, wanting time, contract's in timeles death,  
 Short life wel grac't might amplifie : which Iupiter denies,  
 As if his gifts (being giuen in vaine) men iustly might dispise ;

Admit-

Admitting Atreus sonne to vaunt, th' enforcement of my prise.  
 His mother (seated in the deepes of Neptunes softned skyes  
 With old Oceanus) forsakes the gray seas like a clowde,  
 And presently before him sate, whom ruthfull sorrowes bowde :  
 She mou'd him with her tender hand, and said, Why mournes my sonne ?  
 What bold woes dare inuade thy breast ? conceale not what is donne :  
 But tell, that we may both partake one mournfull iniurie.

He sighing said, Why should I tell ? thou know'st as well as I.  
 We went and ransackt sacred Thebes, Aetions wealthie towne,  
 Brought thence the spoyle, and parted it, each man posselt his owne :  
 Th' Atreides, beaustious Chrylls chus'de, whose libertie was sought,  
 By her graue Father, Phoebus Priest, that to the Danie brought  
 A pretious ransom, euen the Crowne and Scepter of his God ;  
 Which Atreus impious sonne despis'd, and threatned his abode,  
 Dismissing him with all disgrace ; for which, his vengefull prayer  
 Attaind of Phoebus such a plague, as poisoned all the Ayer :  
 In which his lusts flew through our Campe ; and many souldiers died.  
 We had an Augure, that our cause of mischief prophesied :  
 I urg'd th' appeareure of the Gods ; which vex't Atreides so,  
 He threatned his amends on me, which with disgracfull woe  
 He hath perform'd ; his heralds now fetc'd Brylls from my tent,  
 Whose beautie was my valours prise, by euerie Greekes consent.  
 If then thou canst assist thy sonne, ascend Olympus top,  
 Pray loue (if euer his estate thy godhead helpt to prop,  
 By minjerie of words, or workes) he will assistance grant,  
 Since often in my fathers Court, mine eares haue heard thee vant  
 (As women loue to tell their worth) thou didst auert alone,  
 Of all th' immortals, cruell skathe, from that clowde-makers throne.  
 When Iuno, Neptune, and the dame, hee shooke out of his braine,  
 Offer'd to binde him : thy repaire their furies did restraine,  
 And brought the hundred-banded power to high Olympus Hall,  
 Whom Gods aoe Briareus name, but men Eggeon call :  
 Whose strength redoubled his strong Syres, he fraid the immortal states,  
 And drane them from the impious chaines, should execute their hates :  
 For which in Ioues owne throne he ioy'd : let this remembred bee,  
 Sit euer praying at his foote, neuer forsake his knee,  
 Till (if by any meanes he meane to helpe Troy) now he daie  
 To fight for Iliou, and expell the Greekes to Sea againe :  
 Or slaughter'd at their flecte, their lines may wreake their kings offence,  
 And he in his acknowledg'd harmes confesse my Eminence.

C 2

Thetis

Thetis pow'd out replie in teares: *Ay me, my Sonne* (sayd shee)  
*W<sup>h</sup> by bearing thee to such hard fate, did my breasts nourish thee?*  
*O would thou wouldst containe thy self, at Fleete, from wrongs and tears,*  
*Since fates allow thee little life, and that too swiftly weares:*  
*Soone must thou die, and yet the date is hastned with such woes*  
*As none indures; and therefore sad and haples were my throes,*  
*That brought thee forth; but Iupiter, that doth in thunder toy,*  
*I will importune as thou wilt, and all my powers employ,*  
*(Skaling Olympus (snowie browes) to order, if I may,*  
*An honorable wreake for thee; meane time unmoued stay,*  
*Hid in thy tent, and scorne the Greekes; thought of their syde abstaine:*  
*Ioue by Oceanus yester day, with all th'immortall traine*  
*Went to the holy AEthiops feast, which thrise fower dayes will end:*  
*Then will he turne to heauen againe, and then will I ascend*  
*His Pyramis, whose base is brasse, where round about his knee*  
*I will sollicite thy reuenge, and hope to bring it thee.*

Thus left shee her deare sonne, with w<sup>h</sup> at, for his lost Loue still sed,  
 Whom wilfull force, againt his will, tooke from his mournfull bed.

Vlysses with the Hecatombe arriu'd on Chrylas shore:  
 And when into the hauens deepe mouth they came to rise the Ore;  
 They strait strooke saile, they row'd them up, and them on th' hatches threw:  
 The topmaste (by the kelsine laid) with Cables downe they drew:  
 The ship then into harbour brought, with Ores; they Anker cast,  
 And gainst the violent sway of stormes, make her for drifting fast.

All come a shore, they all expose the sacred Hecatombe  
 To Angrie Phoebeus: and withall, faire Chrysis forth doth come;  
 Whom wise Vlysses to her Syre, that did at th' Altar stand,  
 For honor ledde, and with these words resignde her to his hand;

Chryle, the mightie King of men, great Agamemnon, sends  
 Thy loued daughter safe to thee, and to thy god commends  
 This holy Hecatombe, to cease the plague he doth extend  
 Amongst the sighs-expiring Greeks, and make his power their friend.

Thus he resignde her to her Syre, who tooke her full of ioy:  
 The honor'd offering to the God, they orderly employ  
 About the Altar, wash their hands, and take their salted cakes;  
 When Chryle with erect hands this prayer to Phoebeus makes;  
 O thou that bearest the silver bow, that Chryla dost dispose  
 Celestiall Cylla, and with power commandst in Tenedos;  
 O heare thy Priest: and as thine eares gaue honour to my prayers  
 In shooting sicknes amongst the Greekes, now harden their assayes

With

With health renewed, and quite exhale th' infection from their breasts.

He prayd, and gracious Phoebeus heard, both his allow'd requests:  
 All (after prayer) cast on salt heapes, draw backe, kill, flea the beenes;  
 Cut off their thighes, dubd with the fatts, dr: it fayre in doubled leanes;  
 And prickte the sweete breads thereupon, in clefts perfum'd woode;  
 The graue old Priest did sacrifice, and red wine (as they stood)  
 He gaue to euerie one to taste; the young men held to him  
 Fine foulded Grydyrons on the whib he laid each choyssest lim:  
 Which broyld, and with the inwards eate; the rest (in gygots slutt)  
 They fix on spits, till rosted well, they draw and fall to it.  
 The Mariners (their labors past) haue foode for them preparde,  
 Which eaten, not a man was left, but competently farde.  
 Their hunger and their thirst thus quench; the youths crown cups with wine,  
 Begin and distribute to all: that day was held diu ne  
 Consumde in Poëans to the Si mne; who heard with pleas'd eare:  
 And when his Chariot tooke the sea, and twyght hid the cleare,  
 All soundly on their cables slept, euen till the night was worne:  
 And when the Ladie of the light, the roie-finger'd morne  
 Rose from the hiis; they freshly rose, and to the campe retyrde;  
 Apollo with a prosperous wind their swelling Barke inspyrde.  
 The top masts hoys'd; milke white sayles vpon the same they put:  
 The mizens then were fild with wind; the ship her course did cut  
 So swiftly, that the parted waues about her sides did rore:  
 Which comming to the campe they drew, vpon the sandie shore:  
 Where (laide on stocks) each soldier kept his quarter as before.

But Peleus sonne at his blacke fleet, sat girt in Angers flame,  
 Nor to Consults (that make men wise) nor forth to battaile came,  
 But did consume his mightie heart in desolate desires  
 Of mortall shrikes, and massacres, made in the Greekes retires:  
 And now the day-starre had appeard twelue times in furthest East,  
 When all the Gods return'd to heauen from th' AEthiopian feast,  
 And Iupiter before them all; then Thetis cald to mind  
 Her mournfull issue, and aboue the seas greene billowes shinde:  
 The great Heauen early shee ascends; and doth the King behold,  
 Set from the rest, in heauens bright toppe, adorn'd with pearle and gould;  
 By him shee fals; her left hand holds his knee, her right his chinne,  
 And thus her sonnes desire of Loue, by prayer shee seekes to winne;  
 Celestiall loue, if euer I, amongst th' immortals, stood  
 Thy trustie aide in word or act; doe my desires this good:  
 Honour my sonne aboue the rest, since past the rest, his life

G 3

Eloth

*hath so short date; yet Aeneas sonne, in a disgracefull strife,  
His labors recompence hath forst: but thou (most prudent loue)  
That with iust will rewards desires; with glorie grace the loue  
Of my sad sonne; so shew his strength, with adding strength to Troy,  
Now he is absent; that the Greekes may let him clearely  
Gain of his honour, in their losse; and so augment his fame,  
By that disgrace, they let him beare to their eternall shame.*

*Loue answer'd not a word to this, but silent sate so long,  
Till she still hanging on his knee insisting on her wrong,  
Intreated promise at his hands by his resistles becke,  
Or flat rebuke; I know (said shee) the seruile feare of checke,  
Is farre from him, may checke all powers; then if thy power denie,  
I well may see my selfe left graue of enerie deitie.*

*Loue thunder'd out a sigh and said; Thou vnest workes of death,  
And strife betwixt my Queene and me, w<sup>th</sup> opprobrious breath,  
Still stirs the tempest of my wrath, though vainly she contend,  
And chargeth my respectfull hand to be the Trojans friend.  
But covertly do thou descend, lest her eye cease on thee;  
Care of thy will I will assume, which shall effected be:  
Whereof to make thee sure, my head shall to my bosome bow,  
Which is with gods the strongest rate of any fact I vow,  
Not by my selfe to be renokte, nor spie't with any guile,  
Nor can it euer to my brest, without effect recule.  
Now bowde the sable browes: frowne; the thicke Ambrosian hayre  
Flow'd on his most immortal head; heauen shooke beneath his chaire.*

*Their conference dissolud, she slid to th' Ocean from the skies;  
Loue to his house; when all the Gods did from their thrones arise,  
To meete their Syre; none durst presume to saue that reuerence done,  
Till he came neere; all met nith him, attending to his throne;  
Nor Iuno ignorantly sate; but, when her iealous view  
Saw Thetis with the siluer feet; she confidently knew,  
She brought some plots to heauen with her, and thus began to chide;  
What goddesse counsailes yet againe (deceitfull) dost thou hide?  
Still thou tak'st ioy to be from me; and sifst, in corners still,  
Secrets that I must neuer know; nor euer with thy will,  
Thou canst endure a word to me of all thy actions scope.*

*The sire of men and gods replide: Saturnia do not hope,  
That all my counsels thou shalt know; they are too deepe for thee  
Although my wife: but for thy eare, what decent I shall see,  
Not any God nor man shall know, before thy selfe partake;*

Yet

*I et, what I list to vnderstand, and no God partner make,  
Enquire not their particulars, nor urge them at my hand;  
Then Iuno with the Oxfaire-eyes, on what nice temes you stand?  
As if I did so much affect, or urge to know thy mind,  
(Froward Saturnides) till now: but wondrous close you hind  
Your loose inducours, and my heart sustaines exceeding feare,  
The i<sup>g</sup>:d sea gods daughter breathle seducements in thine eare;  
Shee kneela so carelie at thy feet, and tooke thee by the knee:  
For wh<sup>m</sup>, thy chin: e against thy breast (my minde suggesteth mee)  
Thou erst didst knocke, and promise her some honor for her sonne,  
Though (for his mood) the Greekes in heapes do on their ruines run.*

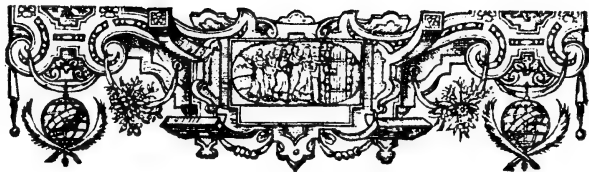
*Wretch (answerde loue) still thy suspicis into my losome dune:  
Yet canst thou hinder me in nought: but thou dost euer strine,  
To bee vngratious in my thoughts: which humor (if I please)  
I can make horrible to thee: obey me then and cease,  
Least all the Gods Olympus boundes, suffice not for thy ayde,  
If my inaccessable hands, vpon thy limbs be laid.*

*The reuerend faire-eyde Iuno sate with this high threat afraide;  
Nor any word shee answer'd him, her heart had such a fall:  
The rest of gods with murmur filld the high Saturnian hall:  
The famous fierie Artisan, the white arm'd goddesse Sonne,  
(Lame Vulcan) stood betwixt them both, and with kinde wordes began  
To ease his loued mothers hart: he saide, This strife will breede  
Intollerable plaguy acts, if you of heauenly seede,  
Fer paltrie mortals thus contend amongst the Gods yee make  
A tumult here, and all the mirth from our sweet banquet take,  
Because th<sup>e</sup> worse the better hath: but mother I aduise,  
(Although I neede not counsell you, because I know you nise)  
Giue good respect to my good Syre lest once againe her chide,  
And make our banquet bitterer yet: for he is magnified,  
With power to throw vs from our thrones; th' Olympian lightner is:  
With gentle words then supple him, it will not be amisse  
To make beneuolent and calme, that thundring hart of his.  
With this (the double eared bowle, put in his mothers hand)  
Vpon his admonition still, the crookt legd God did stand:  
Beare mother and forbear (said he) though it be paine to you:  
Lest I that hold you deare, behould stripes make your stomacke bow,  
And can not helpe you if I would, although it cost me teares:  
It is not easie to repugne the king of all our spheres:  
How seru'a he me, though (seeking helpe) I wish it otherwise?*

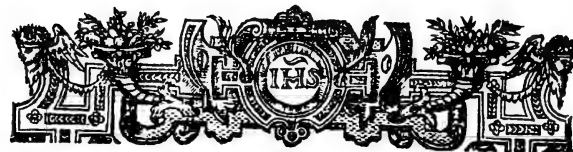
Hec

*Hee tooke me by the helpless foote, and threw me from the skies;  
 The whole day long, I hedlong fell, euen till the Sunne and I  
 Did set together; he at ease, in extremitie;  
 He on the sea, and I on land: in Lemnos I did fall;  
 And there the Sintii tooke me vp, halfe dead with my appall:  
 The luorie fingerd Deitie was pleas'd to heare her sonne:  
 And smiling tooke the Cup from him: which he (when she had done)  
 Resum'd and left not with her pledge, but still the Cup did plye,  
 And from his right hand drunke about to euerie Deitie;  
 Which nextinght laughter shird in euerie blessed breast;  
 To see him halt about the house, and fill to all the feast.  
 So all that day they banquetted till sun-set raisd the night,  
 And wanted nought that with content might crowne the appetite;  
 There did the God of musicke touch his harp stone-quickning strings;  
 To which, ech sacred Muse consorts, and most diuinely sings.  
 But when the comfortable Sunne left to enlighten aire,  
 To fencer all houses all the Gods, with sleepeie browes repaire,  
 The famous both foot-halter wrought their roomes with wondrous art:  
 With them, the beauenly wild-fire-god did to his rest depart:  
 Where Somnus vsde to close his eyes, and to his side ascends,  
 Iane luno with the golden throne: and there their quarrels ends.*

The end of the first booke of Homers Iliades.



THE



## THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



*One calls a vision vp from Somnus den,  
 To will Atreides muster vp his men:  
 The king to Greekes dissembling his desire  
 Perswades them to their Countrie to retire.  
 By Pallas will, Vlisses staves their flight:  
 And prudent Nestor hartens them to fight.  
 They take repast: which done, to armes they goe,  
 And march in good aray, against the foe.  
 So those of Troy, when Iris from the skie,  
 Of friendly Ioue performs the Ambalie.*

*Another Argument.*

*Beta, the dreame and Synod cites,  
 And Catalogues the Nauale knights.*

*The other Gods, and Knights at armes, slept all the humorous night,  
 But Ioue lay waking, and his thoughts discours'd how best he might  
 Giue honour to great Thetis Sonne, with slaughtering at their tents,  
 Whole troupes of Greekes: this counsell then seemd best for these euent,  
 He instantly would send a dreame to Atreides eldest sonne:  
 That with darke vomes might draw his powers to their confusion:  
 And (calling him) he wingd these words; Flye to the Grecian fleet,  
 (Pernicious vision) and the king at our high summons greet;  
 Uttering the truth of all I charge: giue him command to arme  
 His vniuerfall fayre-haired host, this is the last Alarme*

D

Hee

He shall enthunder gainst proud Troy, and take her ayrie towers;  
For now no more remain: disioinde, the heauenly housed powers;  
Saturnia with successeiue prayers hath drawne in one right line  
Their generall forces: instant illes, shall lliions pompe decline.

This heard; the dreame with utmost hast, the Greekes swift fleet attaind,  
Where entring Agamemmons tent, he found him fast enchain'd  
In sleepe diuine; aloft his head, he tooke impressiue place  
Informde like Nestor, whom the King, past all old men did grace:  
And thus he spoke; Sleeper Atreus sonne, whose braue horse-taming Syre  
Was so exceeding politique: a man that guards the fire  
Of state and counsell, must not drowne, the compleat night in sleepe:  
Since such a multitude of liues, are tendred him to keepe,  
And cares in such abundance swarme about his laboring minde;  
Then wake, and giue me instant care, sent from the most diuinde:  
Who (though farre hence) is neere in care; he giues thee charge to arme  
Thy vniuerfull faire-hayrd host; this is the last alarme  
Thou shalt enthunder gainst proud Troy, and take her ayrie towers;  
For now no more remaine disioinde, the heauenly-housed powers,  
Saturnia with successeiue prayers hath drawne in one right line  
Their generall forces; instant illes, shall lliions pompe decline.  
This loue assures, which well obserue, nor let obliuion sease  
Thy loose affections, carelesly, dissolade in sleepe and ease.  
Thus left he him, who in his minde, with deep contention toft  
These wist euent, farre short of dates yet he supposde his host  
Should race in that next day the towne, so indiscreet he was:  
Not knowing what repugnant works, did Loues designements passe,  
Who platted miseries and sighes, to smoke from eithers side,  
In skathfull battail; long before, Troys utmost fate was tryde.

He rose from heauen-infused sleep, the dreames celestiaall sounds  
Still rung about his pleased cares, sweetned with cause of wounds.  
He deckt him with his silken weed, right beautifull and new,  
On which he cast his ample robe; then on his feet he drew  
Faure shooes, and on his shoulders girt his liuer-flooded sword:  
The neuer-taynted scepter then, his birthright did afforde,  
He took, and went amongst the flecte: Aurora now arose,  
Clymbd steep Olympus, and sweet light, did to all gods disclose,  
When he the voicefull heralds charge in counsell to conuent  
The curled Greeks: they summand all; and all with one consent  
Together came: the court in chiefe, the Generall did decree,  
At Nestors ship, the Pylian king, should all of Princes be,

And

And men of counsell; all which met, Atreides thus did frame  
The consultation; Princely friends, a sacred vision came  
In this Nights depth, and in my sleepe, like Nestor greeting me,  
For stature, habite, forme of face, and head as white as hee:  
Hee flood about my head, and sayd: Sleep'st thou wise Atreus sonne?  
A Counsaillors state-charged thoughts, through broken sleepes should runne,  
To whom so many cares and liues, are in protection giuen;  
Then giue me audience instantly, th' Ambassadour of heauen;  
Whose Soueraigne though so farre remou'd, vowes his exceeding care,  
And easefull pittie of thy toyles: hee biddes thee straight prepare  
Thy faire-hayrd compleat host for fight: for now thy royall hand  
Shall take Troys ample-streeted towne: no more at difference stand  
The great Immortals; Lunos sute hath cleare inclinde them all  
To smoothe her lliions fatall pride, in asbie funerall.

This, loue affirms; which let thy thoughts be sure to memorise.  
Then tooke he wings, and golden sleepe flew with him from mine eyes:  
Resolue then, let vs prone to arme our powers, to this designe:  
Whom (to make eager of exployt) I will, in shew encline,  
To sayle, and flight; as farre as may, with their incitements stand,  
Which will be much the fiercer made, if you shall countermand  
With words of honorable stay, assuring them the prise  
By their firme valures: souldiers spirits are firde by contraries.

This said, he vnde his royall throne, and vp did Nestor rise,  
Graue king of Pylos sandie soyle, who thus gaue his aduise;  
Ye friends, commanders of the Greekes, ye princes of estate;  
If, saue our Generall, any Greeke, his vision should relate,  
We might esteeme it fabulous, or rather flat reiect  
The strange narration; but because his Soueraigne intellect  
(With which and with the like high soules, loue and the Powers diuine  
Haue propprest mixture) had the grace to haue this glorie shine  
In his immortall faculties; serue wee their highe compact,  
Admitting utmost power to giue this excitation act:  
To this assayre he first went forth: the other scepter-states  
Rose and obeyde the Generall: and helpt i' effect the fates  
Loue platted by the banefull dreame, endeavouring to atone,  
Their compleat host, to their attempt in publike Session:  
To which the troopes together ran; As when of frequent Bees,  
Swarms breake out of a hollow Rocke; in endles Companies,  
Some gone, some other fresh arise, and all in clusters flie  
On sweet spring flowers; some here, some there, their swarms incessantly,

D 2

Spreading

Spreading the Meddowes; so these men troupe from their ships and tents  
 Upon th' unmeasurable shore. Fame gathered their consents;  
 Fame (Ioues Ambassadresse) to goe; who binde amongst them cleare;  
 And they about her flockt; disturb'd the mightie Counsaile were  
 With their rude uprores; earth did grone beneath the weight of those  
 That onely sat; the rest were still in tumult; till there rose  
 Nine Heralds; that cryed out for peace, and urg'd fit audience  
 To those their loue-sustained kings; and then the insolence  
 Of their disordred clamor ceast: Then each man kept his place,  
 And (out of all that sat) stood up the man of heauenly grace,  
 Great Agamemnon; in his hand, he did the Scepter beare  
 That Vulcan curiously made, and gaue to Iupiter:  
 Ioue gaue it to his messenger, that slew Saturnus spie;  
 And he to Pelops rendred it, renoumd for chenalrie;  
 Pelops, to great king Atreus; And that king at his death  
 Gaue it Thyestes, rich in heards: Thyestes did bequeath  
 The high successiue use thereof, to Agamemnons hands;  
 To rule great Argos, and the powers of many sea-sieg'd lands:  
 He leaning on this scepter, said: Princes of Greece and friends,  
 The household and the guard of Mars; Austere Saturnius ends  
 Our actions in extreame disgrace, who promise my desire,  
 And bound it with his moued brow, to honor our retire,  
 With wel-wald Troyes enersion; but now th' enent approoues  
 His plaine deceite, since gloryles, he vrgeth our remooues,  
 Commanding our retreat to Greece, with los of so much blood  
 Of our deare countrimen and friends; who must not be withstood,  
 That hath in desolation drownde the free commerciall steapes  
 Of many citties; and of more, will make subuerted heapes:  
 His power is so surpassing great: but it will loath the eare  
 Of all posteritie, that we, who such a number were,  
 And so renoumd, with men so few, should wage successles warre,  
 Of whose drift yet no end appears; that we exceed them farre,  
 (If we should strike firme truce, and trie by numbring either side)  
 Take all the townes inhabitants, and into tennes diuide  
 Our Achine power, and let each ten, at banquet chuse them one  
 Of Troy, to minister them wine, and Troy should harbour none  
 To fill the cuppe to many tennes, so much I say transcend  
 Our powers th' inhabitants of Troy; but their assisiant friendes  
 From many citties drawne, are they, that stay this cirtes spoyle  
 In sight of our affected wreake; nine yeares haue past our toyle:

And

And now the substance of our ships corrupt, our tacklings sayle:  
 Our wines and feed, sit in their doores expecting our resayle,  
 When that we fought, is yet vsound: but come, hoyst sayle and home:  
 For neuer shall Troyes spacious towne by vs be ouercome.

This mou'd to flight in euerie mind, th' inglorious multitude,  
 Who heard not what in priuate court, the counsell did conclude.  
 Th' assembly grew most turbulent, as billowes rude and vast;  
 Row'd in the rough Icarian seas, when East and South berne blast  
 Brake fiercely from the cloudes of Ioue; or as when Zephyr flies  
 Vpon a wealthy field of Corne, makes all his forces rise,  
 And all the field bowes her faire heads, beneath his violence:  
 So did the common souldiers; yeeld, & Attrides forst pretence:  
 All to the shippes with showing ran, earth smok'd beneath their feete,  
 And mutually they made exhort, to haile the crafed Fleete  
 Straite backe to sea; clens'd what was fowle, and drew the stockes away,  
 Offering to lanch; the other Peeres, could not be heard for slay:  
 A noyse confus'd alongst the shore, did smite the golden stars,  
 From souldiers throats, whose harts did long to leaue such irksome warres.  
 Then glorileffe the Greekes had fled, past all presage of fate,  
 Had not Saturnia thus aduise, Ioues Targe-supporting state:  
 Out on this shame, O Ioues sayre seede, thou conquering deitie,  
 Shall thus vpon the seas brode backe, th' infamous Argiues flie?  
 Admitting Priam and his Peeres, a glorie so despise,  
 As Helens rapture in despight, and haue so dearly prisede,  
 Their long-sworne honor of reuenge, with Greekes so manie slaine,  
 Far from their countrey? but descend, to Argos brasse-arm'd traine,  
 And with perswasive gentle speech, will euerie man to stay,  
 Not suffering any go aboard, nor haile their ships away,  
 Which now are euerie where preparde, to flie out of the bay.

So sayd shee, nor the gray-eyde maide, stood aduerse to her will,  
 But left the vndiscerned browes of Ioues-Olympian hill,  
 And quickly reacht the Grecian fleet, where standing still she found,  
 Th' aduicefull king of Ithaca, like Ioue in counsailes sound,  
 Who yet had not so much as toucht his black wel-tranforme barke,  
 Bat (vexed in his hart and soule) the armies shame did marke.

To him, said Pallas (comming neare) great Laertiades,  
 Most wise Vlisses, make ye flight, thus headlong to the seas,  
 In your well-furnisht men of warre, and long so much for home?  
 What h- nor to the King of Troy; and his comforts will come,  
 In leauing Argiue-Helen here, the price of so much blood,

D 3

Snckt



*Suckt from the wofull breasts of Greece, robd of her dearest brood?  
But run, and interpose no stay, through euerie Grecian bands;  
And with thy sweet perswasive tongue, let none depart the land,  
Nor draw the oare-enforced flecte, from off the Trojan strand.*

*So Pallas charg'd, whose heavenly voyce, the wise Vlisses knew:  
Then forth he ran, and for more speede, his cloake on earth he threw,  
At which diligent Eury bates (a tierald of renowne,  
Who came from Ithaca with him, to siege of Priams towne)  
Tooke up: Vlisses met the Kings from whom he was so bold,  
To take the scepter neuer staid, held in his line of old,  
With which he went amongst the troups, to stay them from the flecte:  
And with what prince, or gentleman, his royall steps did meete,  
In these faire tearmes he would aduise he should the flight forbear:*

*Vnhappie man it fits not you, to flye, as driuen with feare,  
But rather stay, and with bold words, make others so inclinde:  
For you as yet not rightly know king Agamemnons minde.  
He makes but triall of such spirits as he may most renowne,  
And will severely punish such, as lie th' unconquered towne.  
All we in counsell heard not all, comprisde in his command,  
Nor durst wee prease too neare, for feare of his offended hand;  
The anger of a king is death; his honour springs from loues,  
His person is in sight of hate, protectd in his loue.  
But if the common souldier his obseruation tooke  
With base exclames for thirsted sight: him with his mace hee strooke,  
And vsde these speeches of reproofe; Wretch, keepe thy place, and heare  
Those kings, besides thy Generall, that rule aboue thee beare.  
Thou art unfit to rule, and base without a name in war,  
Exempt from counsaile: nor must Greekes, be so irregular,  
To line as euerie man may take the scepter from his king:  
The rule of many is absurd; degrees in euerie thing  
Must be obseru'd, one Lord, one king, whom prudent Saturnes sonne  
Hath giuen a scepter and sound lawes for their dominion.*

*Thus (ruling) gouern'd hee the host: againe to counsaile then  
From ships and tents in tumults swarmed, these thus reformed men;  
With such a blustering, as against the Ponticke shore reboundes,  
A storme driuen-billow, with whose rage, the sea it selfe resounds.  
All sate, and silent vsde their seates, Ther sittes sole except,  
A man of tongue, whose rau'n-like voice, a tuneless iarring kept;  
Who in his ranke minde copie had of vnguarded wordes,  
That rashly and beyond all rule, vs'd to oppugne the Lords;*

But

*But, what soeuer came from him, was laught at mightily:  
The filthiest Greeke that came to Troy: hee had a goggle eye,  
Starke-lame he was of eisher foot: his shoulders were contract,  
Into his brest, and crookt withall: his head was sharpe compact,  
And here and there it had a hayre: The great AEacides,  
And wise Vlisses neuer could his bitter humors please;  
For still he chid them bitterly: and then against the state  
Of Agamemnon he would rayle: the Greekes in vehement hate,  
And high disdain conceived him; yet he with violent throat,  
Would needes vpbraide the General: and thus himselfe forgot.*

*Atides, why complainst thou now? what dost thou couet more?  
Thy thrifitie tents are full of coine, and thou hast women store,  
Faire & wel sauour'd; which we Greekes, at euerie towne we take,  
Resigne to thee: thinkst thou, thou wantst some treasure thou might'st make  
To be deduc't thee out of Troy, by one that comes to seeke,  
His sonne for ransom: whom my selfe, or any other Greeke,  
Should bring thee captiue? or a wench, filld with her sweets of youth,  
Which thou mayst lone and priuate keepe, for thy insatiate tooth?  
But it becomes not kings to tempt, by wicked president,  
Their subiects to dishonestie; O mindes most impotent!  
Not Achilles but Achian gyrls, come fall aborde and home,  
Let him digest his prey alone, alone Troy overcome;  
To make him know, that our free eares, his proud charge will not heare  
In any thing: or not disdain his longer yoke to beare,  
Who hath with contumely wrong'd, a better man then hee,  
Achilles, from whose armes in spight, that all the world might see,  
He tooke a prize won with his sword; but now it plaine appeares,  
Achilles hath no spleene in him, but most remissly beares  
A femall stomacke: else be sure, the robbiee of his meede,  
(O Agamemnon) would haue prou'd thy last ininurious deede.  
Thus did Therites chide the king, to whom all Greece did bowe,  
When wise Vlisses straite stoode up, and (with contract'd browe,  
Beholding him) vsde this rebuke: Presumptuous Prater cease,  
Though thou canst rayle so cunningly: nor dare to tempt the peace  
Of sacred kings, for well thou knowest, I know well what thou art,  
A baser wretch came not to Troy, to take the Grecians part.  
Prophane not kings then with thy lips, enquiring our retreat,  
Whereof our selues are ignorant: nor are our states so great,  
That we dare urge vpon the King, what he will onely know:  
Sit then and cease thy barbarous taunts of him whom all wee owe*

A due obseruance, though from thee, these dogged poysons flow.  
For here I vow, and will performe, if I shall derrehend  
Such phrensie in thy pride againe, as now now doth all offend;  
Then let Vlisses lose his head, and cease inglorious,  
To be the natiue father cald of young Telemachus;  
If from thee to thy nakednes, thy garments be not stript,  
And from the Counsaile to the fleete, thou be not foundly whipt.

This said, his backe and shoulder blades, he layd his scepter on:  
Who then strunke round, and downe his cheeks, the seruile teares did run;  
The golden scepter in his flesh, a bloudie print did rise,  
With which he trembling tooke his seat, and (looking twentie wayes)  
Il fauoredly he wip't the teares, from his selfe-pittyng eyes;  
And then (though all the host were sad) they laught to heare his cries,  
When thus flew speeces intermixt; O Gods, what endles good,  
Vlisses still bestowes on vs? that to the field of bloud,  
Instruct vs: and in counsaile doth, for chiefe director serue;  
Yet neuer action past his hands, that did more prayse deferue,  
Then to disgrace this rayling foole, in all the armies sight;  
Whose rudenes henceforth will take heed, how he doth princes bite.

This all the multitude affirms; when now againe did rise  
The racer of repugnant townes, Vlisses bolde and wise,  
With scepter of the Generall, and prudent Pallas by,  
That did a Herald's forme assume, and for still silence crye,  
That through the host the souldiery might vnderstand th'intent,  
The counsaile vryde; and thus their sight, his wisdom did preuent:

Atrides if in these faint drifts, the Greekes haue licence giuen,  
Thou wilt be most opprobrious of all men vnder beauen,  
Since they infringe their vowes to thee, at our designs for Troy,  
From horse-race Argos, to persist, till Iliou they destroy:  
But like young babes amongst themselves, or widowes, they lament,  
And would goe home, and I confesse, a tedious discontent  
May stirre some humor to returne: for if a man remaine  
But twise two seuen nights from his wife, at sea; he will complaine  
Within his many-seated ship, driuen through with winters colde,  
And bette with Billowes of the seas: But thrise three beacons haue row'd  
About the circle of the yeare, since this our anchor'd stay:  
I cannot then reprove such Greekes, as greene at this delays  
Yet were it shame to stay so long, and emptie handed sie.  
Sustaine a little then my friends, that we the truth may trie  
Of reuerend Chalchas prophesie: for we remember well,  
And you in hart are witnesses, whom grations fates from hel

The

The third day past, and yester day, haue held in soweraign garde:  
That when in Aulis lingring gulfe, we Grecian ships preparte,  
To ruine Priam and his friends, on holy Altars made,  
About a fountaine, and within a goodly Platane shade,  
We perfect Hecatombs did burne to all the powers diuine;  
Where strait appeare to all our eyes, a most prodigious signe,  
A Dragon with a bloody backe, most horrible to sight,  
Which great Olympius himselfe, did send into the light:  
This (tumbling from the Altars foot) did to the Platane creepe:  
Where (nestling in an utter Bow, and vnder shade) did sleepe  
The russet sparrows little young, which eight in number were,  
The damme the ninth, that brought them forth, with which, the beast did  
His rattleles iuues, and crast their bones, the mother round about, (mere  
Flew mourning her beloued births whom by her wing stretches out  
The dragon caught and (crying) eate, as he her young had done.  
This openly Olympius wrought, and turnd into a stone  
The purple serpent: which effect we (standing by) admire,  
That such a terrible portent, should answer offerings irre.  
A little after Chalchas sayd, Why stand ye wonder-driuen  
Ye men of Greece? This miracle Almighty loue hath giuen  
Thus late, to shew the late euent, whose fame shall neuer dye:  
For as these eight young birds he eate, and sie that mourned by,  
Did make the ninth; so we nine yeares, should here firme battaile wage,  
And in the tenth yeare take the towne; thus Chalchas did presage:  
All which is almost now fulfild: then stay renowned Greekes,  
Till euerie man possesse the spoyle, he honorably seekes.

Vlisses hauing spoken thus, his words so liked were,  
That of his prayse, the Ships, the tents, the flore did witnes beare:  
Resounding with the peoples noice, who gaue his speech the prise:  
Th'applawse once ceast, from seate, so sprake, ola Nestor doth arise.  
For Greekes, what infamie is this? ye play at childrens games  
Your warlike actions thus farre brought, now to neglect their fame;  
O whither from our lips prophane, shall othes, and compacts fly?  
The counsailes and the cares of men now in the fire shall die,  
With those our sacred offerings made, by pure unmixed wine:  
And our right hands, with which our faiths, we freely did combine;  
The cause is, since amongst our selues, we vse discursiue words,  
And goe not manlike to the field to force our right with words,  
Nor with the finenesse of our wits, by stratagemes deuise  
(In all this while) against a world, to worke our enterprise.

E

But

But (great Atides) as at first, thy counsell being sound,  
 Command to field, and be not led, corruptly from the ground  
 Of our endeours; by the moodes, of one or two that vse  
 Counsaile apart; they shal not goe to Greece til loue refuse  
 To ratifie his promise made, or we may surely know  
 If those ostents were true or false, that he from heauen did show;  
 But I am sure (to cheare our hopes) his beck the Heauens did shake  
 That day of choyse, when towards Troy, our flete first sayle did make,  
 Confering on our conquering sterns, the powers of death and fate,  
 His lightning right hand shewing vs. presages fortunate.  
 And therefore not a man shall doe, himselfe that wrong to fly  
 Before with Phrygian maids and wines, he at his pleasure ly,  
 That Helens rape and all our iigbes, may be reuengde thereby.  
 But if some be so mutinous, whom nothing may restraine,  
 Let him but touch his sable Bark, that he may first be laine.  
 Then great Atides be aduise, and others reasons see:  
 It shall not proue an abiect speech, that I will utter thee.  
 In tribes and nations let thy men, be presently arraide,  
 That still the tribes may second tribes, and nations nations aide:  
 Of euerie chiefe and soldier thus, the prooffe shall rest in fight,  
 For both will thirst their countries fame, and prease for single fight.  
 What souldier when he is allowde, his countryman for guide,  
 Will not more closely sticke to him, then to a strangers side?  
 Thus shalt thou know, if Gods detain, thy hand from lliions harmes,  
 Or else the faintnes of thy men, and ignorance in armes.

This to autentique Neltors speech Atides answer was;  
 All Grecian birth, thrise reuerend King, thy counsaile farre surpasse:  
 O would King loue, Tritonia, and he that guides the Sunne  
 Would grant me ten such counsellers; then should our toyles be done.  
 Then Priams high topt towers should sloop, outfacing vs no more,  
 But fall beneath our conquering hands, despoyle of all her store,  
 But loue hath stord me life with woes, that no good houre can spend,  
 And throwne me in the midst of strifes, that neuer thinke of end;  
 Since with Achilles for a Gyle, in humorous tearmes I stroue,  
 And I the Author of the strife: but if intrested loue  
 Make vs with reunited mindes, consult in one againe,  
 Troy shal not, in the least delay, her loathed pride sustaine;  
 But now to food, that to the fight, ye may your valours yielde;  
 Well let each souldier sharpe his lance, and well adresse his shield:  
 Well let each horse-man meate his horse, to breake the bristled field:

Well

Well let each Cocheman view his wheelies, and chariot-furniture;  
 And arme them so that all the day, we soundly may endure.  
 For those true mindes must be embrac't, that pine at labour least,  
 Till night take strength from both our hosts, and force vs to our rest:  
 The bosomes of our Targatiers must all be sleept in sweate?  
 The Lanciers arme, must fall dissolu'd; our chariot horse with heate  
 Must seeme to melt; and if I finde one souldier take the chace  
 Pursude by any enemie, or fight not in his face,  
 Or els be found a shipboord hid, not all the world shall saue  
 His hatefull lims: but foules and beasts, be his abhorred graue.  
 This speech applausive murmure stir'd; as when vpon the shore  
 The waues runne high with South gales drinen, and gainst a rocke doe rore  
 Plyde with a diuers flood of ayre, at one self time so fast,  
 That their boarserages neuer cease: such lasting murmures past  
 The pleased Greekes: they rose disperst, all hast to shipward make,  
 Where all made fires within their tents, and did their suppers take:  
 And euerie man to one of heauen, did sacrifice and pray,  
 To scape the furie of the fight: in that important daie.  
 Atides to the king of Gods, a well fed Oxen first kild,  
 Of five yeares growth; and all the host to wate on him were wild.  
 Wise Neltor first, then Idomen, of Creete the kingly name,  
 Then both th' Aiaces in consort, with Diomedes came,  
 Antient Laertes sonne was sixt, whose counsaile bore the sway,  
 And (uninuit last of all) came sweet-voic't Menelay,  
 Acknowledging his brothers cares, and toyles in his respect.  
 King Agamemnon in the midst, did pray to this effect.

Most happie and almightie loue, great thickner of the skie,  
 Descend on our long-toyled host, with thy remorsefull eye;  
 Let not the lightsome Sun be set, nor set the night on wing,  
 Before old Priams high rays'd towers, to leuill earth, I bring;  
 Before his broad-leau'd ports enflamde, may far off be deride,  
 Before my sword on Hector's brest, his Curace may diuide,  
 And his chiefe friends false dead in dust, may spread his carcase round,  
 And in fell deaths conuulsions cate, them any feeding ground.

At this loue bended not his head, but did more labors guise,  
 For him and his associates, yet tooke his sacrifice.  
 Then after prayer, salt lumps of dowe, cast on the altars sides,  
 They strike the offrings downe, then sticke, and strip them of their hydes,  
 Then quarter them and all the thighes, with thrifflie fat they spread,  
 Put one in other; and to them, the little fragments shred;

E 2

All

All these, with fere and leaneless wood, they consequently burne,  
 And all the inwardes (put to spit) before the fire they turne;  
 The thighs burn'd up, th'entrayles rost, they eate and peecemeale slice,  
 In little gobbits, all the rest reserved for sacrifice:  
 They roste it wondrous workmanly and draw it from the spit,  
 And when their labours were perform'd, and all their suppers fit,  
 They feede their stomackes, wanting nowg't, that appertained a feast:  
 When thirst and hunger being alaid) thus spake the Pyliaue guest:

Great Agamemnon king of men, effect thy words with handes,  
 Nor more deferre the worke high Ioue, so instantly commandes,  
 But giue the Heraldes charge, I accite, all souldiers to the fleete,  
 And let our selues assist their paines, to let Mars on his feet,  
 With expectation more exact: the king was please'd and wild,  
 The Heralds call the curld-head Greekes, who with quicke concourse fild  
 The smother'd shore, and all the kings, enrankt themselves about,  
 The great Attrides: and with them, Ioues gray eyde mayde went out,  
 She bore the Targe her Father made of Amalthas hyde,  
 Not to be pierst, nor worne with time, but all eternitie;  
 A hundred Serpents fring'd it round, quicke struggling all of golde,  
 And at a hundred Oxens price, each serpent might be sold:  
 Shee through the Achiae armie ran, enforcing utmost hast,  
 And euerie stomacke fild with thirst, to lay proud Ilion wast.  
 Enabling all their faculties to fierce and ceaselesse fight,  
 And made Troyes irkesome warre more wist, then their deares countreyes  
 Then, As a hungrie fire enflames, a mightie wood that growes, (fight,  
 Vpon the high tops of a hill, and far his splendor throwes;  
 So from the Grecians burnisht armes, an admirable light,  
 Flew through the ayre with golden wings, and did the Gods affright.  
 Or as whole flockes of geese, or cranes, or swans with neckes so tall  
 Flie cloud-like ouer Aliaue meades, to faire Caylters fall,  
 Who (proud of their supportfull wings, as they take streame or ground)  
 Make all the riuer bordering lawnes, their melodie resound;  
 So all the troupses from ships and tents, throng'd to Scamanders plaine,  
 And vnder sway of foote and horse, the earth did grone againe.  
 They stood in that enflowred meade, as infinite as leaues,  
 Or flowers the spring doth amplifie: or as the cloudie threasures,  
 Of busie fyes, that (sheepe-coates fill, when summers golden vailles  
 Enrich the fieldes; and nourishing milke, bedewes the sprinkled pailles:  
 So many faire-haired Grecians floode, vpon that equall ground,  
 The Troyan rankes with deadly charge, desirous to confound:

And

And as good goate-heards when their goates at foode in herds abide,  
 Though they be neuer so commixt, can easily them diuide;  
 So did the leaders well digest, their bandes for fight applide.  
 Amongst whom shind the king of men, with browes and eyes like Ioue,  
 Like Mars in wasse, inbrest like him, that most doth waters loue:  
 As das a Bull amidst the heard, most proudly far doth goe,  
 (For he with well brancht Oxen fed, makes most illustrious show)  
 So Iupiter made Atreus sonne, in that death threatening day,  
 The brauest obiect of all Greekes, to grace his soueraigne sway.

Now tell me, Muses, you that doe in heauenly houses dwell,  
 (For you are Goddesses, still neere, and euerie thing can tell,  
 We, knowing nought but onely hear, th'vncertaine voice of fame)  
 What Grecian princes and their peeres, to hapless Phrygia came.  
 The common souldiers by their names I not assay to sing,  
 Although ten tongues: and ten big threates, I could to vterance bring:  
 Though I sustaine a brazen hart, and breathe'd a voice in fract:  
 For onely you the seed of Ioue can tell the troupses exact.  
 That vnder Iliions lostie walls imploy'd reuengefull fight:  
 The princes therefore of the fleete, and fleet it selfe I cite.

### The Catalogue of the shippes.

The strong Boetian, Leitus and Penelaus led:  
 Arceilaus, Clonius, Prothenor, full of dread,  
 The inhabitants of Hyria, and stonie Aulida,  
 Schene, Schole, the hillie Etcon, and holy Thespia,  
 Of Graea and great Mycaleste, that hath the ample plaine,  
 Of Harma, and Ilesius, and all that did remaine:  
 In Etith, and in Eleon, in Hylen, Perteona,  
 In faire Ocalaica, and the towne well builded Medeona,  
 Capas, Eutrefis, Thisbe, that for Pigeons doth surpasses,  
 Of Coroncia, Haliart, that hath such store of grasse,  
 All those that in Platca dwell, that Gliffa did possesse,  
 And Hypothebes, whose well-built walls, are rare and fellowless.  
 In rich Onchestus famous wood, to watrie Neptune vowde.  
 And Atne, where the vine-trees are, with vigour use bushes bowd.  
 With them that dwell in Mydea, and Niffa most diuine,  
 And those whom utmost Anthedon, did wealtikly confine:  
 From all these coastes in generall, full fiftie sayle were sent,  
 And six score strong, Boetian youtnes in euerie burthen went.

E 3

But

But those who in Aspledon dwelt, and Mynian Orchomen,  
 God Mars his sonnes did lead (Alcalaphus, and Ialmen.)  
 Whom in Azidon, Actors house did of Altioche come;  
 The bashfull maide, as shee went up, into the higher roome,  
 The war-god secretly comprest in safe conduct of these  
 Did thirtie hollow-bottomd barks, diuide the wauie seas.  
 Brane Schedius and Epistrophus, the Phocæan captaines were,  
 Naubolida, Iphitus sonnes: brest-proofe gainst any feare;  
 With them the Cyparissians went, and bould Pythonians,  
 Men of religious Chrysis soyle, and satte Daulidians:  
 Panopæans, Ancmies, and fierce Hyampolistes:  
 And those that dwell where Cephus, casts up his silken mistes:  
 The men that faire Lylea held, neare the Cephusian spring,  
 All in rich did fortie sable barks, to that designement bring,  
 About th'entoyld Phœnisan flecte, had these their sayle asigne:  
 And neere to the sinister wing, the arme Boetians shinde:  
 Ajax the lesse, Oileus Sonne, the Locrians led to warre,  
 Not like to Ajax Telamon, but lesse man by farre,  
 Little he was and euer wore a brest plate made of linne,  
 But for the manadge of his lance, he generall prayse did win.  
 The dwellers of Caliarus, of Bessa, Opoen,  
 The youths of Cynus, Scarphis, and Augias louely men;  
 Of Tarphis; and of Thronius, neere floua Boagrius fall;  
 Twise twentie martiall barks of these, lesse Ajax sayle withall,  
 Who neare Eulœas blessed soyle, their habitations had,  
 Strong-breathing Abants, who their seates in sweet Eboea made:  
 The Altiæans rich in grapes, the men of Chalceida,  
 The Cerinths bordering on the sea of rich: rettria,  
 Of Dyens lightly-seated towne, Charistus, and of Styre;  
 All these the Duke Alphenor ledde, a flame of Mars his fire,  
 Surnamd Chaicodontiades, the mightie Abants guide,  
 Swift men of foot, whose brode-set backs their trayling hayre did hide,  
 Well scene in fight, and soone could pierce, with far extended darts  
 The brest plates of their enemies, and reach their dearest harts:  
 Fortie black men of warre did sayle, in this Elphenors charge:  
 The souldiers that in Athens dwelt, a cittie builded large,  
 The people of Ericthius whom Ioue sprung Pallas fed:  
 And plentious-feeding Tellus brought out of her slowrie bed:  
 Him Pallas plaite in her rich Fane, and euerie ended yeare,  
 Of Bulls and Lambes, th' Achenian youths, please him with offrings there;  
 Mighty

Mightie Meneltheus, Pæceus sonne, had their diuided care:  
 For Horsemen and for Targatiers, none could with him compare:  
 Nor put them into better place, to hurt or to defend:  
 But Nestor (for he elder was) with him did sole contend:  
 With him came sistris sable sayle. And out of Salamine  
 Great Ajax brought twelue sayle, that with th' Athenians did combine:  
 Who did in fruitfull Argos dwell, or strong Hyrintha keepe:  
 Hermion or in Aginc, whose bojome is so deepe,  
 Træzena, Elion, Epidauræ, wher Bacchus crownes his head;  
 Egina, and Mazetas soyle did follow Diomed,  
 And Siheneus, the deare loud sonne, of famous Capaneus:  
 Together with Eurialus, the heyre of Mecitæus,  
 The king of Falæonides, past whom in deedes of warre  
 The famous souldier Diomed, had eminence by farre;  
 Fourescore blacke ships did follow these: the men faire Mycenc held:  
 The wealthy Corinth, Cleon, that for beatusious site exceed:  
 Aræthiras louely seate, and in Orniæ plaine,  
 And Sicyona, where at first, did King Adrastus raigne:  
 High seated Gonoëstas towers, and Hyperitius  
 That dwelt in fruitfull Pellenen, and in diuine Aegius:  
 With all the sea-side Borderers, and wyde Helices friends;  
 To Agamemnon euerie towne her natie birth commends,  
 In double fiftie sable Barks: with him a world of men  
 Most strong and full of valure went: and he in triumph then  
 Put on his most resplendent arms, since he did ouershine  
 The whole Heroique host of Grece, in power of his designe;  
 Who did in Lacedæmons rule th'vnmearde concaue hold:  
 High Phæares, Sparras, Messes towers, for dours so much extold;  
 Bryceias and Augias grounds, strong Laa, Oetylon,  
 Amyclas, Helos harbor-towne, that Neptune beates vpon.  
 All these did Menelaus lead (his brother strong in arms)  
 In sixtie wel-mand men of warre; mongst whom, with words kinde charms  
 He vsde his vmost art to stirre their stomacks to the fight,  
 Desiring deeply to reuenge his wrongs for Helens right;  
 Who dwelt in Pylus sandy soyle, and Arene the fayre,  
 In Thryon, neere Alphæus floud, and Aepy full of ayre:  
 In Cyparissus, Amphigen, and little Pteleon,  
 The towne where all the iliots dwell, and famous Doreon,  
 Where all the Muses opposite, in strife of Poësie  
 To ancient Thamyras of Thrace, did vse him cruelly

As he came from Eurytus court, the wise Oechalian King:  
 Because he proudly durst affirme hee could more sweetly sing,  
 Then that Pyrean race of Ioue; who (angrie with his vant)  
 Bereft his eye-sight and his song, that did the eare enchant,  
 And of his skill to touch his Harpe, disurnished his hand:  
 All these in nintie hollow keeles, graue Nestor did command:  
 The richly-blest inhabitants of the Arcadian land  
 Below Cyllenes mount, that by Epyrus tombe did stand:  
 Where dwell the bold, uere-fighting men, who did in Phæneus lue:  
 And Orchomen, where flocks of sheep, the shepheards clustering drue:  
 In Rypæ and in Stratie, the faire Mantinean towne,  
 And strong Enispe, that for height, is euer weather-blowne,  
 Tegæa, and in Stimphalus, and in Parthalias wals,  
 All these Alcæus sonne to field (King Agapenor) calls.  
 In sixtie barks he brought them on, and euery barke well mann'd,  
 With fierce Arcadians, skyld to vse the vtmost of a band.  
 King Agamemnon on these men, did well-built ships bestowe,  
 To passe the gulfy purple Sea, that did no Sea Rites knowe.  
 They who in Hermyn, Buphrasis, and Elis did remaine,  
 What Olenus Clisses, Alitius and Myrtin did containe,  
 Were led to war, by twice two Dukes, and each ten ships did bring,  
 Which many venterous Epyans, did serue for burtbening.  
 Beneath Alphimacus his charge, and valiant Talphius,  
 Sonne of Euritus Actor, one; the other Cteatus;  
 Diotes Amarincides, the other did employ;  
 The fourth diuine Polixenus, Agasthenis his toy:  
 The King of faire Angeiades, who from Dulicbius came  
 And from Euchinaus sweet Iles, which hold their holy frame  
 By ample Elis region Medes Phelides led:  
 Whom Duke Phyleus, Ioues below'de begat, and whylome fled  
 To large Oulychius for the the wrath that fird his fathers breast;  
 Twise twenty ships with Ebon sayles, were in his charge addrest.  
 The warre-like men of Cephale, and those of Ithaca,  
 Woodie Nerytus, and the men of wette Crocilia:  
 Sharpe AEgilipha, Samos Ile, Zacynthus sea-enclosde;  
 Epytus, and the men that hold the Continent oppofde;  
 All these did wise Vlysses leade, in counsaile Peere to Ioue:  
 Twelue ships he brought, which in their course, vermilion sternes did moue:  
 Thoas, Andremons wel-spoke sonne, did guide th' Etolians well,  
 Those that in Pleuron, Olenon, and strong Pylene dwell:

Great

Great Calcis that by sea-side stands, and stonie Calydon;  
 For now no more of Oeneus sonnes suruin'd, they all were gone:  
 No more his royall selfe did lue, no more his noble sonne,  
 The golden Meleager, now their glasses all were run:  
 All things were left to him in charge, the Aetolians guide he was,  
 And fortie ships to Trojan warres the seas with him did passe.  
 The royall soldier Idomen, did leade the Cretans stout:  
 The men of Gnoffus, and the towne Cortima, wall'd about:  
 Of Licus and Myletus towrs, of white Lycastus state,  
 Of Phictus and of Rhistias, the cittie fortunate:  
 And all the rest inhabiting the hundred towne of Crete,  
 Whom warre-like Idomen did lead copartner in the fleete,  
 With kil-man Merion; eightene ships with him did Troy inuade.  
 Tlepolemus Heraclides, right strong and bigly made,  
 Brought nine tall ships of warre from Rhodes, which haughty Rhodians mand,  
 Who dwell in three disseuerd parts of that most pleasant land,  
 Which Lyndus and Ialysus were, and bright Camyrus, cald:  
 Tlepolemus commanded these, in battaile vnappald:  
 Whome fayre Altioche brought forth, by force of Hercules  
 Led out of Ephyr with his hand, from Riuer Selleses,  
 When many towne of princely yonthes he leuelde with the ground.  
 Tlepolem (in his fathers house for building much renound,  
 Brought up to head-strong state of youth) his mothers brother slew,  
 The flower of arms, Lycymnius, that somewhat aged grew:  
 Then strait he gathered him a fleete, assembling bands of men,  
 And fled by sea, to shunne the threats; that were denounced then,  
 By other sonnes and nephewes of th' Alciden fortitude:  
 He in his exile came to Rhodes, driuen in with tempest rude:  
 The Rhodians were distinct in tribes, and great with Ioue did stand,  
 The king of men and Gods; who gaue much treasure to their land:  
 Nireus, out of Symas haue, three wel-wald barks did bring;  
 Nireus, faire Aglajas sonne, and Charopes the King:  
 Nireus was the fairest man that to faire Iliou came  
 Of all the Greekes, saue Peleus sonne, who pass for generall frame:  
 But weake he was, not fitte for warre, and therefore few did guide.  
 Who did in Cassus, Nisyrus, and Crapathus abide,  
 In Co, Euripilus his towne, and in Calydnas soyles,  
 Phydippus and bold Antiphus, did guide to Trojan toyles:  
 The sonnes of crowned Thessalus, deriu'd from Hercules,  
 Who went with thirtie hollow ships, well ordred to the seas.

F

Now

Now will I sing the sackfull troopes, Pelasgian Argos held,  
That in deepe Alus, Alope, and soft Trechina dweld,  
In Pithya and in Hellade, where liue the lowly Dames,  
The Myrmidons, Helenians, and Achiuies, rob'd of Fames:  
All which the great AEacides in iustie shippes did leade:  
For, these forgot warres horrid voice, because they lackt their head  
That would haue brought them brauely forth; He at his sleete did ly,  
That wind-like vsed of his feet, sayre Ihetis progenie,  
Displeasde with bright-cheekt Brysis losse; whom from Lynceus spoyle,  
(His owne expleyt) he brought away, as trophee of his toyles,  
When that towne was depopulate; he Junke the Theban towrs;  
Myneta and Epistrophus, he sent to Plutoes bowrs,  
Who came of King Euenus race, great Helepiades:  
For this he idely lues enrag'd, but soone must leaue his ease.  
Of those that dwelt in Phylace, and slowrie Pyrralon  
The wood of Ceres, and the soyle that sheepe are fed vpon,  
Iren and Antron built by sea, and Peleus full of grasse,  
Protefilaus while he linde, the worthy captaine was,  
Whom now the sable earth detaine: his yeare-torn faced spouse  
He wofull left in Philace, and his halfe finisht house:  
A fatall Dardane first his wife, of all the Greekes bereft,  
As he was leaping from his ship; yet were his men vnlesst  
Without a chiefe: for though they wisht to haue no other man,  
But good Iphitilay their guide; Podarces yet began  
To gouerne them, Iphitis sonne, the sonne of Philacus,  
Most rich in sheepe, and brother to short-kin'd Protefilaus:  
Of younger birth, lesse, and lesse strong, yet seru'd he to direct  
The companies, that still did more, their ancient Duke affect.  
Twise twentie lettie sayls, with him the swelling streame did take:  
But those that did in Pheres dwell, at the Babrean lake,  
in Bræbe, and in Glaphira, Iaoicus builded faire:  
In thrice six shippes to Pergamus: did through the seas repaire,  
With old Admetes tender sonne, Eumelus, whom he bred,  
Of Alceft Pelius fairest child; of all his femall seede:  
The souldiers that before the sledge Mechones vales did holde:  
Thaumaticus slowry Melibar, and Olison the colde,  
Duke Philocretes gouerned in darts of finest sleight:  
Seuen vessels in his charge conuaide their honorable freight;  
By fistic rowers in a barke most expert in the bowe:  
But he in sacred Lemnos lay, brought miserably low,

By

By torment of an vlcer growne: with Hydras poysoned blood:  
If those thing was such, Greece left him there, in most impatient mood:  
Yet thought they on him at his shippe, and chusde to lead his men,  
Medon Oyleus, bastarde sonne, brought forth to him by Rhen:  
From thence, bleake Ithomens clifles, and haples Occhalye:  
Eurites cuttie rulde by him, in wilfull tyrannie,  
In charge of Elcualpius sonnes, physicians highly prayde:  
Machaon Podalirius, were thirtie vessail rayde,  
Who neare Hiperias fountaine dwell, and in Ormenius:  
The snowe toppes of Titannus and in Asterius:  
Eucimens son Euripilus, did lead into the field:  
Whose towne did fortie blacke-sayld shippes, to that encounter yeelde.  
Who Gurton and Argilla held, Orthen and Elons seat,  
And chalkie Oloosine, meric led by Polypete:  
The issue of Pirithous, the sonne of Iupiter:  
Lim the Athenian Theseus friend, Hypodamy did beare;  
When he the bristled sauges: did giue Ramnulia,  
And drue them out of Velius, as far as Ethica:  
He came not single, but with him Leonteus Corons sonne:  
An armie of Mars, and Corons life Ceneus seed begun:  
Twise twentie shippes, attended these Guneus next did bring:  
From Cyphus twentie sayle, and two, the Finians following would,  
And fierce Perabbi, that about Dodones frozen manlæ,  
Did plant their houses, and the men that did the meadows hould:  
Which Titareus deckes with flowers, and his sweet currēt leads,  
Into the bright Pencius, that bath the siluer heads:  
Te with his admirable streame, doth not his wauis commix  
But glydes aloft, on it like oyle: for 'tis the flood of Stix,  
By which th'immortall gods do sweare, Teuthredons, honore birth,  
Prothous, lead the Magnets forth, who neare the shade earth,  
Of Pelus, and Pencion, dwell, fortie reuengefull sayle  
Did follow him, these were the Dukes and Princes of anail:  
That came from Greece. but now the man that ouershin'd them all,  
Sing Mase: and their most famous Steedes to my recitall call,  
That both th' Attrides followed; faire Pherectides,  
The brauest mares, did bring much, Eumelus manag'd these:  
Swift of their feete as birdes of wings, both of one hayre did shine,  
Both of an age, both of a height, as measurde by a lynce:  
Whom Ilier-howde Apollo, bred in the Piercean meade;  
Both sick and dautie, yet were both in warre of wondrous dread.

F 2

Great

Great Ajax Telamon, for strength, past all the peeres of warre,  
 While next Achilles was away: but he swrpast him farre:  
 The horse that bore that faultlesse man were likewise past compare,  
 Tet lay he at the crooke-skernd shippes, and furie was his fare,  
 For Atreus sonnes vngnatiuous deed: his men yet pleasde their harts  
 With throwing of the holed stone, with hurling of their darts,  
 And shooting fairey on the flore: their horse at Chariots fed,  
 On greatest perfeld, and on sedge that in the fens is bred,  
 His princes tents their chariots helde, that richly conerde were:  
 His princes amorous of their chiefe, walkt storming here and there,  
 About the host and skorn'd to fight: their breaths, as they did passe,  
 Before them flew, as if a fire fed on the trembling grasse:  
 Earth vnder-gronde their high-rai'de feete, as when offended Ioue,  
 In Arime, Tiphocus with rattling thunder droue,  
 Beneath the earth: in Arime men say the grane is still,  
 Where thunder toomb'd Typhocus, and is a monstrous kill:  
 And as that thunder made earth groze, so gronde it as they pass,  
 They trode with such contemptuous sleppes, and so exceeding fast:  
 To Troy the raiuel-ow-gidded dame, right leauie newes relates,  
 From Ioue (as all to counsaile drew in Priams palace gates)  
 Resembling Priams sonne in: site, Polytes swift off seete:  
 In trust whereof (as Sentinell to see when from the sleete,  
 The Grecians sail'd) he was set up on the lofty browe  
 Of aged Elietes tombe, and this did Iris show:  
 O Priam thou art alwayes pleas'd, with indiscreete aduise:  
 And fram'st thy life to times of peace when such a war doth rise  
 As threats inenitable spoyle; In euery did behold  
 Such and so mightie troupes of men, who trample on the mold,  
 In number like Autumnus leanes, or like the marine sand:  
 All ready round about the wailes, to vse their ruining hand:  
 Hector I therefore charge thee most, this charge to undertake:  
 A multitude remaine in Troy, will fight for Priams sake,  
 Of other lands and languages; let euery leader then  
 Bring forth well arm'd into the field his fenerall bands of men.  
 Strong Hector was not ignorant, a Goddesse thus did say,  
 Dismiss the counsaile straight like waues, cluslers to armes do sway:  
 The ports are all wide open set: our rusht the troupes in swarmes,  
 Both horse and foote, the cittie rung with suddaine cried alarmes.  
 A Column standes without the towne that high his head doth raise,  
 A little distant in a plaine trod downe with diuerse wayes:

Which

Which men do Batracia call, but the immortals name  
 Myrinnes famous sepulcher, the wondrous actiue dame:  
 Here were Th'auxiliarie bands, that came in Troyes defence,  
 Distinguisht vnder feuerall guides, of speciall excellence,  
 The Duke of all the Trojan power, great helme-deck'd Hector was:  
 Which flood of many mightie men, well skilde in darts of brasse:  
 Eneas of commixed seed (a goddesse with a man,  
 Anchiles with the Queene of Ioue:) the troupes Cardanian,  
 Led to the field his lonely syre, in Idas lower shade,  
 Begat him of sweet Cipridis, he solely was not made  
 Chiefe leader of the Eardan powers: Antenor valiant sonnes,  
 Archilochus, and Acamas were ioyn'd companions:  
 Who in Zelia dwell beneath the sacred foote of Ide,  
 That drinke of blacke AEscopus stream, and wealth made full of pride:  
 The Aphnii, Lycaons sonne whom Phoebeus gaue his bowe,  
 Prince Pandarus did lead to field: who Adrestinus owe,  
 (Apeles cittie, Pitai, and mount Tereies)  
 Adrestus, and stout Amphius ledde, who did their Sire displease:  
 Merops Percosius that exceld all Troy in heavenly skill,  
 Of futures-searching prophesie: for much against his will,  
 His sonnes were agents, in those armes: and since they disobayde,  
 The Fates in letting slip their threds, their kassie valures slaid.  
 Who in Percotes, Practius, Arisbe did abide,  
 Who Sestus and Abidus bred, Hyrtacides did guide:  
 Prince Asius Hyrtacides, that through great Selces force,  
 Brought from Arisba to that fight, the great and fierie horse:  
 Pyleus, and Hypothous, the stout Pelasgians led,  
 Of them Larissas fruitfull soyle before had nourished:  
 These were Pelasgian Pithus sonnes, son of Teutanimidas:  
 The Thracian guides were Pyrous and valiant Acamas:  
 Of all that the impetuous flood of Hellepontenclofde,  
 Euphenus the Ciceonian troupes in his command dispos'd,  
 Who from Trezenius Ceades right nobly did descend,  
 Pyrechmes did the Peons rule, that crooked bowes do bend:  
 From Axius out of Amidon he had them in command:  
 From Axius whose most beantiuous stream stil ouerflowes the land,  
 1 ylemen with the thickned hart, the Paphlagonians led,  
 From Enes, where the race of mules fitte for the plow is bred:  
 The men that broad Cytorus bounds, and Selamus enfold,  
 About Parthenius lofty floud, in houses much extold;

F 3

From



From Cromna and AEgialus, the men that armes did beare,  
 And Eurithymus situate high, Pylemens soldiers were.  
 Epiltrophus and Dius did, the Ialio-nians guyde,  
 Far-fetcht from Alybe, where first the silver Mynes were tryde.  
 Chronius and Augur Eunon-us, the Mysians did command,  
 Who could not with his Auguries the strength of death withstand:  
 But suffred it beneath the stroke of great AEacides,  
 In Xanthus; where he made more soules due to the Stygian seas:  
 Phorcys and fayre Alcanius, the Phrygians brought to warre;  
 Well traide for battaile, and were come out of Alcania farre;  
 With Methles, and with Antij hus (Pyximens sonns) did fight,  
 The men of Mezon whom the fenne Gygea brought to light:  
 And those Maonians that beneath the mountaine Tmolus sprung;  
 The rude vnettred Caribæ that barbarous were of tongue,  
 Did vnder Naustes colours marche and young Aniphimachus,  
 (Nomy ons famous sonnes) to whom the mountaine Phthirotus,  
 That with the famous wood is crown'd; Mileus, Micales,  
 That hath so many lostie markes for men that loue the seas;  
 The crooked armes Meander bow'd, with his sofnakie flood,  
 Resign'd for conduct the choyce youth of all their Martiall brood.  
 The foole Amphymachus, to fiede brought gold to be his wrack,  
 Like a proud gille that euer beares her dowre vpon her backe;  
 Whic' wise Achilles markt; slew him, and tooke his gold in strise,  
 At Xanthus flood; so little death did feare his golden life.  
 Sarpedon led the Lycians, and Glaucus vnreprov'd.  
 From Lycia and the gulfie flood of Xanthus farre remou'd.

The end of the Second booke.



THE



## THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



**P**aris, (betwixt the Hoasts) to single fight  
 (Of all the Greekes) dares the most hardie kings:  
 King Menelaus, doth accept his Braue,  
 Conditioning that he againe should haue  
 Faire Helena, with all thee brought to Troy,  
 If he subdu'd; else Paris should enioy  
 Her, and her wealth, in peace; Conquest doth grant  
 Her deare wreath to the Grecian Combatant;  
 But Venus, to her Champions life doth yeeld  
 Safe rescue, and conuaies him from the fiede,  
 Into his Chamber; And for Helen sends;  
 Whom much, her Louers foule disgrace offends;  
 Yet Venus, for him still makes good her charmes,  
 And ends the second Combat in his armes.

Another Argument.

Gamma, the single fight doth sing  
 Twixt Paris, and the Spartan King.

**W**hen euerie least Commanders will best souldiers had obeyed;  
 And both the Hoasts, were rang'd for fight. The Troians would haue  
 The Greeks with noises; Crying out in comming rudely on; (fraid  
 At all parts like the Cranes that fill with harsh confusion,  
 Of brutish Clanges, all the Ayre: and in ridiculous warre,  
 (Eschewing the vnusserd stormes, (hot from the winters starre)  
 Visite the Ocean; and confer the Pygmei souldiers death:

The

The Greekes charg'd silent, and like men bestow'd their thrifstie breath  
 In strength of far-resounding blowes, still entertaining care  
 Of eithers rescue, when their strength did their engagements dare;  
 But ere sterne conflict mixt both strengths, faire Paris slept before  
 The Trojan Host: Athwart his backe, a Panthers Hide he wore,  
 A crooked Bowe and sword, and shooke two brazen-headed Darts;  
 With which (well arm'd) his tongue prouok't the best of Grecian harts  
 To stand with him in single fight: whom, when the man wrong'd most  
 Of all the Greekes, so gloriously sawe stalk before the Host;  
 As when a Lyon is reioic't (with hunger halfe forlorne)  
 That findes some sweet prey; (as a Hart, whose grace lyes in his horne,  
 Or Syluane Gote) which he deuours, though neuer so pursu'd,  
 With dogges and men; so Spartas king exulted, when he view'd  
 The faire-fac't Paris so expos'd, to his so thirsted wreake;  
 Whereof his good cause, made him iure. The Grecian Front did breake,  
 And forth he rusht, at all parts arme'd: leapt from his Chariot,  
 And royally prepar'd for charge. Which seenes cold Terror shot  
 The heart of Paris: who retir'd as hee along from the king,  
 As in him, he had found his death: And as a Hillie Spring  
 Presents a Serpent to a mans full underneath his feete;  
 Her blew necke (swolne with poyson) rayde, and her sting out, to greete  
 His heedles entry: souldainely his walke he altereth,  
 Starts backe, amaz'd, is shooke with feare, and lookes as pale as death:  
 So Menelaus, Paris skar'd: so that diuine fac't foe  
 Shrunke in his beauties: which beheld by Hector; hee let goe  
 This bitter checke at him. Accurs't, made but in beauties skorne;  
 Impostor, womans man! O Heauen, that thou hadst nere bene borne;  
 Or (being so manles) neuer liu'd to beare mans noblest state,  
 The nuptiall honour: which I wish, because it were a fate  
 Much better for thee, then this shame; this spectacle doth make  
 A Man, a Monster; Harke how low the Greekes laugh, who did take  
 Thy faire Forme, for a Continent of Parts as faire: A Rape  
 Thou mad'st of Nature, like Their Queene, No soule, an emptie shape  
 Takes vp thy being: yet, how spight to euerie shade of good,  
 Fills it with ill? for as thou art, thou couldst collect a Brood  
 Of others like thee: And far hence, fetch ill enough to us;  
 Euen to thy Father: all these friends, make those foes mocke them thus,  
 In thee: for whose ridiculous sake, so seriously they laye,  
 All Greece, and Fate upon their necks: O wretch! not dare to stay  
 Weake Menelaus? But twas well: for in him, thou hadst tried

What

What strength, lost beautie can infuse; and with the more griefe dyed,  
 To feele thou robd'st a worthie man, to wrong a souldiers right:  
 Your Harps sweet touch, curld lockes, fine shape, and gifts so exquisite,  
 Giuen thee by Venus, would haue done your fine dames little good,  
 When bloud and dust, had ruffled them; and had as little stood  
 Thy selfe in stead; But what thy care of all these, in thee flies,  
 We should inflict on thee our selues: Infectious cowerdise  
 (In thee) hath terrified our host; for which, thou wilt deseru't  
 A coate of Tomb-stone, not of Steele: in which, for forme thou seru'st.

To this, thus Paris spake, for forme that might inhabite heauen;  
 Hector, Because thy sharpe reproofe is out of iustice giuen,  
 I take it well: But though thy hart (inur'd to these affrights  
 Cuts through them, as an Axe through Oke; That, more vsde, more excites  
 The workemans faultie: whose arte can make the edge go farre;  
 Yet I (lesse practis'd, then thy selfe, in these extreames of warre)  
 May well be pardoned, though lesse bould: In these, your worth exceeds;  
 In others mine: Nor is my minde of lesse force to the deedes  
 Require in warre; because my forme, more flows in gifts of peace.  
 Reproach not therefore, the kind gifts of goulden Cyprides;  
 All Heav'ns gifts, haue their worthy price; as little to be skorn'd  
 As to be won with strength, wealth, states, with which to be adorn'd,  
 Some man would change state, wealth, or strength: But if your Martial hart  
 Wish me to make my challenge good, and hold it such a part  
 Of shame to giue it ouer thus; Cause all the rest to rest;  
 And twixt both hosts, let Spartas King, and me performe our best  
 For Hellen, and the wealth shee brought: and he that ouercomes  
 Or proves superiour any way, in all your equall Doomes,  
 Let him enioy her utmost wealth, keepe here, or take her home;  
 The rest, strike leagues of endles date, and hartie friends become,  
 You dwelling safe in Gleebe Troy, the Greekes retire their force,  
 To Achaia, that breeds fairest Dames: and Argos, sayrest Horse:  
 He said: And his amendsfull words did Hector highly please,  
 Who rusht betwixt the fighting Hosts, and made the Troians cease  
 By boulding vp in midst his Lance: The Grecians not'd not  
 The signall he for Parle vsde, but at him fiercely shot,  
 Hurl'd stones, and still were leuellling Darts. At last the king of Men,  
 (Great Agamemnon) cried alowde: Argues, for shame containe:  
 Youthes of Achaia, boote no more. The fayre helmd Hector shoves  
 As he desir'd to treat with us; this said, all ceas't from blowes;  
 And Hector spake to both the Hosts, Troians, and hardie Greekes

G

Heare

Have now, what he that stir'd these wares for their cessation seeks:  
He bids us all, and you disarme, that he alone may fight  
With Menelaus; for us all: for Heilen, and her right,  
With all the dowre she brought to Troy; And he that winnes the Day,  
Or is, in all the arte of Armes; super: or any way,  
The Queene and all her sorts of wealth, let him at will enjoy,  
There it strike truce; and let loose sea firme leagues: twist Greece and Troy.

The Greeke Hosts wonder'd at this Braue: silence flew euerie where;  
At last, spake Spartas warlike king. Now also giue me care,  
Whom griefe giues most cause of repleie: I now haue hope to free  
The Greekes and Troians, of all illies, they haue sustaind for me,  
And Alexander, that was cause I stretcht my spleene so farre;  
Of both then: which is neerer st Fate, let his death end the warre,  
There it immediately retire, and greete all homes in peace;  
Go then (To blesse your Champion, and giue his powers successe)  
Fetch for the Earth, and for the Sunnes (the Gods on whom ye call)  
Two Lambs; a blacke one and a white: a Femall, and a Male;  
And we, one other for our selues will fetch, and kill to loue;  
To signe which Rites bring Priams force, because we wel approue,  
His sonnes pexidious enuies, (and out of practis'd bane  
To faith, when she beleques in them) Loues high Truce may prophane.  
All young mens hearts, are still vnstaide: but, in those well-weigh'd deedes  
An old man will consent to passe; things past, and what succedes  
He lookes into; That he may know, how best to make his way.  
Through both the Fortunes of a fact: and will the worst obaye.  
This granted; A delightfull hope, both Greekes and Troians fed,  
Of long-for rest from those long toyles their tedious warre had bred.  
Their horses then, in rauke they set, drawne from their Chariots round;  
Descend themselves; took off their armes: and laid them on the grounds  
Neere one another; for the space twist both the Hosts, was small.  
Hector, two Herald sent to Troy, that they from thence might call  
King Priam; and to bring the Lambs, to rate the Truce they swore.  
But Agamemnon to the Fleet, Talchibius sent before,  
To fetch their Lambs; who nothing slackt the royall charge was giuen.  
Then came the lovely Raine-bowe downe Ambassadresse from Heauen,  
To white-arm'd Heilen; she assum'd at euery part, the grace  
Of Hellens last lones sisters shape, who had the highest place,  
In Hecubas affections, Laodice; Most faire  
Of all the daughters, Priam had: and made the Nuptiall payre,  
With Helicaons royall sproute of old Antenors seedes;

She

She found Queene Hellena at home, at worke about a weede,  
Wou'n for her selfe; it shinde like fire, was rich and full of sife;  
The worke, of both sides being alike, in which she did comprise  
The many labors, warlike Troy, and brasse-arm'd Greece indurde,  
For her faire sakes, by cruell Mars, and his sterne friends procurde;  
Iris came in, in ioyfull haste and said; O come with me,  
(Lou'd Nymph) and an admired sight of Greekes and Troians see;  
Who, first, on one-another brought a warre so full of teares:  
(Euen this stie of contentious warre) now euerie man for beares,  
And friendly, by each other sits, each leaning on his shield;  
Their long and shining Lances pitcht fast by them in the field.  
Paris and Spartas King, alone must take up all the strife,  
And he that conquers, onely call faire Hellena his wife;  
Thus spake the thou'nd colour'd Dame, and to her minde commends  
The ioy to see her first espous'd, her native Towers and friends,  
Which stir'd a sweet desire in her; to serue the which she kide;  
Shadowed her graces, with white vailles; and (though she tooke a pride  
To set her thoughts at Gaze, and see in her cleare beauties floode  
What choise of glorie, (swumme to her yet tender womanhoode)  
Seasond, with teares, her ioyes; to see, More ioyes the more offence:  
And that perfection could not flowe from earthly excellence.

Thus went she forth, and tooke with her her Women most of name;  
Aethra, Pittheus louely birth; and Clymene; whom fame  
Hath, for her faire eyes, memoris'd; they reacht the Scaan Towrs,  
Where Priam sat to see the fight with all his Counsailors;  
Panthous, Lampus, Clitius, and stout Hycetaon;  
Thimæres, wise Antenor, and profound Vcalegon;  
All graue old men, and souldiers, they had beene; but for age,  
Now left the warres; yet Counsellors they were exceeding sage.  
And, as in well-growne woods, on Trees, gold spinie grasshoppers  
Sit chirping, and send voices out that scarce can pearce our eares,  
For softnes and their tender sounds; so (talking on the Towre)  
These Seniors of the people sat; who, when they sawe the powre  
Of beautie in the Queene ascend; euen those cold-spirited Peeres,  
Those wise, and almost withered men, found this heate in their yeares,  
That they were forc't (though whispering) to say, What man can blame  
The Greekes and Troians to endure, for so admird a Dame,  
So many miseries, and so long? in her sweet countenance shine  
The beames of Deitie; and yet (though neuer so diuine)  
Before we boyle, vnjustly still of her enforced prize,

G 2

And

And iustly suffer for her sake with all our progenies,  
 Labor, and ruine; let her goe: the profit of our Land,  
 Must passe the beautie. Thus, though these could beare sofit a hand  
 On their affections; yet when all their graneft powers were vsde;  
 They could not choose but welcome her; And rather they accuse  
 The Gods, then beauties; For thus spake the most fam'd king of Troy;  
 Come, loued daughter, sit by me, and take the worthy ioy  
 Of thy first husbands sight; old friends, and Princes neer allyed:  
 And name me some of these braue Greekes so manly beautified.  
 Come; do not thinke, I lay the warres indurde by vs, on thee;  
 The Gods haue sent them, and the teares in which they swumme to me.  
 Sit then; and name this goodly Greeke so tall, and brodely spred,  
 Who then the rest, that stand by him is higher by the head;  
 The brauest man, I euer sawe, and most maiestically;  
 His onely presence, makes me thinke him King amongst them all.

The fayrest of her sexe replyd; Most reuerend father in lawe:  
 Most lou'd, most feard, would some ill death had seasde me when I saw  
 The first meane, why I wrongd you thus, that I had neuer lost;  
 The sight of these my ancient friends; Of him that lou'd me most;  
 Of my sole daughter; brothers both, with all those kindly mates,  
 Of one soyle, one age borne with me; though vnder different Fates:  
 But these boones, enuious starres denier the memorie of these,  
 In sorrow pines those beauties now, that then did too much please;  
 Nor satisfie they, your demand; To which, I thus replie:  
 That's Agamemnon, Atreus sonne: the great in Emperie;  
 A King, whom double Royaltie doth crowne, being great and good;  
 And one that was my brother in lawe, when I contain'd my blood,  
 And was more worthy; If at all, I might be said to be;  
 My Being being lost so soone in all that honourd me.

The good old King admird, and sayd: O Atreus blessed sonne,  
 Borne vnder ioyfull Destinies, that hast the Empire wun  
 Of such a world of Grecian yonths, as I discouer here;  
 I once marcht into Phrigia, that manie vines doth beare,  
 Where many Phrigians I beheld, well skild in vse of horse;  
 That of the twomen like two Gods, were the commanded force,  
 Ottraus, and great Migdonus, who on Sangarius sands,  
 Set downe their Tents, with whom my selfe (for my assistant Bands)  
 Was numbred as a man in chiefe; The cause of warre was then,  
 The Amazon Dames, that in their fatts, affected to be men:  
 In all; there was a mightie powre, which yet did neuer rise,

To

To equall these Achaian yonths, that haue the sable eyes,  
 Then (seeing Vlisses next) he said, Lou'd daughter what is he,  
 That lower then great Atreus sonne, seemes by the head to me?  
 Yet, in his shoulders, and bigge breast presents a broder (howe;  
 His armor lyes vpon the earth: he vp and downe doth goe,  
 To see his souldiers keepe their ranks, and ready haue their armes,  
 if, in this truce, they should be tried, by any false alarms.  
 Much like a wel-growne Belweather, or feltred Ram he shewes,  
 That walkes before a wealthe Flocke of faire white-sleece Ewes.

High loue, and Leda's fayrest seed, to Priam thus replies:  
 This is the old Laertes sonne, Vlisses, cald the wise;  
 Who, though in barraine Ithaca, he had his nursing seat,  
 Yet know's he euerie sort of sleight: and is in counsailes great.

The wise Antenor answered her; T'is true, renowned Dame;  
 For some times past, wise Ithacus, to Troy a Legate came  
 With Menelaus, for your cause: whom I, as royall Guests  
 Receiu'd and welcome to my house with honourable Feasts:  
 I leard the wisdomes of their soules, and humors of their bloods;  
 For when in Counsaile, both sides met, and they together stood;  
 By height of his brode shoulders had Atreides eminence;  
 Yet, yet, Vlisses did excede, and bred more reuerence:  
 But when their wisdomes in their words, they framed to the eare,  
 Atreides did succinctly speake: and sharp his speeches were;  
 But fewe, because much pride of tongue he much did misconceit:  
 And, though the younger man yet vsde no words, but words of weight;  
 But when the prudent Ithacus, did to his Counsailes rise,  
 He flood a little still, and fixt vpon the earth his eyes;  
 His Scepter mooning neither way, but held it formally,  
 Like one that vainely doth affect; of moodie qualitie,  
 And frantique (rashly iudging him) you would haue said he was;  
 But when he sent his bigge voice forth, and gaue his graue words passe  
 (In white-ag'd wisdome) that flew forth, like drifts of Winter snow;  
 None thenceforth might contend with him, though nought admird for how.

The third man, aged Priam markt, was Ajax Telamon:  
 Of whom he askt; What Lord is that, so large of limme and bone,  
 So ray'd in height, that to his breast, I see there reacheth none?  
 To him the Goddesse of her sex, the large-waild Hellen said,  
 That Lord is Ajax Telamon, a Bulwarke, in their aide;  
 On th' other side, stands Idomen, in Crete, of most command:  
 And round about his royall sides, his Cretane Captaines stand;

G 3

Of

Oft hath the war-like Spartan King, giuen hospitable due,  
 To him within our Lacedaemon Court, and all his retinue;  
 And now the other Achiae Dukes, I generally discerne;  
 All which I know; and all their names could make thee quickly learne:  
 Two Princes of the people yes, two where can behold;  
 Castor, the skillfull knight on horse; and Pollux vncontroulde,  
 For all stand-fights, and force of hands; both at a burthen bred,  
 My naturall brothers: either here they haue not followed  
 From lonely Sparta; Or arriv'd within the sea-borne flecte  
 (In feare of infamie for me) in brade field, shame to mee:  
 Nor so; for holy Tellus wambe ix of those worthy men  
 In Sparta, their beloued soyle. The voice-full Heralds then,  
 The firme agreements of the Gods through all the Cittie ring:  
 Two Lambs, and spirit refreshing wine (the fruit of earth) they bring  
 Within a Goteskin Bottle cloyde; Idæus also brought  
 A massie glittering bowle, and cuppes that all of gould were wrought:  
 Which bearing to the King they crie: Sonne of Laomedon,  
 Rise; for the well-rode Peeres of Troy, and brasse arm'd Gre-kes in one,  
 Send to thee, to defend to field, that they firme vowes may make;  
 For Paris and the Spartan King, must fight for Hellens sake,  
 With long arm'd Lances; and the man that prooues victorions,  
 The woman and the wealth she brought shall follow to his house,  
 The rest knit friendshippe and firme leagues; we safe in Troy shall dwell;  
 in Argos, and Achaia, they; that doth in Lames excell.  
 He said; and Priams aged ioynts with chilled feare did shake;  
 Yet instantly he bad his men his Chariot readie make.  
 Which soone they did; and he ascends: he takes the reignes, and guide,  
 Antenor calls; who instantly mounts to his royall side;  
 And through the Scaen ports, to fildes, the swift-foot horse they drine:  
 And when at them of Troy and Greece, the aged Lords arrive;  
 From horse, on Troyes well feeding soyle, twixt both the Hoasts they goe;  
 When straight vprose the King of men: vprose Vlisses to;  
 The Heralds in their richest Cotes, repeate (as was the guise)  
 The true vowes of the Gods; stearm'd sheers, since made before their eyes:  
 Then in a Cup of golde they mix the wine that each part brings;  
 And next, powre water on the hands of both the Kings of Kings-  
 Which done, Atides drew his knife, that euermore he put  
 Within the large sheath of his sword: with which away he cut  
 The wull from both Fronts of the Lambs, which (as a rite in vse  
 Of execration to their heads, that brake the plighted Truce)

The

The Heralds of both Hoasts did giue the Peeres of both: And then  
 With hands and voice aduanc't to heauen, thus pray'd the king of Men:  
 O loue, that Ida dost protect, fount whence the Gods begun;  
 Most gracious, most inuincible; And thou all-seeing Sunne;  
 All-hearing, All-recomforting; Floods, Earth, and powers beneath,  
 That all the periueries of men chasise euen after death;  
 Be witnesse, and see perform'd the hartie vowes we make;  
 If Alexander, shall the life of Menelaus take,  
 He shall from henceforth, Hellenæ with all her wealth retaine;  
 And we will to our household Gods, boyse sayle, and home againe:  
 If by my honour'd brothers hand, be Alexander slaine,  
 The Troians then, shall his forc't Laeene, with all her wealth restore,  
 And pay conuenient fine to vs, and ours for euermore.  
 If Priam, and his sonnes denie to pay this, thus agreed,  
 When Alexander shall be slaine for that perfidious deed,  
 And for the fine, will I fight here, till dearly they repaye  
 By death, and ruing the amends that falsehood keepes away;  
 This sayd, the thrattes of both the Lambs, cut with his royall knife,  
 He layd them panting on the earth, till (quite depriv'd of life)  
 The Steele had rob'd them of their strength. Then golden Cuppes they cround  
 With wine out of a Cisterne drawne: which powrd vpon the ground,  
 They fell vpon their humble knees, to all the Deities;  
 And thus prayd one of both the Hoasts, that might do sacrifice;  
 O Iupiter, most high, most great, and all the deathlesse powers;  
 Who first shall dare to violate the late sworne oaths of ours,  
 So let the bloods and braines of them, and all they shall produce,  
 Flowe on the staine'd face of the earth, as now, this sacred twice:  
 And let their wines with bastardise brand all their future Race:  
 Thus prayd they: but with wisht effects, their prayers loue did not grace.  
 And Priam said; Lords of both Hoasts, I caue no longer stay,  
 To see my lou'd sonne trie his life, and so must take my way,  
 To winde-exposed Ilion; loue and th'immortal Gods  
 Knowe, onely which of these, to Fate must pay their periods;  
 Thus putting in his Coach, the Lambs, he mounts, and reignes his horse,  
 Antenor to him and to Troy, both take their speedie course:  
 Then Hector (Priams Martiall sonne) stept forth, and met the ground,  
 With wise Vlisses, where the blowes of Combat must resound:  
 Which done, into a Helme they put two lottes that they might knowe;  
 Which of the Combatants shoul'd first his brasse-pilde laneline throwe;  
 When all the people, standing by, with hands held up to heauen,

Prayd



surprised and mourning at this; that (seeing) you would sweare,  
He came not from the dustie fight, but from a Courtly dance,  
Or would to dancing; This he made a charme for dalliance,  
Whose vertue Heilen felt; and knew (by her so wanton eyes,  
Whose mcke, and most enticem' threasts) the ceas'd disguise.

At which amaz'd, she answered her; Unhappy Deitie,  
Why wilt thou still in these deceipts, to wrap my phantasie?  
Or whether yet, (of all the townes given to their lust beside,  
in Phrygia, or Maonia) com'st thou to be my guide?  
If there of amers living, I men; thou hast, as here in Troy)  
Some other forme, to be my blame; since here, thy latest ioy,  
By Niene thus now subdu'd, thy love shall I be borne  
Home to his Court, and end my life in triumphs of his korne,  
And to this end, wouldst thou decept: my wanton lie above.  
Hence go thy selfe to Priams some, and all the wares shoure  
Of Gods, or Godlike minded Dame; nor euer turne againe  
Thy earth-affecting feet to heauen: but for his sake sustaine  
Toyles heere; guard, grace him challenge till he requite thy Grace  
By giuing thee my place, with him; or take his seruants place,  
If all dishonourable wayes your fauours seek to serue  
His neuer-pleas'd incontinence: I better will deserue,  
Then serue his dotage now; what shame were it for me to feede  
This lust in him? all honour'd Dames would hate me for the ocede;  
He beanes a womans loue so shamd, and shous so base a minde,  
To feele nor my shame, nor his owne: griefes of a greater kind  
Wound me, then such as can admitte such kind delights so soone.

The Goddesse an'rie, that (poor shame) her meere will was not done,  
Replied: Incomse me not you wretched least (one time, not) I leaue  
Thy com' life to as strange a hate, as yet it may recieve  
A lone from me: and least I spread through both thiafis such despight,  
For those plaques they haue felt for thee, that both aboue thee quite,  
And (setting thee in midst of both) turne all their wraiths on thee  
And start thee dead; that such a death may wreake thy wrong of me,  
Thy seek the faire Dame with such fire, itooke her speech away;  
And shadowed in her snowe waile, she durst not but shay;  
And yet (to shun the shame she fear'd) she wauisht and scride  
Of all the Trojan Ladies there, for Venus was her guide.

Arr'nd at home; her room: both fell to their worke in hast;  
When she that was, of all her sex, the most diuinely grac't,  
Ascended to a hyer roome; though much against her will,  
Where leuely Alexander was, being led by Venus still;

The laughter-loning dame discern'd her mou'd minde, by her grace:  
And (for her mirth sake) set a stoole full before Paris face;  
Where she would needs haue Hellen sit; who, though she durst not chuse  
But sit, yet lookt away; for all the Goddesse powre could vse;  
And for her tongue to; and to chide whom Venus tooth'd so much;  
And chid to, in this bitter kinde; And was thy coward life such,  
(So conquered) to be seene aliue? O, would to God thy life  
Had perisht by his worthy hand, to whom I first was wife.  
Before this, you would glorifie your valour, and your Lance;  
And past my first Lones, best them far; Go once more and aduance  
Your braues against his single power: this foyle might fall by chance?  
Poore conquered man, twas such a chance, as I would not aduise,  
Your valour, should prouoke againe: shunne him thou most vnwise;  
Least next, thy spirit sent to hell, thy bodie be his prise.

He answered; Pray thee woman, cease to chide and grieue me thus:  
Disgraces will not euer last; looke on their ende; on vs,  
Will other Gods, at other times, let fall the victors wreath,  
As on him Pallas put it now. Shall our loue sinke beneath  
The hate of Fortune? In loues fire, let all hates vanishe; Come,  
Lone neuer so inflamde my heart; no not, when (bringing home,  
Thy beantie so delicious prise) on Cranaes blest shore  
I long'd for, and enioyd thee first. With this, he went before,  
She after, to their odorous bed. While these, to pleasure yeeld,  
Perplext Atides, saue-like ran vp and downe the fieldes,  
And euer thickest troope of Troy, and of their farre-cald aide,  
Searcht for his foe; who could not be by any eye betrayde;  
Nor out of friendship (out of doubt) did they conceale his sight;  
All hated him, so like their deaths, and ought him such despight.

At last thus spake the king of men; Heare me, ye men of Troy,  
Ye Dardans and the rest, whose powers you in their aides employ;  
The Conquest on my brothers part, ye all discern'e is clere;  
Do you then Argiue Helena, with all her treasure here  
Restore to vs, and pay the Mule't, that by your vowes is due;  
Yeeld us an honour'd recompence: and all that should accrew,  
To our posterities, confirme; that when ye render it,  
Our acts here, may be memori'd. This all Greekes else, though sit.

The ende of the third Booke.



## THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



### The Argument.

THE Gods, in Counsaile, at the last decree,  
That famous *Iliou*, shall expugned be.  
And, that their owne continued faults may proue,  
The reasons that haue so incensed *Ioue*;  
*Minerua* seekes with more offences done,  
Against the lately iniur'd *Atræus* sonne  
(A ground that clearest would make seene their sinne)  
To haue the Lycian *Pandarus* begin;  
He (gainst the Truce with sacred conenants bound)  
Gives *Menelaus*, a dishonour'd wound;  
*Machaon* heales him; *Agamemnon* then,  
To mortall warre incenleth all his men;  
The battailes ioyned, and in the heat of fight,  
Cold death shuts many eyes in endless Night.

### Another Argument.

In *Delta*, is the Gods Assise;  
The Truce is broke; warres freshly rise.

W<sup>I</sup>thin the faire-pau'd Court of loue, he and the Gods conferr'd,  
About the sad euents of Troy; amongst whom ministr'd,  
Blest *Hebe*, Nectar: as they sat and did Troyes Towns behold,  
They dranke, and pledg'd each other round, in full crown'd Cuppes of gould.  
The mirth, at whose Feast, was begun by great *Saturnides*,  
In urging a begun dislike amongst the Goddesses;  
But chiefly in his solemne *Queene*: whose splene he was dispos'd  
To tempt yet further; knowing well what anger it enclos'd,

And

And how wines angers should be vs'd. On which, (thus pleas'd) he plaide;  
Two Goddesses there are, that still giue *Menelaus* aide:  
And one that *Paris* loues. The two that sit from vs so farre,  
(Which *Argiue* *Iuno* is, and she that rules in deedes of warre)  
No doubt are pleas'd, to see how well the late seene fight did frame;  
And (yet upon the aduerse part) the laughter-louing *Dame*,  
Made her power good too for her friend. For though he were so neere,  
The stroke of death, in th' others hopes, shee tooke him from them cleere;  
The Conquest yet is questionless, the martiall Spartan kings;  
We must consult then, what euents shal crowne these future things:  
If warres and combattles, we shall still with euen successes strike,  
Or (as impartiall) friendship plant, on both parts. If ye like  
The last: and that it will as well delight, as meereely please  
Your happie Deities: still let stand olde *Priams* towne in peace,  
And let the *Lacedamon* King, againe his *Queene* enioy.

As *Pallas* and *Heaue*ns *Queene* sat close, complotting ill to Troy,  
With silent murmures they receiu'd this ill-lik'd choice from loue;  
Gainst whom was *Pallas* much incens'd; because the *Queene* of loue,  
Could not without his leaue relieue, in that late point of death,  
The sonne of *Priam*; whom she loath'd; Her wrath yet fought beneath  
Her supream wisdom, and was curb'd: but *Iuno* needs must ease  
Her great Heart, with her readie tongue, and said: What words are these  
(Aulster, and too much *Saturns* sonne)? why wouldst thou render still  
My labors idle? and the sweat of my industrious will,  
In honor with so little power? my Chariot horse are tyrd,  
With positing to and fro, for Greece: and bringing banes desire,  
To people-must'ring *Priamus*, and his perfidious sonnes:  
Yet thou protect'st, and ioynt with them, whom each iust Deitie shunneth.  
Go on; but euer goe resolu'd, all other Gods haue vow'd  
To crosse thy partiall course for Troy, in all that makes it proude:

At this, the cloy'd-compelling loue, a farre fetcht sighe let flie,  
And said; Thou *Furie*, what offence of such impetrie,  
Hath *Priam*, or his sonnes done thee, that with so high a hate  
Thou shouldst thus ceaselessly desire to rase and rminate,  
So well a builded Towne as Troy? I thinke (hadst thou the powre)  
Thou wouldst the Ports and farre-stretcht walles flie ouer, and denoure  
Old *Priam*, and his issue quick: and make all *Troyans* sure;  
And then thy angers weyward wound, I hope will close and cure,  
To which, runne on thy Chariot; that nought be found in me,  
Of iust cause to our future iarrs: in this yet strengthen thee,

H 3

And



And fix it in thy memorie fast; that, if I entertaine  
As peremptorie a desire to leuell with the plaine,  
Acittie, where thy loued line, stand not betwixt my ire,  
And what it aimes at; but giue way, when thou hast thy desire;  
Which now I grant thee willingly, although against my will;  
For not beneath the ample Sunne, and Heauens starre-bearing hill,  
There is a towne of earthly men, so honourd in my minde,  
As sacred Troy; Nor of earths kings, as Priam and his kind;  
Who neuer let my Altars lacke rich feast of offrings slaine,  
And their sweet sauors; for which grace I honor them againe.

Drad Iuno, with the Cowes faire eyes replied; Three townes there are  
Of great and eminent respect, both in my loue and care;  
Mycena, with the brode high wayes, and Argos rich in horse;  
And Sparta; all which three destroy when thou must their force;  
I will not aide them, nor maligne thy free and soueraine will;  
For if I should be enuious, and set against their ill,  
I know my enuie were in vaine, since thou art mightier farre;  
But we must giue each other leaue, and winke at eithers warre:  
I likewise must haue powre to crowne my workes with wished end;  
Because I am a Deitie, and did from thence descend  
Whence thou thy selfe; and th' elder borne, wife Saturne was our Sire;  
And thus there is a two-fold cause that pleades for my desire,  
Being sister, and am calld thy wife: and more, since thy command  
Rule: all Gods else; I claime therein, a like superiour hand;  
All wrath before, then now remit, and mutually combine  
In eithers Empire; I, thy rule, and thou illustrate mine;  
So will the other gods agree: and we shall all be strong;  
And first, (for this late plot) with speed, let Pallas goe among  
The Troians; and some one of them entice to breake the Truce,  
By offering in some trecherous wound the honoured Greekes abuse.

The Father both of men and Gods agreed, and Pallas sent,  
With these wingd words, to both the Hoasts; Make all haste, and inuent  
Some meane, by which the men of Troy, against the Truce agreed,  
May sirre the glorious Greekes to armes, with some inglorious deede:  
Thus charg'd he her with haste, that did before in haste abound;  
Who cast her selfe from all the heights, with which sleepe heauen is crown'd:  
And as loue, brandishing a starre (which men a Comet call)  
Hurls out his curled head abroad, that from his brand exhalls  
A thousand sparkes; To fleetes at sea, and enerie mightie Hoast,  
(Of all perages and ill happes, a signe mistrusted most)

So Pallas fell twixt both the Camos, and soudainly was lost;  
Which through the breasts of all that sawe, she strooke a strong amazement  
With viewing in her whole descent, her bright and on-mous blaze;  
Which straight one to another turnd and said; Now thundering Ioue  
(Great Arbitrer of peace, and armes) will either stablish lone,  
Amongst our Nations or renue such warre, as neuer was:  
Thus either arme did preface; when Pallas made her passe  
Amongst the multitude of Troy, who now put on the grace  
Of braue Laodocus; the flower of old Antenors race;  
And sought for Lycian Pandarus; a man, that being bred  
Out of a ianetles familie, she thought was fit to shed  
The blood of any innocent, and breake the covenant sworne;  
He was Lyciaes sonne whom Ioue into a wolfe did turne,  
For sacrilegious of a childe: and yet in armes renownd,  
As one that was incalpable; thus Pallas standing sound;  
And round about him, his strong troopes, that bore the shieldes  
He brought them from AEspeus flood, let through the Lycian fields;  
Whom, standing nere, she thus spake thus: Lyciaes warlike sonne,  
Shall I despaine at thy kind hands, to haue a fauour done?  
Nor dar'st thou let an arrowe flye, vpon the Spartan King?  
It would be such a grace to Troy, and such a glorious thing  
That enerie man would giue his gift; But Alexanders hand  
Would loade thee with them; if he could discover, from his stand,  
His foes pride prook downe with thy shaft; and he himselfe ascend  
The flaming heape of funeralls, Come, shoot him (princeely friend)  
But first smicke the God of Light, that in thy Land was borne,  
And in such acts arte the best that euer shaft hath wayne;  
To whom a hundred first end Lamps, were thou in holy fire,  
When life to satred Zeuss Towers, thy zealous plegge retire.  
With this the maddie-gift-greecie man, Minerva did perswade;  
Who infants doe eue sooth a Bowe, most admirable made  
Of the Antler of a mumping Goate, bred in a sleepe up Land;  
Which Archer-like, as long before he tooke his hidden stand,  
The Encke, skipping from a kacke, into the breast bee iunite,  
And headlong feld him, from the clipe: the forehead of the Goate,  
Held out a wondrous goodly balme, thit sixteen branches brought  
Of all in high (round) an usefull Bowe, a skillful Bowyer wrought;  
Which he cleane and polishd both the ends he hid with bernes of gould;  
And this bowe bent he close laye downe, and bade his iudgers hold  
Their shieldes before him, lest the Greekes (discerning him) should rise

[illegible]

For

For nothing decks a souldier so, as doth an honoured wound;  
Yet (fearing he had farde much worse) the haire flood up on end  
On Agamemnon, when he say so much blacke blood descend.  
And brist d with the like dismay, was Menelaus to:  
But (seeing th' arrowes stale without) and that the head did goe,  
No further then it might be seene, he cald his spirits againe:  
Which Agamemnon marking not, (but thinking he was slaine)  
He gript his brother by the hand, and sigh't as he would breake:  
Which sighe the whole host took from him, who thus at last did speake;  
O dearest brother, is't for this? that thy death must be wrought,  
Wrought i'this Truce? for this hast thou the single Combat fought  
For all the armie of the Greeks? for this, hath lliion sworne,  
And trod all faith beneath their feet? yet all this hath not worne  
The right we challenge, put of force; this cannot render vaine  
Our stricken right hands, sacred wine, nor all our offerings slaine;  
For though Olympius be not quick, in making good, our ill,  
He will be sure, as he is slowe, and sharper liou proue his will;  
Their owne heads shall be minifers of those plagues they despise;  
Which shall their wines, and Children reach, and all their progenies.  
For both in minde, and soule I know, that there shall come a day,  
When lliion; Priam; all his powre shall quite be worne away;  
When heauen-inhabiting Ioue, shall shake his fierie shield at all,  
For this owne mischiefe. This I knowe the world cannot recall;  
But, be all this; all my grieife still, for thee will be the same,  
Deare Brother; if thy life must here put out his royall flame;  
I shall to Iuniae Argos turne, with infamie, my face,  
And all the Greekes, will call for home: and Priam and his race  
Will flame in glory; Helena, vntoucht, be still their pray,  
And thy bones in our enemies earth, our cursed Fates shall lay,  
Thy Sepulchre be trodden downe, the pride of Troy desire,  
(Insulting on it) Thus, O thus let Agamemmons lre,  
In all his Act's, be expiate; as now he carries home  
His idle Army, empty ships, and leaues here ouercome  
Good Menelaus: when this Braue shall grace their proudest breath;  
Then, let the broad earth swallowe me, and take me quicke to death.  
Nor shall this euer chance (sayd he) and therefore, be of cheere,  
Left all the Army (led by you) your passion put in feare;  
The arrow fell in no such place, as Death could enter at;  
My Girdle, cures doubled here, and my most trusted plate,  
Obiected all to myt me and Death, the last scarce piercing one.

1

*Good*

Good brother (said the king) I wish it were no further gone;  
For then our best in medicines skild shall ope and search the wound,  
Applying balmes to ease thy paines, and soone restore thee sound.  
This said, diuine Ialhibius he cald, and bad him haste  
Machaon, Aesculapius sonne (who most of men was grac't  
With Physicks soueraigne remedies) to come and lend his hand,  
To Menelaus; shot by one, well skild in the command  
Of bowe, and arrowes; or of Troy, or of the Lycian aide,  
It ho much hath glorified our foe, and vs as much dismaide.

He heard, and hastid instantly, and cast his eyes about  
The thickest Squadrons of the Greeks, to finde Machaon out;  
He found him standing guarded well, with well-armed men of Thrace;  
With whom he quickly ioynde, and said; Man of Apollos race,  
Haste; for the King of men Commands, to see a wound imprest,  
In Menelaus (great in armes) by one instructed best,  
In th' Art of Archerie; of Troy, or of the Lycian bands,  
That them with much renowne adorns; vs, with dishonors brands.

Machaon, much was mou'd with this, who with the tierraid slewe,  
From Troope to Troope, alongst the host, and soone they came in viewe  
Of hurt Atides, circled round, with all the Grecian Kings;  
Who all gaue way; and straite he drawes the shaft: which forth he brings  
Without the forkes; the girdle then, plate, Cures; off he pluckes,  
And viewes the wound; when first from it the clotted blood he suckes,  
Then medicines wondrously composte, the skilfull teach applied,  
Which long Chyron taught his Syre, he from his Syre had tryed.

While these were thus employde to ease the Atrean martiall iij;  
The Troians arm'd, and charg'd the Greekes, the Greekes arme and resist.  
Then not asleepe, nor made with seare, nor shifting off the blowes,  
You could behold the King of men; but with those royall throwes,  
Most readie to bring forth his fame; and he examples this,  
With toying (like the worst) on foote, who therefore did dismiss  
His brasie-arm'd Charriot, and his Steedes, with Ptolemæus sonne,  
(Sonne of Pyraides) their guide, the good Eurymidon;  
Let (sayd the king) attend with them, least wearinesse should sease  
My Limmes, surcharg'd with ordering Troopes, so thicke and vast as these.  
Eurymidon, then reind his horse, that trotte a neighing by,  
The king a foot-man, and so skowres the Squadrons orderly;  
Those of his swiftly-mounted Greekes, that in their armes were fit;  
Those he put on with cherefull words, and bade them not remit  
The least sparke of their forward spirits, because the Troians durst

Take

Take these abhord advantages; but let them do their worst:  
For they might be assur'd that loue, would patronise no lies;  
And that, who with the breach of Truce, would hurt their enemies,  
With vultures should be torne themselves, that they should see their Townes;  
Their wines and children, at their breasts, borne vassals to their owne:

But such as be beheld hang off from that encreasing fight,  
Such would be bitterly rebuke, and with disgrace excite;  
Base Argives, blush ye not to stand, as made for buttes to darts?  
Why are ye thus discomfited, like Hinds that haue no harts?  
Who wearied with a long-run field, are instantly emboss,  
Stand still, and in their beastly breasts, is all their courage lost:  
And so stand you strooke with amaze, and dare not strike a stroke.  
Would ye the foe should neerer yet your dauid spleenes prouoke;  
Euen where on Neptunes fomie shore, our flecte lies in the fight,  
To see if loue will hold your hands, and teach ye how to fight?

Thus he (commanding) rang'd the host, and (passing many a band)  
He came to the Cretensian troopes, where all did armed stand,  
About the Martiall Idomen, who brauely marche before,  
In Vauntguard of his Troopes, and matcht, for strength a sauage Bore;  
Meriones (his Charrioteer) The rereguard bringing on:  
Which seene to Atreus sonne, to him it was a sight alone;  
And Idomens confirmed minde, with these kinde words he seekes;  
O Idomen, I euer lou'd thy selfe past all the Greekes,  
In warre, or any worke of peace, at table, euery where;  
For when the best of Greece besides, mixe euer, at our cheere,  
My good olde ardent wine, with small, and our inferiour mates  
Drinke euen that mixt wine measur'd too, thou drink'st without those rates,  
Our ould wine, neere; and euermore, thy bowle stands full like mine;  
To drinke, still when, and what thou wilt: then reuise that hart of thine;  
And what so euer heretofore, thou hast assum'd to bee,  
This day be greater. To the king in this sort, answered he;

Atides, what I euer seem'd, the same, at euerie part,  
This day shall shoue me at the full; and I will fit thy hart;  
But thou shouldst rather cheere the rest, and tell them they in right  
Of all good warre, must offer blowes and should begin the fight;  
(Since Troy first brake the holy Truce) and not indure these braues  
To take wrong first, and then be dar'd to the reuengent cruies;  
Assuring them that Troy, in fate, must haue the worke at last;  
Sinc. first, and gainst a Truce, they hurt where they should haue embrac't.

This comfort, and aduice did fit Atides hart in need,

12

Who

Who still through new rais'd swarmes of men, held his laborious speed  
 And came where both th' Aiaces stood, whom like the last he found,  
 Arm'd, caskt, and readie for the fight. Behinde them, hid the ground,  
 A cloud of foot, that seem'd to smoke. And as a Goteheard spies,  
 On some hills top, out of the Sea, a rainie vapour rise,  
 Driven by the breath of Zephyrus, which (though farre off he rest)  
 Comes on as blacke as pitch, and brings a tempest in his breast;  
 Whereat, he frighted, drives his heards apace, into a denne:  
 So (darkening earth, with darts and shields) flow'd these with all their men,  
 'Tis sight, with like ioy fird the king, who thus let forth the flame,  
 In crying out to both the Dukes. O you of equall name,  
 I must not cheere; nay, I disclaime all my command of you;  
 Your selues command, with such free mindes, and make your souldiers shoue,  
 As you, nor I led; but themselves. O would our father loue,  
 Minerva, and the God of light, would all our bodies moue  
 With such braue spirits, as breath in you: Then Priams loftie towne  
 Should soone be taken, by our hands, for ever ouerthrowne.

Then held he on to other troopes, and Nestor, next beheld,  
 (The subtle Pylian Orator) rандge up and downe: he fild,  
 Embattayling his men at armes, and stirring all to blowes;  
 Points euerie Legion out his Chiefe, and euery Chiefe he shewes  
 What his way is to wage the warre: yet his Commanders were  
 All expert, and renowned men: great Pelagon was there,  
 Alastor, manly Chromius, and Hemon, worth a Throne,  
 And Byas, that could armies lead; with these he first put on,  
 His horse troopes, with their Charriots: his foot (of which he chus'd  
 Many, the best and ablest men, and which he euer vs'd,  
 As rampire to his generall powre) he in the Rere dispos'd;  
 The stoutfull, and the least of spirit, he in the midst inclos'd;  
 That such as wanted noble wills, base need might force to stand;  
 His horse troopes (that the Vanguard had) he strictly did command  
 To ride their horses temperately, to keepe their rankes, and shun  
 Confusion; least their horsemanship and courage made them run,  
 (Too much presumde on) much too farre: and (charging so, alone)  
 Engage themselves, in th' enemies strength, where many fight with one;  
 If to his owne Charriot leaues to range, let him not freely goe;  
 But strait vnhorse him with a lance: for tis much better so;  
 And with this discipline (said he) this forme, these mindes, this trust,  
 Our Ancestors haue, walled and towne, hid leuell with the dust;  
 Thus prompt, and long inur'd to armes, this old man did exhort;

And

And this Atides likewise tooke, in wondrous cheerefull sort,  
 And said; O Father, would to heauen, that as thy minde remains  
 In wonted vigor: so thy knes could vndergoe our paines;  
 But age, that all men ouercomes, hath maac his prise on thee;  
 Yet still I wish, that some young man growne old in minde might bee  
 Put in proportion with thy yeares, and thy minde, young in age,  
 Be fitly answer'd with his youth, that still where conflicts rage,  
 And young men, vnde to thrust for fame, thy braue exampling hand,  
 Might double our young Grecian spirits, and grace our whole Command.

The old knight answered; I my selfe could wish (O Atteus sonne)  
 I were as young, as when I lewe braue Ereuthalion;  
 But Gods, at aile times, giue not all their gifts to mortall men;  
 If then I had the strength of youth, mist the Counsailes then,  
 That yeares now giue me; and now yeares want that mine strength of youth,  
 Yet still my minde retains her strength (as, you, now, sayd the sooth)  
 And would be, where that strength is vs'd, affording counsailes sage,  
 To stirre youths mindes up; tis the grace and office of our age;  
 Let younger sinewes, men strung up whole ages after me,  
 And such shaine strength, vse it, and as strong in honour be.

The king (all this while comforted) arriv'd next, where he found,  
 Well rode Menestheus, Petecus sonne, stand still in uiuand ronnd,  
 With his well-iraid Athenian troopes; And next to him he spide  
 The wise Vlysses, deedeles to, and ali his bands beside,  
 Of stronge Cephalians; for as yet the alarme had not been heard  
 In ail their quarters; Greece and Troy, where so newly stir'd,  
 And then just mou'd (as they conceiv'd) and they so lookt about  
 To see both hostls giue prooffe of that, they yet had cause to doubt.

Atides (seeing th'm stand so still) and spend their eyes at gaze;  
 Began to chide; and why (said he) dissold' d ihus, in amaze,  
 Thou sonne of Petecus, loue-nurft king, and thou in wicked sleight,  
 A cunning souldaier; stand ye off? Expect ye that the fight  
 Should be by other m: begun? tis fit the formost band  
 Should shoue, you, there; you first should front, w' hostls lifts up his hand.  
 First you can beare, when I inuite the Princes to a Fealt,  
 It heu first, most friendly, and at will ye eate and drinke the best;  
 Yet in the fight, most willingly ten troopes, ye can behold,  
 Take place before ye; Ithacus, at this, his browes did fould,  
 And said; How hath thy violent tongue broke through thy set of teeth?  
 To say that we are slacke in fight, and to the field of death  
 Looke others should enforce our way, when we were busied then,

I 3

(Euen

(Euen when thou spak'st) against the foe to cheere and lead our men;  
But thy eyes shall be witnesses (if it content thy will;  
And that as thou pretend'st, these cares do so affect thee still)  
The Father of Telemachus (whom I esteeme so deare,  
And to whom, as a Legacie, I leaue my deedes done here)  
Euen with the foremost hand of Troy, hath his encounter darde;  
And therefore are thy speeches vaine, and had bene better sparde.

He smiling, since he saw him mou'd, recald his words, and said;  
Most generous Laertes sonne, the wisest of our aide,  
Neither do accuse thy worth, more then thy selfe may hold  
Fit; (that inferiours thinke not much being slacke) to be controulde.)  
Nor take I on me thy Command for neli I know, thy minde  
Knowes how sweet gentle counsailes are, and that thou stand'st enclinde,  
As I my selfe, for all our good; On then: if now we spake  
What hath displeas'd; another time, we full amends will make;  
And Gods grant that thy vertues here may prooue so free and braue,  
That my reproofes may still be vaine and thy deservings graue.

Thus parted they; and forth he went: when he did leauning finde,  
Against his Charriot, nere I is horse, him with the mightie minde,  
Great Diomedes, Tydeus sonne, and Sthenelus the feede  
Of Capaneus: whom the King seeing likewise out of deedes  
Thus cried he out on Diomed: I me in what afeare  
The wise great warrior, Tydeus sonne, flames gaz'ing euerie where,  
For others to begin the fight: it was not Tydeus use  
To be so danted; whose his spirit would euermore produce,  
Before the foremost of his friends, in these affaires of right;  
As they report that haue beheld him labour in a fight;  
For me, I neuer knew the man, nor in his presence came;  
But excellent above the rest, he was in generall fame;  
And one renowned exploit of his, I am assurde is true;  
He came to the Myscetan Court, without armes; and did sue,  
At Goelike Polynices hands, to haue some worthy aide,  
To their designs, that gainst the nallies of sacred Thebes were laid;  
He was great Polynices guest, and nobly entertainde,  
And of the kinde Myscetan state, what he requisied gainde,  
In meere consent: but when they should the same in act approue,  
By some sinister prodigies held out to them, by loue,  
They were discourag'd; thence he went, and safely had his passe  
Backe to Aopos floode, renown'd for Bulrushes, and grasse;  
Yet, once more, their Ambassadour, the Grecian Peeres addresse,

Lord Tydeus, to Eteocles; To whom being giuen access,  
He found him feasting with a crenne of Cadmians in his hall,  
Amongst whom though an enemy, and onely one to all;  
To all yet, he his challenge made, at euerie Martiall feate,  
And easely foild all; since with him Minerva was so great.  
The ranke-rode Cadmians, much incens'd with their so foule disgrace,  
Laid Ambuscados for their foe, in some well chosen place  
By which he was to make returne, twice five and twentie men;  
And two of them, great Captaines to the Ambush did containe;  
The names of those two men, of rule, were Mazon, Hamons sonne,  
And Lycophontes, Keepe-field calde, the heire of Autophon;  
By all men honoured like the Gods: yet these and all their friends,  
Were sent to hell by Tydeus hand, and had untimely endes;  
He trusting to the aide of Gods, reueald by Anguries;  
Obaying which, he one reserv'd, and his saue'd, life applies,  
To be the heauie messenger of all the others deaths;  
And that sad message (with his life) to Mazon he bequeaths;  
So braue a knight was Tydeus: of whom a sonne is sprung,  
Inferiour farre, in martiall deedes, though higher in his tongue.  
All this, Tydides silent heard, and by the reuerend King;  
Which stung hote Sthenelus with wrath, who thus put forth his sting.

Atides, when thou know'st the truth, speake what thy knowledge is,  
And do not lye so; For I know, and I will bragge in this;  
That we are farre more able men, then both our fathers were;  
We tooke the seuen-fold ported Thebes, when yet we had not there,  
So great helpe as our Fathers had; and sought beneath a wall,  
Sacred to Mars; by helpe of loue, and trusting to the fall  
Of happie signes from other Gods, by whom we strooke the Towne  
Vntoucht; our Fathers perishing there, by follies of their owne:  
And therefore neuer more compare our Fathers worth with ours.

Tydides found at this, and said; Suppress thy angers powrs,  
(Good friend, and heare why I refrains; thou seest I am not mou'd  
Against our Generalls; since he did but what his place behou'd,  
Admonishing all Greekes to fight: for if Troy be our prise,  
The honour and the ioy is his. If here our ruine lies,  
Then blame, and grieve, as much to them, his general being binde.  
As he then, his charge; weigh we ours: which is our dantle's minde;  
Thus from his Charriot amply arm'd, he iumpt downe to the ground:  
The armor of the angry King, so horribly did sound,  
It might haue made his brauest foe, let feare take downe his braues.

And as when with the west-windes flaves, the sea thrusts up her waues  
 One after other, thicke and high vpon the groning shores;  
 First, in her selfe, lowde, (but opposde with banks and Rockes) she rores,  
 And (all her backe in bristles set) spits euerie way her some;  
 So (after Diomed) instantly the field was overcome,  
 With thicke impressions of the Greekes, and all the noyse that grewe  
 (Ordering and cheering vp their men) from onely leaders flew.  
 The rest went silently away, you could could not heare a voice,  
 Nor would haue thought in all their breasts, they had one in their choise;  
 Their silence uttering their awe of them, that them controulde;  
 Which made each man keep bright his arms, march sight, still where he shuld.  
 The Troians (like a sort of Ewes, pend in a rich mans folde,  
 Clost at his dore, till all be milke, and neuer baaing hold,  
 Hearing the bleating of their Lambs) and all their wise Hoast fill,  
 With howls, and clamors; nor obseru'd one voice, one baaing still;  
 But shew'd mixt tongues from many a Land, of men, cald to their ayde:  
 Rude Mars, had th' ordering of their spirits; o' Greekes the learned Mayd:  
 But terror follow'd both the hoasts, and slight and furious Strife,  
 The sister, and the mate of Mars, that spoyle of humane life;  
 And neuer is her rage at rest; at first she is but small;  
 Yet after, (but a little fed, she growes so vast, and tall,  
 That while her feete moue here in earth, her forhead is in heauen;  
 And this was she, that made euen then both hoasts so deadly giuen;  
 Through euerie Troope, she stalkt, and stir'd rough sighes vp as she went:  
 But when in one field, both the foes her furie did conuent;  
 And both came vnder reach of darts, then darts, and shields opposde  
 To darts & shields; strength answer'd strength, then swords & targets close  
 With swordes and targets, host with Pikes; and then did tumult rise  
 Vp to her height; then Conquerors, hostes, mixt with the conquer'd cries;  
 Earth, flow'd with bloud. And as from hills raine waters headlong fall,  
 That all waies eate huge Ruts; which, met in one bed fill a Vall  
 With such a confluence of streames, that on the mountaine grounds  
 Earre of, in frighted shepheards eares, the bustling noyse rebounds:  
 So grew their conflicts; and so shew'd their scallings to the eare;  
 With slight, and clamor, still commixt, and all effects of feare;  
 And first Antilochus of Troy slew (fighting in the face  
 Of all Achaias for most bands, with an vndanted grace)  
 Echepolus Thalysiades; he was an armed man;  
 Whom, on his hayre-plum'd helmets crest, the dart first smote; Then ran  
 Into his fore-head, and there stucke; the steele pile making way

Quite

Quite through his skull; a hastie night shut up his latest day;  
 His fall was like a fight-rat't Towre; like which lying their disprede,  
 King Elephenor, (who was sonne to Chalcodon, and led  
 The valiant Abants) couetous that he might first possesse  
 His armes; layd hands vpon his feet, and hal'd him from the prease  
 Of darts, and lanelines hurld at him. The action of the King  
 When (great in heart) Agenor sawe, he made his laueline sing  
 To th' others labor; and along, as he the trunkes did wrest,  
 His side (at which he bore his shield in bowing of his breast)  
 Lay naked, and receiv'd the Lance, that made him lose his holde,  
 And life together; which in hope of that he lost, he sould.  
 But for his sake, the fight griev'd fierce; the Troians and their foes,  
 Like wolues, on one another rusht, and man, for man it goes.  
 The next of name, that seru'd his fate, great Ajax Telamon,  
 Perferd so sadly, He was heyre, to olde Anthemion,  
 And deckt with all the flowre of youth: the frut of which, yet sled  
 Before the honour'd nuptiall Torch could light him to his bed;  
 His name was Symoilius; For, some few yeares before;  
 His mother walking downe the hill of Ida, by the shore,  
 Of siluer Symon, to see her parents flockes; with them,  
 She (feeling soudainely the paines of Childe-birth) by the streame  
 Of that bright riuer, brought him forth; and so, (of Simois)  
 They cald him Simoilius; sweet was that birth of his,  
 To his kind parents; and his growth did all their care employ;  
 And yet, those rites of pietie, that should haue beene his ioy,  
 To pay their honored yeares againe, in as affectionate sort,  
 He could not grationly performe, his sweete life was so short;  
 Cut off, with mightie Ajax Lance: For, as his spirit put on,  
 He strooke him, at his breasts right pappe quite through his shoulder bone;  
 And, in the dust of earth he fell, that was the fruitfull hope,  
 Of his friends hopes; but where he sow'd, he buried all his toyle.  
 And as a poplare, shot aloft, set by a Riuer side,  
 In moist edge of a mightie Fenne, his head, in Curles implied,  
 But all his bodie plaine, and smooth; to which a wheele-wright puts  
 The sharpe edge of his shining axe, and his soft timber cuts,  
 From his innature root, in hope to hew out of his bole  
 The Fellis, or out-parts of a wheele, that compass in the whole,  
 To serue some goodly Chariot; but being bigge and sad,  
 And to be hal'd home through the bogges, the usefull hope he had  
 Sticks there; and there the goodly plant lies withering out his grace:

K

So

So lay, by Ioue-bred Ajax hand, Anthemions forward race;  
 Nor could through that wast Fenne of toyles, be drawne to serue the end  
 intended of his bodies powrs, nor cheere his aged friends.  
 But now the gay-arm'd Antiphus (a sonne of Priam) threw  
 His Lance at Ajax through the preefe; which went by him and slewe  
 On Leucus, wife Vlysses friend; his groine it smote, as faine  
 He would haue drawne into his spoile, the Carcassee of the slaine;  
 By which he fell; and that by him, it vext Vlysses heart;  
 Who thrust into the face of fight, well arm'd at enerie part,  
 Came close, and lookt about to finde an obiect worth his Lance;  
 Which, when the Troians sawe him shake, and he so neere aduance;  
 All shrunke; he threw, and forth it shinde: nor fell, but where it feld:  
 His friends grieve, gaue it angrie powre, and deadly way it held  
 Vpon Democoon; who was sprung of Priams wanton force;  
 Came from Abydus, and was made the maister of his horse;  
 Through both his temples, strooke the Dart, the wood of one side shew'd,  
 The pyle out of the other look't, and so the earth he strow'd;  
 With much sound of his weightie armes: then back the formost went;  
 Euen Hector yeelded; then the Greekes gaue worthy clamors vent,  
 Effecting, then, their first dumb powers; some drew the dead and spoild;  
 Some followed; that in open flight, Troy might confesse it foilde.  
 Apollo, (angrie at the sight) from top of Ilion cried,  
 Turne head, ye well-rode Peeres of Troy, feede not the Grecians pride;  
 They are not charm'd against your points, of Steele, or Iron framde;  
 Nor fights the faire-hair'd Thetis sonne, but sits at fleete, inflam'd.  
 So spake the dreadfull God from Troy, The Greekes, Ioue's noblest seede,  
 Encourag'd to keepe on the chace: and where fit spirit did need,  
 She gaue it; marching in the midst; Then slewe the fatall houre,  
 Backe on Diore; in returne of Ilions sun-burn'd powre;  
 Diore Anarincides; whose right legges ankle bone,  
 And both the sinewes, with a sharpe and hand-full charging stone,  
 Pirus Imbrasides did breake, that led the Thracian bands;  
 And came from AEnos; downe he fell, and vp he held his hands  
 To his lou'd friends; his spirit wingd to flie out of his breast;  
 With which, not satisfied, againe Imbrasides adrest  
 His Iaueline at him, and so ript his Navill, that the wound,  
 (As endlesly it shut his eyes) so (opened) on the ground,  
 It pour'd his entrailles; As his foe went, then suffisde away,  
 Thoas AEtolus threw a Dart, that did his pile conuaye  
 About his Nipple, through his Lungs, when (quitting his sterne part)

He

He clos'd with him; and from his breast, first drawing out his dart,  
 His sword slew in; and by the midst it trip't his bellie out;  
 So, tooke he life; but lest his armes, his friends so flockt about,  
 And thrust forth Lances of such length before their slaughtered king;  
 Which, though their foe were bigge and strong, and often brake the King,  
 Forg'd of their Lances; yet (enforc't) he left th' affected prise;  
 The Thracian, and Ipeian Dukes, layd close with closed eyes,  
 By either other; dround in dust; and round about, the plaine  
 All hidde with slaughter'd Carcas'es; yet still did hotely raigne  
 The Martiall planet; whose effects had any eye beheld,  
 Free, and unwounded (and were led by Pallas through the field  
 To keepe of Iauelines, and suggest the least fault could be found)  
 He could not reprehend the fight, so many strowd the ground.

The ende of the fourth Booke.



K 2

THE



## THE FIFT BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



**K**ing Diomed (by Pallas spirit inspir'd,  
With will, and powre) is for his Acts admir'd:  
Meere men, and men deriv'd from Deities,  
And Deities themselves he terrifies;  
Addes wounds, to terrors: his inflamed Lance  
Drawes blood from Mars, and Venus in a Trance,  
He casts Aeneas, with a weightie stone;  
Apollo quickens him, and gets him gone:  
Mars is recurr'd by Pæon; but by Ioue  
Rebuk't, for Authoring breach of humane Ioue.

### Another Argument.

In Epilon, heavens blood is shed,  
By sacred rage of Diomed.

**T**hen Pallas breath'd in Tydeus sonne: to render whom supream  
To all the Greekes, at all his parts; she cast a hotter beame,  
On his high minde; his body fill'd with much superiour might,  
And made his compleate armour cast a farre more compleat light:  
From his bright Helme, and shield, did burne a most unwearied fire:  
Likerish Autumnus goulden Lamp, whose brightness men admire,  
Past all the other Host of starres, when, with his cheerefull face,  
Fresh wast in lastie Ocean waues, he doth the skies enshafe;  
To let whose glorie lose no sight, still Pallas made him turne,  
Whom tumult most exprest his powre, and where the fight did burne.

And

An honest, and a wealthie man, inhabited in Troy;  
Dares the Priest of Mulciber, who two sons did enjoy,  
Idæus, and bould Phegeus, wel seene in euery fight;  
These (sing'd from their Troopes, and horst) assail'd Mineruas knight,  
Whorag'd from fight, to fight, on soote; All hasting mutuell charge,  
(And now drawne neere) first, Phegeus threw a laneline swift and large:  
Whose head, the kings left shoulder tooke, but did no harme at all:  
Then rusht he out a Lance at him, that had no idle fall;  
But in his breast stucke, twist his pappes, and strooke him from his horse.  
In high sterne fight, when Idæus saw (distrustfull of his force  
To saue his slaughter'd brothers spoyle) it made him headlong leape  
From his faire Chariot, and leaue all: yet had not scap't the heape  
Of beaue funerall; If the Gods, great president of fire,  
Had not (in loud, vne cloudes of smoke, and pittie of his Syre,  
To leaue him utterly vnkeyr'd) giuen safe passe to his feete.  
He gone; Tydides sent the horse and Chariot to the fleete.

The Troians, seeing Dares fornes, one slaine, the other fled;  
Were strooke amaz'd; the blew-eyde maide (to grace her Diomed  
In giuing free way to his power) made this so ruthfull fact,  
Asit aduantage to remouue the warre-God out of Act,  
Who rag'd so on the Ilion side; she grip't his hand, and said;  
Mars, Mars, thou ruiner of men, that in the dust hast laide  
So many Citties, and with bloud thy Godhead dost distaine;  
Now shall we cease to shoue our breasts, as passionat as men,  
And leaue this mixture of our hands? resigning Ioue his right  
(As rector of the Gods) to giue the glorie of the fight,  
Where he affecteth? least he force what we should freely yeeld?  
He held it fit; and went with her from the tumultuous field;  
Who set him in an herby seat, on brode Scamandets shore.  
He gone; All Troy, was gone with him, the Greekes draue all before;  
And euerie leader slewe a man; but first the King of men  
Deser'd the honour of his name, and led the slaughter then,  
And slewe a leader; one more huge, then any man he led;  
Great Odus, Duke of Halizons, quite from his Charriots head,  
He strooke him with a Lance to earth, as first he slight addrest;  
It tooke his forward-turned backe, and lookt out of his breast;  
His huge Trunke founded; and his arms did echo the resound.  
Idomeneus, to the death, did noble Phælus wound,  
The sonne of Mæon Borus, that from cloddie Terna came;  
Who (taking Chariot, tooke his wound, and tumbl'd with the same,

K 3

From



From his attempted feat, the Lance through his right shoulder strooke,  
 And horrid darknesse strooke through him: the spoyle his souldiers tooke.  
 Attilas-Menclaus slewe (as he before him sled)  
 Scamandrius, sonne of Strophius, that was a huntsman bred;  
 A killfull huntsman; for his skill Dianas selfe did teach;  
 And made him able with his Dart, infallible to reach  
 All sorts of subtilst sauges, which many a wooddie hill  
 Bred for him; and he much prefer'd, and all to shewe his skill.  
 Yet, not the Dart-delighting Queen, taught him to shun this Dart;  
 Nor all his hitting so farre off, (the masirie of his arte):  
 His lacke receiv'd it, and he fell upon his breast withall:  
 His bodies ruine, and his armes so sounded in his fall,  
 That his affrighted horse slewe off, and left him, like his life;  
 Meniones slewe Phereclus; whom she that nere was wise,  
 I.e. Goddesse of good huswines, held in excellent respect,  
 For knowing all the wittie things that grace an architect;  
 And having power to give it all the cunning use of hand;  
 Harmonides, his Sire built shippes, and made him understand,  
 With all the practise it requir'd, the frame of all that skill;  
 He built all Alexanders shippes, that anchor'd all the ill  
 Of all the Troians, and his owne; because he did not knowe  
 The Oracles aduising Troy (for feare of overthrowe)  
 To meddle with no sea affaire, but linc by tilling Land;  
 In his man Meniones surpris'd, and auaue his deadly hand,  
 Through his right hippe; the Lances head ran through the region  
 About the bladder; underneath the muscles, and the bone;  
 He (sicking) bow'd his knees to death; and sacrific'd to earth.  
 Phylides slay'd Pedarus flight; Antenor's bastard birth;  
 Whom vertuous Theano his wife (to please her husband) kept,  
 As tenderly as those she lou'd. Phylides neer him slept:  
 And in the fountaine of the nerves, did drench his feruent Lance,  
 At his heads backe-part; and so farre the sharpe head, did aduance,  
 As it the Organe of his speech; and th' iron (colue as death)  
 He took betwixt his grinning teeth, and gaue the ayre his breath.  
 Eur. pilus, the much renown'd, and great Euemons sonne,  
 Ruine Hyphenor slewe, begot by Ioue Dolopion;  
 And consecrate Scamanders Priest, he had a Gods regard,  
 Amongst the people; his hard fight, the Grecian followed hard;  
 Rust in, so close; that with his sword, he on his shoulder layde  
 A blowe, that his armes brake cut off, nor there his vigor staides

But drave downe; and from off his wrist it hew'd his holy hand,  
 That gusht out blood, and down it dropt upon the blubbing sand;  
 Death, with his purple finger shut and violent fate, his eyes.  
 Thus fought these; but distinguish'd well, Tydides so imples  
 His furie; that you could not know, whose side had interest,  
 In his free labours; Greece or Troy. But as a flood encrease,  
 By violent, and soudaine showers, let downe from hills, like hills  
 Melted in furie; swelles and fomes, and so he ouer-filles  
 His naturall Channell, that, besides, both hedge, and bridge resignes  
 To his rough confluence; farre spread, and lustie flourishing vines:  
 Drown'd in his outrage, Tydeus sonne so ouer-ran the field,  
 Strow'd such as flourish in his way: and made whole Squadrons yeeld.

When Pandarus, Lycaons sonne, beheld his ruining hand,  
 With such resistles insolence, make lanes through euerie band;  
 He bent his gould-tipt bowe of horne, and shot him rushing in,  
 At his right shoulder; where his armes were hollow; forth did spin  
 The blood, and downe his Curets ranne; then Pandarus cryed out,  
 Ranke riding Troians, Now rush in: Now now, I make no doubt,  
 Our brauest see is mark for death, he cannot long sustaine  
 My violent shaft; if Ioues bright sonne, did worthily constrain  
 My foot from Lycia: thus he brau'd; and yet his violent shaft  
 Strooke short, with all his violence, Tydeus life was fast;  
 Who yet with-drew himselfe behind his Charriot, and Steedes,  
 And cald to Sthenelus; Come friend, my wounded shoulder needes  
 Thy hand to ease it of this shaft. He hasted from his seate,  
 Before the Coach, and drew the shaft: the purple wound did sweat,  
 And drowne his shirt of male in blood: and as it bled he prayde.

Feare me; of Ioue, AEgiochus, thou most vnconquer'd maide,  
 If euer in the cruell field thou hast ass't full stoo'de,  
 Or to my Father, or my selfe, now Ioue, and do me good;  
 Giue him into my Lances reach, that thus hath giuen a wound,  
 To him thou guardst; preventing me, and bragges that neuer more,  
 I shall behould the cheerefull Sunne: thus did the king implore.  
 The Goddesse heard, came neere, and took the wearinesse of fight,  
 From all his nerves, and lyeaments, and made them fresh, and light,  
 And said; Be bould, O Diomed, in euerie combat shine,  
 The great shield-baker Tydeus strength (that knight; that Syre of thine)  
 By my infusion breaths in thee. And from thy knowing minde,  
 I haue remon'd those erring mists, that made it lately blinde;  
 That thou maist difference Gods from men: and therefore use thy skill,

But

Against

Against the tempting of the Deities, if any haue a will  
 To trie if thou presum'st of that, as thine, that flowes from them;  
 And so assum'st about thy right; where thou discern'st a beame  
 Of any other heavenly power, then the that rules in loue,  
 That calles thee to the change of blowes, resist not, but remoue;  
 But if that Goddesse be so bould (since she first stirde this warre;  
 Assault and marke her from the rest, with some infamous scarre.  
 The blew-eyde Goddesse vanished, and he was seene againe,  
 Amongst the foremost; who before though he were prompt and faine  
 To fight against the Trojan powers; now, on his spirits were cold,  
 With thrice the vigor; Lion-like, that hath been lately gald,  
 By some bould shepheard in a field, where his curld stockes were laid;  
 Who tooke him as he leapt the sloud, not slaine yet, but appaide,  
 With greater spirit; comes againe, and then the shepheard hides,  
 (The rather for the desolate place) and in his Coate abides,  
 His stockes left guardlesse; which amaz'd, shake and shrinke up in heapes;  
 He (ruthles) freely takes his prey, and out againe he leapes:  
 So sprightly, fierce, victorious, the great Heroe slewe,  
 Upon the Troians; and at once, He two Commanders slewe;  
 Hyppenor, and Allynous; in one his Lance he fixt,  
 Full at the nipple of his breast: the other smote betwixt  
 The necke and shoulder, with his sword; which was so well layd on,  
 It swept his arme, and shoulder off: these left, he rusht upon  
 Abbas, and Polycidus, of olde Eurydamas  
 The haples sonnes; who could by dreames tell what would come to passe:  
 Yet, when his sonnes set forth to Troy, the old man could not read  
 By their dreames, what would chance to them; for both were stricken dead  
 By great Tydides; after these he takes into his rage,  
 Xanthus, and Thoon, Phenops sonnes, borne to him in his age;  
 The good old man, euen pinde with yeares, and had not one sonne more,  
 To heyre his goods: yet Diomed tooke both and left him store  
 Of teares, and sorrowes in their steads; since he could neuer see  
 His sonnes leaue those hote warres aliu; so, this the end must be  
 Of all his labors; what he heapt to make his issue great,  
 Authoritie beyrde; and with her seede fild his forgotten seat;  
 Then snatcht he vp, two Priamids, that in one Chariot stood,  
 Echemon; and faue Chromius; as feeding in a wood,  
 Oxen, or steeres are; One of which, a Lyon leapes upon,  
 Teares downe, and wings in two his necke: so sternely Tydeus sonne  
 Threw from their Chariot both these hopes of olde Dardanides;

Then

Then tooke their Armes; and sent their horse to those that ride the seas:  
 Aeneas (seeing the Troopes thus tost) brake through the heate of fight;  
 And all the whizzing of the Darts, to finde the Lycian knight,  
 Lycaons sonne; whom hauing found, he thus bespake the peere;  
 O Pandarus, where's now thy Bowe thy deathfull arrowes where?  
 In which no one in all our Host, but giues the palme to thee;  
 Nor in the Sunne-lou'd Lycian greens that breed our Archerie,  
 Lines any that exceeds thy selfe. Come list thy hands to loue,  
 Ana send an arrow at this man (if but a man he proue,  
 That winnes such God-like victories; and now affects our host,  
 With so much sorrow: since so much of our best blood is lost,  
 By his high valour;) I haue seare some God in him doth threat,  
 Incens'd for want of sacrifice; the wrath of God is great.  
 Lycaons famous sonne replied, Great Counsaile of Troy;  
 This man so excellent in armes, I thinke is Tydeus ion;  
 I know him by his herie shield, by his bright three-plum'd Caske,  
 Ana by his horse; nor can I say, if or some God doth maske  
 In his apparance; or he be (whom I nam'd) Tydeus sonne;  
 But without God, the things he does (for certaine) are not done;  
 Some great Immortall, that connayes his shoulders in a clowde,  
 Goes by, and puts by enerie Dart, at his bould breast bestowd;  
 Or lets it take, with little hurt; for I my selfe let flie  
 A shaft that shot him through his armes, but had as good gene by;  
 Yet, which I gloriously affirm'd, had driuen him downe to hell,  
 Some God is angrie, and with me, for faue hence, where I dwell,  
 My horse and Chariots idle stand, with which (some other way  
 I might repaire this shamefull misse: elcace faue Chariots slay  
 In old Lycaons Court; new made, new trim'd, to haue bene gone;  
 Curtain'd, and Ar्राst vnder-foote, two horse to euery one,  
 That eat white Barley and blacke Otes and do no good at all;  
 And these Lycaons, (that well knew how these affaires would fall)  
 Charg'd (when I set downe this designe) I should command with here;  
 And gaue me many lessons more, all which much better were  
 Then any I tooke soorth my selfe: the reason I layd downe,  
 Was but the sparing of my horse, since in a sieged towne,  
 I thought our horse-meat would be scant, when they were us'd to haue  
 Their dangers full; so I left them, and like a lackey slaue,  
 I came to Lion, content in nothing but my Bowe,  
 That nothing profits me; two shafts I vainely did bestow.  
 In to a great Prince; but of both, my arrowes neither flew,

L

Nor

Nor this, nor Atreus younger sonne: a little bloud I drew,  
That seru'd but to incense them more: in an unhappy starre,  
I therefore from my memory, haue awayne these tooles of warre,  
That day, when for great Hectors sake, to amiable Troy,  
I came to leade the Trojan bands. But if I euer joy,  
(in safe returne) my Countries fight, my wines, my lofty Towers;  
Let any stranger take this head; if to the fiery powers,  
This Bowe, these shafts, in peeces burst (by these hands) be not throwne  
Idle companions that they are, to me and my renoune.

Aeneas sayd; Use no such words: for any other way,  
Then this, they shall not now be ofde: we first will both assay  
This man, with Horse, and Chariot. Come then, ascend to me,  
That thou maist trie our Trojan horse, how skild in field the be,  
And in pursuing those that flie, or flying, being pursued,  
How excellent they are of foote: and these (if loue c'ne leade  
The scape of Tydeus againe, and grace him with our speere)  
Shall serue to bring vs safely off: Come, he be first shall fight:  
Take thou these faire reignes, and this scourge; or (if thou wilt) fight thou.  
And leaue the horses care to me. He answered; I will now  
Descend to fight; keep thou the Reignes, and guide thy selfe thy horse,  
Who with their wonted manager, will better wield the force  
Of the impulsive Chariot; if we be driuen to flie,  
Them with a stranger; vnder whom they will be much more shy  
And (fearing my voice, wishing thine) growe restie, nor goe on,  
To beare vs off; but leaue engag'd, for mighty Tydeus sonne,  
Them: selues, and vs; then be thy part, thy one hou'd horses guide;  
He make the fight: and with a Dart, receive his utmost ride.

With this the gorgeous Chariot, both (thus prepar'd) ascend,  
And make full way at Diomed; which noted by his friend,  
Mine owne most loued Minde, sayd he, two mighty men of warre  
I see come with a purpos'd charge; one's he that hit so farre,  
With Bowe and shaft; Lyciaons sonne: the other James the brood  
Of great Anchiles, and the Queene, that rules in Amorous blood,  
Aeneas, excellent in armes; come vp, and vse your steeds,  
And looke not warre so in the face; least that desire that feeds  
Thy great minde, be the bane of it. This did with anger sling  
The bloud of Diomed, to see his friend that chid the King,  
Before the fight, and then preferd his abesse, and his minde,  
To all his Ancestors in fight, now come so farre behinde:  
Whom thus he answered; Vse no flight: you cannot please me so;

Nor

Nor is it honest, in my minde, to feare a coming foe;  
Or make a flight good, though with fight; my powers are yet entire.  
And scorne the help-tyre of a horse; I will not blowe the fire  
Of their hot valours with my flight, but cast vpon the blaze  
This body, borne vpon my knees: I entertaine Amaze?  
Minerua will not see that shame: and since they haue begun,  
They shall not both elect their ends; and he that scapes, shall runne;  
Or stay, and take the others fate: and thus I leaue for thee;  
If amply wise, Athencia, giue both their lines to me,  
Reigne our horse to their Chariot hard, and haue a speciall heed  
To sease vpon Aeneas Steeds, that we may change their breed,  
And make a Grecian race of them, that haue been long of Troy;  
For, these are bred of those braue beasts, which for the lonely Boy,  
That was now on the Cuppe of Ioue, Ioue, that farre seeing God,  
Gave Tros the King, in recompence; the best that euer troa  
The sounding Cener, vnderneath, the Morning and the Sunne.  
Anchises stole the breed of them: for where their Syres did runne;  
He closely put his Mares to them, and neuer made it knowne,  
To him that heyd them, who was then the King Laomedon.  
Six horses had he of that race, of which himselfe kept foure,  
And gaue the other two his sonne; and these are they that scoure  
The field so bravely towards vs, expert in charge and flight;  
If these we haue the power to take, our prize is exquisite,  
And our renoune will farre exceed. While these were talking thus,  
The first horse brought th' assailants neere: and thus spake Pandarus;  
Most suffering-minded Tydeus sonne, that hast of warre the Art;  
My shaft that strook thee, slew thee not, I now will proue a dart:  
Thus sayd, he booke, and then he threw, a Lance, aloft and large,  
That in Tydides Cures stuck, quite driuing through his Targe;  
Then braid he out so wilde a voyce, that all the field might heare;  
Now haue I reacht thy root of life, and by thy death shall heare  
Our prayse: chiefe prize from the field: Tydides, and is made,  
Replyde, Thou err'st: I am not toucht: but more charge will be laide,  
To both your lines before you part: at least the life of one  
Shall satiate the throate of Mars; this sayd, his lance was gone:  
Minerua led it to his face, which at his eye ranne in,  
And as he stoop't, strook through his iawes, his tongues roote, and his chinne.  
Downe from the Chariot he fell, his gaye armes shinde and rung,  
The swift horse trembl'd, and his soule for euer charmd his tongue.  
Aeneas with his Shield and Lance, leapt swiftly to his friend,

L 2

Affraid

As if the Greeks would force his trunk; and that he did defend,  
 Bould as a Lyon of his strength he hid him with his shield,  
 hooke round his Lance, and horribly did threaten all the field  
 With death, if any durst make in; Tydides rayd a stone,  
 With his one hand, of wondrous weight, and powrd it mainly on  
 The hip of Anchiliades, where in the ioynt doth moue  
 The thigh; tis calld the huckle bone, which all in herds, it droue;  
 Brake both the Nerues; and with the edge, cut all the flesh away:  
 It staggerd him, vpon his knees, and made th' Heroe stay  
 His shooke blind temples, on his hand, his elbow on the earth;  
 And there this Prince of men had died; if she that gaue him birth,  
 (Kist by Anchises on the greene, n here his faire Oxen fed,  
 Ioues louing daughter) instantly, had not about him spread  
 Her soft embraces, and conuaid, within her heavenly vaile,  
 (As de as a rampier, gainst the Darts, that did so hate assaile)  
 Her deare lou'd issue from the field: Then Sthenelus in hast,  
 (Remembring what his friend aduise) from forth the press made fast  
 His owne horse to their Charriot, and presently laide hand,  
 Vpon the loutly-coated horse, Aeneas aid command;  
 Which (bringing to the wondring Greekes) he did their guard commend,  
 To his belou'd Deiphylus; who was his inward friend,  
 And (of his equals) one to whom he had most honor shoune;  
 That he mighe see them safe at fleet: then slept he to his owne,  
 With which he cheerfully made in to Tydeus mightie race;  
 He (madde with his great enemies rape) was hote in desperate chase  
 Of her that made it; with his Lance armide, lesse with steele then spight)  
 With knowing her, no Deitie, that had to doe in fight,  
 Minerua, his great Patronesse; nor she that race th' Townes,  
 Bellona; but a Goddesse, weake, and foe to mens ren-wines;  
 Her (through a world of fight) pursude, at last he ouer-tooke,  
 And (thrusting vp his ruthlesse Lance) her heavenly vaile hee strooke,  
 (That euen the graces wrought themselves, at her drume command)  
 Quite through, and hurt the tender backe of her delicious hand:  
 The rude point piercing through her palme; forth flow'd th' immortal blood,  
 (Blood, such as flowes in blessed Gods, that eate no humane food,  
 Nor drinke of our inflaming wine, and therefore bloodlesse are,  
 And calld immortals): out she cryed, and could no longer beare  
 Her lou'd soune, whom she cast from her; and in a sable clowde,  
 Phoebus (receiuing) hid him close, from all the Grecian crowd;  
 Least some of them should take his life. Away flew Venus then,

And

And after her, cried Diomed; Away, thou spoile of men;  
 Though sprung from all-preseruing loue, these hote encounters leaue  
 is 't not enough, that sully Dames, thy forceries should deceine,  
 Unless thou thrust into the warre, and robbe a Souldiers right?  
 I thinke, a few of these assaults will make thee feare the fight,  
 Where euer thou shalt heare it nam'd: She sighing, went her way,  
 Extreemely grien'd, and with her griefes, her beauties did decay;  
 And black her Iuory body grew. Then from a dewy mist,  
 Brake swift-soote Iris to her ayde, from all the Darts that hist,  
 At her quick rapture; and to Mars, they tooke their plaintife course,  
 And found him on the fights left hand; by him his speedy horse,  
 And iuge Lance, lying in a fogge: the Queene of all things faire,  
 Her loned brother on her knees, besought, with instant prayer,  
 His golden-ribband bound-man'de horse, to lend her vp to heauen,  
 For she was much grien'd with a wound, a mortall man had ginen;  
 Tydides: that gainst Ioue himselfe, durst now aduance his arme.

He granted; and his Charriot (perplex with her late harme)  
 She mounted; and her Waggonne (se, was she that paints the ayre;  
 The horse she reignd, and with a scourge, importun'd their repaire,  
 That of themselves out-slew the winde, and quickly they ascend  
 Olympus, high seat of the Gods; th' horse knew their iourneyes end,  
 Stood still; and from their Charriot, the windie footed Dame  
 Dissolu'd and gaue them heauenly food; and to Dione came  
 Her wounded daughter; bent her knees; (she kindly bad her stand,  
 With sweet embraces helpt her vp, strok't her with her soft hand,  
 And cald her by her name; and askt, what God hath beene so rude,  
 (Sweet Daughter) to chastise thee thus? as if thou were pursude,  
 Euen to the act of some light sinne, and deprehended se;  
 For otherwise, each close escape, is in the Great let go.

She answered; Haughty Tyd: us sonne hath beene so insolent;  
 Since he in hom most my heart esteemes of all my lou'd descent  
 Iriscude from his bloodie hand: now battaile is not ginen,  
 To any Troians by the Greekes, but by the Greekes to heauen.

She answered; Daughter, think not much, though much it greene thee: use  
 The patience, whereof many Gods, examples may produce,  
 In many bitter ills receiv'd, as well that men sustaine,  
 By their inflictions; as by men repaid to them againe.

Mars suffred much more then thy selfe by Ephiolates powre,  
 And Otus, Aloos sonnes, who in a brazen towre,  
 (And in inextricable Chaines) cast that warre-greedy God;

L 3

Where

Where twice sixe months and one he liu'd; and there the period  
Of his sad life perhaps had clos'd, if his kind step-dames eye,  
Fairst Eubæa had not seene, who told it Mercurie;  
And he by stealth enfranchis'd him, though he could scarce enjoy  
The benefit of franchisement, the Chaines did so destroy  
His vitall forces with their weight; so Iuno suffer'd more,  
When with a three-forkt arrowes head, Amphytrios sonne did gore  
Her right breast, past all hope of cure: Pluto sustain'd no lesse,  
By that selfe man; and by a shaft of equall bitterness,  
Shot through his shoulder, at hell gates; and there (amongst the dead,  
Were he not deathlesse) he had died: but vp to heauen he fled  
(Extreamly tortur'd) for recure, which instantly he won,  
At Paxons hand, with soueraigne Balme; and this did Ioues great sonne,  
Finest, great-high-deed-daying man, that car'd not doing ill;  
That with his hore durst wound the Gods; but by Minctuas will,  
Thy wound, the foolish Diomed was so prophane to giue;  
Not knowing he that fights with heauen, hath neuer long to liue;  
And for this deed, he neuer shall haue childe about his knee,  
To call him Father comming home; besides, here this from me,  
(Strength-trusting man) though thou be strong, and a kin strength a Towre;  
Take heed a stronger meet thee not, and that a womans powre  
Contains not that superiour strength; and least that woman be,  
Adrastus daughter and thy wife, the wise Ægiale;  
When (from this houre not farre) she wakes, euen sighing with desire  
To kindle our reuenge on thee, with her enamour'd fire,  
In choos'ng her some fresh young friend; and so drowne all thy fame,  
Wonne here in warre; in her Court-peace, and in an open shame.  
This said, with both her hands she clea'd the tender backe and palme,  
Of all the sacred blood they lost; and neuer vsing Balme,  
The paines ceas'd, and the wound was cur'd, of this kinde. Quene of Loue.  
Iuno and Pallas, seeing this, assaide to anger Ioue,  
And quit his late made mirth with them, about the lousing Dame,  
With some lyre iest in like sort built, vpon her present shame.  
Grey-eyd Athenia began, and askt the Thunderer,  
If (nothing mouing him to wrath) she boldly might preferre  
What she conceiu'd, to his concept: and (saying no reply)  
She bade him view the Cyprian fruit, he lov'd so tenderly,  
Whom she though hurt, and by this meanes; intending to suborne  
Some other Lady of the Greeks (whom louely vailes adorne)  
To gratifie some other friend of her much-loued Troy,

As

As she embrac't and stirr'd her bloud, to the Venean ioy,  
The golden clasp, those Grecian Dames vpon their gyrdles weare,  
Tooke hold of her delicious hand, and hurt it; she had feare.

The thunaerer smil'd, and a call'd to him, Ioues golden Arbitresse,  
And told her, those rough workes of warre, Ioues golden Arbitresse,  
She should be making marriages, embraces, kisses, charmes;  
Sterne Mars, and Pallas had the charge of those affaires in armes.  
While these thus talkt, Tydides rage still thirsted to atchieue  
His prise vpon Anchiles sonne, though well he did perceine  
The Sunne himselfe protect'd him: but his desires (inflam'd  
With that great Trojan Princes bloud, and armes so highly fam'd)  
Not that great God did reuence. Thrice rusht he rudely on;  
And thrice betwixt his darts, and death, the Sunnes bright target shone:  
But when vpon the fourth assault (much like a spirit) he flew,  
The far-off-lying Deitie, exceeding wrathfull grew,  
And askt him; What? Not yeeld to Gods? thy equals learne to know:  
The race of Gods is farre aboue men creeping here below.

This draue him to some small retreat, he would not tempt more neere  
The wrath of him, that strooke so farre; whose powre had now set cleere  
Æneas from the stormy field, within the holy place  
Of Pergamus; where, to the hope of his so soueraigne grace  
A goodly Temple was aduanc't; in whose large inmost part,  
He left him; and to his supply, enclin'd his Mothers heart  
(Latona) and the Dart-pleas'd, Quene, who cur'd, and made him strong.

The silver-bow'd faire God, then threw, in the tumultuous throng,  
An image, that in stature, looke, and armes he did create  
Like Venus senne; for which, the Greekes and Troians made debate,  
Layd lowd brookes on their Ox-hide shields; and bucklers easely borne:  
Which error Phœbus pleas'd to venge, on Mars himselfe in korne;

Mars, Mars, (said he) thou plague of men, sinu'd with the dust and blood  
Of humanes, and their ruin'd walls; yet thinks thy God-head good  
To fight this Furie from the field? who next will fight with Ioue.  
First, in a bold approche he hurt the moist palme of thy Loue:  
And next (as if he did affect, to haue a Deities powre)  
He held out his assault on me. This said, the lostie Towre  
Of Pergamus he made his seate, and Mars did now excite  
The Trojan forces, in the forme of him that led to fight  
The Thracian troopes, swift Acamas, O Priams Iohnes (said he)  
How long, the slaughter of your men, can ye sustaine to see?  
Euen till they braue yee at your gates? Ye suffer beaten downe

Æneas,

As great Anchises sonne; whose proesse we renounce  
 As much as Hector; fetch him off from this contentious presse.  
 What this, the strength and spirits of all, his courage did entice;  
 And yet Sarpedon seconds him, with this particular taunt  
 Of noble Hector; Hector? where is thy outstakefull want,  
 And that huge strength on which it built: that thou, and thy allies,  
 With all thy brothers (without aise of us or our supplies,  
 And troubling not a Citizen) the Cittie safe wouldest hold;  
 In which, friend, and brothers helps I see not nor am told  
 Of any one of their exploits; but (all held in day may  
 Of Diomed, like a sort of dogges, that at a Lion bave,  
 And entertaine no spirit to pinch) we (your assistants here)  
 Fight for the towne, as you helpt us: and I, (an aiding Peere,  
 To Citizen, even out of care that dothb. come a man,  
 For men and childrens liberties) adde all the aide I can:  
 Not out of my particular cuse; far thence my profit grows:  
 For far hence, Asian Ioy lies, where gulfy Xanthus flows:  
 And where my lou'd wife, infant sonne, and treasure nothing skant,  
 I see becomde me, which I see if women woulde haue that want:  
 And therefore they that haue, woulde I keep yet: (as I woulde lose  
 Their sure fruition) eieere my troups, and with their lues propose  
 Mine owne life; both to generall fight, and to particular coye,  
 With this great sculdier: though (I say) I entertaine no hope  
 To haue such strings as the Greekes nor feare to lose like Troy,  
 Yet thou (euen Hector) deedelesse standst, and car'st not to employ  
 Thy towne-borne friends; to bid them stand to fight and save their wines;  
 Least as a Fowler cast his nets, upon the silue lines  
 Of Birds of all sorts; so the foe, your walls and houses haile,  
 (me with another) on all heads; for such a scape their falls,  
 Be made the prey and price of them; (as willing ouerthrowne)  
 That hope not for you, with their force, and so this braue-built towne  
 Will prone a Chaos; that deserves in thee so hote a care  
 As should consume thy daies, and nights, to barren and prepare  
 Thy assistant Princes: pray their mindes, to beare their far-brought toyles;  
 To give them worth, with worthy fight; in victories and soles  
 Still to be equal; and thy selfe (exampling them in all)  
 Neede no reprooves nor spurs; all this, in thy free choice should fall.  
 This sung great Hector heart: and yet, as euerie generous minde,  
 Should silent beare a iust reproove, and show what good they finde  
 In worthy Counsailes, by their ends put into present decdes,

Not

Not stomach, nor be vainly sham'd; so Hector spirit proceeds;  
 And from his Charriot (wholly arm'd) he impt upon the sand;  
 On foote, so toying, through the host, a dart in either hand;  
 And all hands turn'd against the Greekes; the Greekes despise their worst,  
 And (thickening their instructed powres) expected all they durst:  
 Then with the feet of horse and foote, the dust in clouds did rise.  
 And as in sacred fiores of Burnes, upon Corne-Winowers flies  
 The chaffe, driven with an opposite winde, when yellow Ceres dities;  
 Which all the Dicers fecte, legges, armes, their heads, and shoulders whites:  
 So look't the Grecians gray with dust, that strooke the solide heaven,  
 Rav'de from returning Charriots, and troopes together driven:  
 Each side stood to their labours firme; fierce Mars flew through the ayre,  
 And etherd darken'de from the fight, and with his best affaie,  
 Obed the pleasure of the Sunne, that weares the goulden sword;  
 Who had him raise the spirits of Troy, when Pallas castt affoord  
 Her helping office, to the Greekes; and then, his owne hands wrought;  
 Which from his Phanes rich Chancell (ourde) the true Aeneas brought,  
 And plac't him by his Peeres in field, who did (with ioy) admire,  
 To see him both aliu, and safe, and all his powers entire:  
 Yet stood not sifting, how it chan'd; another sort of taske,  
 Then stirring th'idle sine of newes, did all their forces aske:  
 Inflam'd by Phcebus, harmefull Mars, and Eris, eager farre:  
 The Greekes had none to hearten them, their hearts rose, like the warre;  
 But chiefly Diomed, Ithacus, and both th' Aiaces v'de  
 Styrring examples and good words: their owne fames had infus'de  
 Spirit enough into their blouds, to make them neither feare  
 The Troians force, nor what they forc't, but still expecting were  
 When most was done, what would be more; their ground they still made good;  
 And (in their silence, and set powers) like faire still cloudes they stood,  
 With which, loue crownes the tops of hills in any quiet day,  
 When Boreas and the ruder winds (that rise to drive away  
 Ayres duskie vapors (being loose) in many a whiffling gale)  
 Are pleasingly bound up and calme, and not a breath exhale;  
 So firmly stood the Greekes, nor fled for all the lions ayde.

Atides yet coasts through the troups, confirming men so stayde:  
 O friends (sayd he) hold up your mindes, strength is but strength of will;  
 Renewence each others good in fight, and shame at things done ill:  
 Where souldiers show an honest shame, and loue of honor lues,  
 That ranks men with the first in fight; death fewer linneries giues  
 Then like; or than where Fames neglect makes cow-herds fight at length:

M

F.ight,

Flight neither doth the bodie grace, nor shoves the minde hath strength:  
He sayd; and swiftly through the troopes, a mortall Lance did send,  
That rest a slander-bearers life, renown'd Æneas friend;  
Deicoon Pergasides, whom all the Trojans lou'd,  
As he were one of Priams sonnes; his minde was so approu'd  
In alwaies fighting with the first: the Lance his target tooke,  
Which could not interrupt the blow, that through it cleerely strooke,  
And in his bellies rimme was sheath'd beneath his girdle steade:  
He founde falling, and his armes, with him, resounded, dead.

Then fell two Princes of the Greeks, by great Æneas ire,  
Diocleus sonnes, Orsilochus, and Crethron, whose kind Sire  
In brauely-builde Phæra dwelt; rich, and of sacred blood;  
He was descended lineally, from great Alphæus flood,  
That broadly flows through Pylus fields: Alphæus did beget  
Orsilochus; who in the rule of many men was set:  
And that Orsilochus begat the rich Diocleus;  
Diocleus sire to Crethron was, and this Orsilochus:  
Both these, arriv'd at mans estate, with both th' Attrides went,  
To honor them in th' Ilion warres, and both were one way sent,  
To death as well as Troy; for death hid both in one blacke houre.  
As two young Lions (with their damme, sustaine but to deuoure)  
Bred on the toppes of some steepe hill, and in the gloomy deepe  
Of an inaccessible wood, rush out, and prey on sheepe,  
Steeres, Oxen; and destroy mens stals, so long that they come short,  
And by the Owners Steele are slaine: in such unhappie sort,  
Fell these beneath Æneas powre. When Menelaus view'd  
(Like two tall fir-trees) these two fall; their timelesse falls he rewde;  
And to the first fight, where they lay, a vengefull course he tooke;  
His armes beat backe the sunne in flames; a dreadfull Lance he shooke;  
Mars put the furie in his minde, that by Æneas hands,  
(Who was to make the slaughter good) he might haue strowde the sands.  
Antilochus, (olde Nestors sonne) observing he was bent  
To urge a combat of such ods, and knowing the event  
Being ill on his part, all their paines (alone sustaine for him)  
Err'd from their end; made after hard, and tooke them in the trimme  
Of an encounter; both, their hands and darts aduanc't, and shooke,  
And both pitcht, in full stand of charge; when sodainly, the looke  
Of Anchiliades tooke note of Nestors valiant sonne,  
In full charge too; which two to one, made Venus issue sunne  
The hote aduventure, though he were, a souldier well approu'd.

Then

Then drew they off their slaughter'd friends; who giuen to their below'd,  
They turn'd where fight shov'd deadliest hate; and there mixt with the dead  
Pylemen, that the targatiers of Paphlagonia led;  
A man like Mars; and with him fell good Mydon that did guide  
His Charriot; Atymnus sonne; the Prince Pylemen died  
By Menelaus. Nestors ioy, slew Mydon; one before,  
The other in the Charriot; Attrides Lance did gore  
Pylemens shoulder, in the blade; Antilochus did force  
A mightie stone vp from the earth, and (as he turn'd his horse)  
Strooke Mydons elbow in the midst: the reigns of Iuorie  
Fell from his hands into the dust: Antilochus let flye,  
His sword with ball, and (rushing in) a blow so deadly layd  
Vpon his temples, that he gronde, tumbld to earth and stayde  
A mightie while preposterously (because the dust was deepe)  
Vpon his necke and shoulders there, euen till his foe tooke keepe  
Of his pride horse, and made them stirre, and then he prostrate fell:  
His horse Antilochus tooke home. When Hector had heard tell,  
(Amongst the vprore) of their deaths, he laid out all his voice,  
And ran vpon the Greeks; behind came many men of choise;  
Before him marcht great Mars himselfe, matcht with his semall mate,  
The drad Bellona: she brought on (to fight for mutuall Fate)  
A tumult that was wilde, and madde: he shooke a horrid Lance,  
And, now, led Hector, and anon, behind would make the chance.  
This fight, when great Tydides saw, his hayre stood vp on end:  
And him, whom all the skill, and powre of arms did late attend,  
Now like a man in counsaile poore, that (travailing) goes amisse,  
And (hauing past a boundlesse plaine) not knowing where he is,  
Comes on the sodaine, where he sees a river rough, and raues  
With his owne billowes rauish'd into the King of waues,  
Murmurs with some, and frights him backe: so he, amazed, retirde,  
And thus would make good his amaze; O Friends, we all admire  
Great Hector as one of himselfe, well-darting, bould in warre;  
When some God guards him still from death, and makes him dare so farre;  
Now Mars himselfe, for made like a man, is present in his rage:  
And therefore, what soeuer cause, importunes you to wage  
Warre with these Trojans, neuer strive, but gently take your rods;  
Least in your bosomes, for a man, yee euer finde a God.  
As Greece retirde, the powre of Troy did much more forward prease;  
And Hector, in a braue men of warre, sent to the fields of peace;  
Menelaus, and Anchialus; one Charriot bare them both:

M 2

Their

Their falls made Ajax Telamon, ruthfull of heart, and wroth;  
 Who lightned out a Lance, that smote Amphius Selages;  
 That dwelt in Pados; rich in lands, and did huge goods possesse:  
 But Fate, to Priam and his sonnes, conductea his supply:  
 The Iaueline on his girle strooke, and pierced mortally  
 His bellies lower part; he fell; his armes had lookes so trim,  
 That Ajax needs would proue their spoyle; the Troians pourde on him  
 Whole stormes of Lances, large, and sharpe: of which, a number stucke  
 In his tough shield; yet from the laine, he did his Iaueline pluck:  
 But could not from his shoulders force the armes he did affect;  
 The Troians, with such drifts of Darts, the body did protect;  
 And wisely Telamoniuss fear'd their valourous defences  
 So many, and so stronge of hand, flood in, with such expence,  
 Of deadly Provelse; who repell'd (though big, strong, should he were)  
 The famous Ajax; and their friend did from his rapture beare.

Thus this place fill'd with strength of fight; in th'armies other prease,  
 Tlepolemus, a tall bigge man, the sonne of Hercules,  
 A euell destinie inspir'd, with strong desire to proue  
 Encounter with Sarpedons strength, the sonne of Clewely Ioue;  
 Who, comming on to that sterne end, had chosen him his foe:  
 Thus Ioues great Nephew, and his sonne, gainst one another goes  
 Tlepolemus (to make his end more worth the will of Fate)  
 Began, as if he had her powre, and show'd the mortall state  
 Of too much confidence in man, with this superfluous braue;  
 Sarpedon, what necessitie, or needelesse humor draue  
 Thy for me, to these warres? which in heart I know thou dost abhorre;  
 A man not seene in deedes of armes, a Lycian Counsaillor;  
 They lie that call thee sonne to Ioue, since Ioue bred none so late;  
 The men of elder times were they, that his high powre begat;  
 Such men, as had Herculean force; my Father Hercules  
 Was Ioues true issue, he was bould, his needes did well expresse  
 They sprung out of a Lyons heart; he whylome came to Troy,  
 (For horse that Iupiter gaue Tros for Gaiymed his boy)  
 With sixe shippes onely and few men, and tore the Cittie downe,  
 Left all her broad wayes desolate, and made the horse his owne:  
 For thee, thy minde is ill dispos'd, thy bodys powers are poore,  
 And therefore are thy troopes so weak: the souldier euer more  
 Followes the temper of his chiefe, and thou pull'st downe a side:  
 But say thou art the sonne of Ioue, and hast thy meanes supplied,  
 With forces sitting his descent; the powers, that I compell,

shall

Shall throw thee hence; and make thy head run ope the gates of hell.  
 Ioues Lycian issue answer'd him, Tlepolemus, tis true;  
 Thy father, holy Ilion, in that sort ouer-threw;  
 Th'iniustice of the king was cause, that where thy father had  
 Vnde good desertings to his state, he quitted him with bad.  
 Helyone, the ioy and grace of king Laomedon,  
 Thy father rescu'd from a whale, and gaue to Telamon  
 In honourd Nupt alls. Telamon, from whom your strongest Greeke  
 Boasts to haue issue; and this grace might well expect the like:  
 Yet, he gaue taunts for thanks, and kept against his oath, his horse;  
 And therefore both thy fathers strength, and iustice might enforce  
 The wreake hee tooke on Troy; but this and thy cause differ farre;  
 Sonnes Iclaome heire their fathers worths, thou canst not make his warre;  
 What thou assum'st from me, is mine, to be on thee impos'd;  
 With this, he threw an ashen dart, and then Tlepolemus told  
 Another from his glorious hand, both at one instant flew;  
 Both strooke, both wounded; from his necke, Sarpedons Iaueline drew  
 The life-blood of Tlepolemus; full in the midst it fell;  
 And what he threatned: th'other gaue, that darkenes, and that hell;  
 Sarpedons left thigh toke the Lance, it pierst the solide bone;  
 And with his raging head, ranne through; but Ioue preserv'd his sonne:  
 The dart yet vext him bitterly which should haue bene puld out;  
 But none considerd then so much, so thicke came on the rowte,  
 And fild each hand so full of cause to ply his owne defence;  
 Was held enough (both false, that both were nobly carried thence.

At this, knew the enents of both and tooke it much to hart,  
 That his friends enemy should scape; and in a trisould part  
 His thoughts contended; if he should pursue Sarpedons life,  
 Or take his friend as wreak on his men Fate did conclude this strife;  
 By whom twas otherwise decreed, then that Vlysses steale  
 Shoulde end sarpedon: in this doubt, Minerva took the wheele,  
 From fickle Chance; and made his minde resoue to right his friend  
 With that blood he could surest draue. Then did reuenge extend  
 Her full powre on the multitutes; then did he neuer misse;  
 Alastor, Halus Chromius Nocton, Prytanis,  
 Alcander, and a number more, he slew and more had laine,  
 If Hector had not underfloor; whose powre made in amaine,  
 And strooke feare through the Grecian troopes, but to Sarpedon gaue  
 Hope of full rescue; in so thus crued, Hector help and saue  
 My body from the spoyle of Greece; that to your loved Towne,

At 3

My



*My friends may see me borne; and then let earth possesse her owne,  
In this soyle, for whose sake I left my Countries; for no day  
Shall ever showe me that againe; nor to my wife display  
(And young hope of my Name) the ioy of my much thirsted sight;  
Ail which, I left for Troy; for them let Troy then do th' right.*

*To all this, Hector gives no word: but greedily he strives,  
With all speede to repell the Greekes, and shed in floods their lines,  
And left Sarpedon: but what face soeuer he put on  
Of following the common cause, he left this Prince alone  
For his particular grudge; because so late, he was so plaine  
In his reproofe before the hosts; and that did he retaine;  
How euer, for example sake, he would not show it then;  
And for his shame to; since twas iust. But good Sarpedons men  
Venturd themselves, ana forc't him off and set him underneath  
The goodly Beeche of Iupiter, where now they did vnbeath  
The ashen Lance; strong Pelagou, his friend, most lov'd, most true  
Enforc't it from his maimed thigh: with which, his spirit flew;  
And darkenes ouer flew his eyes; yet, with a gentle gale  
That round about the dying Prince, coole Boreas did exhale,  
He was reuiu'd, recomforted; that else had griev'd and dyed.*

*All this time, flight draue, to the fleet, the Argives, who applyed  
No weapon gainst the proud pursuite, nor euer turnd a head;  
They knew so well that Mars persude, and dreadfull Hector led.  
Then who was first, who last, whose lines the Iron Mars did cease,  
And Priams Hector? Heleus, furnam'd Oenopides,  
Good Teuthras, and Orestes, skild in manadging of horses;  
Bould Oenomaus; and a man renown'd for Martiall force,  
Trechus, the Great Etolian Chiefe; Otesbius, that did weare  
The gawdy Myter, studied wealth extreamely, and dwelt neere  
Th' Atlantique lake, Cephisides, in Hyla; by whose seate,  
The good men of Baotia dwelt. This slaughter grew so great,  
It flew to heauen; Saturnia discern'd it; and cryed out  
To Pallas; O unworthy fight, to see a field so fought,  
And breake our words to Sparta; king, that Lion should be rac't,  
And he returne reuengde? when thus we see his Greekes disgrac't  
And beare the harmefull rage of Mars? Come, let vs use our care  
That we dishonor not our powres; Minetua was as yare  
As she, at the despight of Troy. Her goulden-bridl'd steeds,  
Then Saturns Daughter brought abroad, and Hebe she proceedes  
T' adresse her Charriot; instantly she gives it either wheele,*

*Beam'd*

*Beam'd with eight Spokes of sounding brasse; the Axel-tree was Steele;  
The Felles, incorruptible gould; their upper bands of brasse;  
Their matter most vnualleded; their worke of wondrous grace;  
The Naues in which the spokes were driuen, were all with siluer bound;  
The Charriots seate, two hoopoes of gould and siluer strengthened round;  
Edged with gould, and siluer fringed; the beame that lookt before,  
Was massie siluer; On whose top, Geres all of gould it wore,  
And goulden Poitrils; Luno mounts, and her hot horses reign'd;  
That thirsted for contention, and still of peace complain'd;  
Minetua wrapt her in the Robe, that curiously she woue  
With glorious colours, as she sat on th' Azure floore of loue;  
And wore the armes that he puts on, bent to the tearefull field;  
About her brode-spread shoulders hung, his huge and horrid shield,  
Frindg'd round with euer-fighting Snakes; through it, was drawne to life  
The miseries, and deaths of fight; in it found bloodie strife;  
In it shine sacred Fortitude; in it fell Pursuit flew;  
In it, the monster Gorgons head, in which (held out to view)  
Were all the dire offents of loue; on her big head she plac't  
His foure-plum'd glittering Cask of gould; so admirably vast,  
It would a hundred Guarrisons of souldiers comprehend.  
Then to her shining Charriot her vigorous feete ascend;  
And in her violent hand she takes his graue, huge, solid Lance,  
With which the conquests of her wrath, she vseth to aduance,  
And ouerturne whole fields of men, to showe (he was the seede  
Of him that thunders. Then heauens Queene (to urge her horses speede)  
Takes up the scourge, and forth they flie; the ample gates of heauen  
Rung, and flew open of themselves; the charge whereof is giuen  
(With all Olympus, and the skie) to the distinguisht Howres,  
That cleere, or hide it all in clouds, or poure it downe in Showres.  
This way their scourge-obeying horse made hast, and soone they won  
The top of all the toppesfull heauens; where aged Saturns sonne  
Sat seuerd from the other Gods; then slayd the white-arm'd Queene  
Her Steedes, and askt of loue, if Mars did not incense his spleene  
With his foule deedes, in ruining so many, and so great  
In the Command and grace of Greece, and in so rude a heate.  
At which (she said) Apollo laugh't, and Venus; who still sue  
To that madde God for violence, that neuer iustice knew;  
For whose impietie she askt, if with his wisshed loue  
Her selfe might free the field of him? He bade her rather moue  
Athenia to the charge she sought, who vs'd of olde to be*

*The*

The bane of Mars, and had as well the gift of spoyle as he.

This grace she slackt not; but her horse scow'd, that in nature flew  
Betwixt the Cope of starres and earth: and how farre at a veire  
A man into the purple sea, may from a hill deserue;

So farre a high neighing horse of heauen, at enerie steppe would flie.

Arriu'd at Troy, where broke in curls, the two-floods mix their force,

(Scamander, and bright Simois) Saturnia laid her horse;

Tooke them from Charriot, and a Clowde of mightie depth disjusse

About them; and the verdant banks of Symois produc'd

(in nature) what they eate in heauen; then, both the Goddes

Marcht like a paire of timorous Dones, in hastling their acceffe,

To th' Argiue succour: being arriu'd, where both the most and best

Were kept together, showing all, like Lyons at a feast

Of new slaine Carcasses, or Bores beyond encounter strong,

There found they Diomed; and there, midst all th' admiring throng,

Saturnia put on Stentors shape, that had a brazen voice,

And spake as lowde as fiftie men; like whom she made a noyse,

And chid the Argiues; O ye Greeks, in name, and appetite,

But Princes onely, not in arte; what scandall, what despight

Use ye to honor? all the time the great Æacides

Was conuersant in armes, your foes durst not a foot adresse,

Without their Ports; so much they feard his Lance that all contrould,

And now they outray to your flecte. This did with shame make bould

The generall spirit, and powre of Greece; when (with particular note

Of their disgrace) Athenia, made Tydeus issue hote

She found him at his Charriot, refreshing of his wound

Inflited by slaine Pandarus; his sweat did so abound,

It much annoyd him, underneath the brode belt of his Shields,

With which, and tyred with his toyle, his soule could hardly yeeld

His body motion; with his hand, he lifted up the Belt,

And wip't away that clottred blood, the feruent wound did melt:

Minerua leand against his horse, and neere theyr withers laid

Her sacred hand; then spake to him, Beleue me Diomed,

Tydeus exampl'd not himselfe in thee his sonne; not Great,

But yet he was a souldier; a man of so much heate,

That in his Ambassie for Thebes; when I forbade his minde

To be too ventrous; and when Feasts his hart might haue declinde

(With which they welcom'd him) he made a Challenge to the best,

And soild the best; I gaue him aide, because the rust of rest

(That would haue seas'd another minde) he sufferd not; but vsde

The triall I made like a man, and their soft feasts refuse;

Yet when I set thee on, thou faint'st; I guard thee, charge, exhort,

That (abetting thee) thou shouldst be to the Greekes a Fort,

And a dismay to Ilion; yet thou obey'st in nought;

Alfraide, or slouthfull, or else both: henceforth, renounce all thought

That euer thou wert Tydeus sonne. He answerd her; I know

Thou art Ioues daughter; and for that, in all iust duetie owe

Thy speeches reuerence; yet affirme, ingenuously, that feare

Doth neither hold me spiritless, nor slouth; I onely feare

Thy charge in zealous memorie, that I should neuer warre

With any blessed Deitie, vnlesse (exceeding farre

The limits of her rule, the Queene that gouernes Chamber sport

Should prease to fieldes; and her, thy willenious my Lance to hurt;

But he whose powre hath right in armes, I knew in person here

(Besides the Cyprian Deitie) and therefore did forbear;

And here haue gatherd, in retraite, these other Greeks you see

With note and reuerence of your charge. My dearest mind (sayd she)

What then was fit is chang'd; 'Tis true, Mars hath iust rule in warre,

But iust warre; otherwise he raues not fihts; he's alterd farre;

He vow'd to Iuno, and my selfe, that his aide should be vsde

Against the Troians, whom it guards; and therein he abuse

Hus rule in armes; infrin'g'd his word, and made his warre vnjust;

He is inconstant, impious, mad; Resolue then, firmly trust

My ayde or thee against his worst, or any Deitie;

Adde scourge to thy free horse, charge home: he fights perfidiously.

This sayd; as that braue king, her knight, with his horse-guinding friend,

Were set before the Charriot (for signe he should descend

That she might serue for waggonne) she pluckt the waggoner back,

And up into his seat she mounts; The Beechen tree did cracke

Beneath the burthen; and good cause, it bore so huge a thing;

A Goddesse so repleate with powre, and such a puissant king.

She snatcht the scourge up and the reignes, and shut her heauenly looke

In hels vast helme, from Mars his eyes, and full carier she tooke

At him; who then had newly slaine the mighty Petiphas,

Renown'd sonne to Ocheilus; and farre the strongest was

Of all th' Actolians; to whose spoyle the bloodie God was run:

But when this man-plague saw th' approche of God-like Tydeus sonne,

He let his mightie Petiphas lye, and in full charge he ran

At Diomed; and he, at him, both neer, the God began,

And (thirstie of his blood) he throwes a brazen Lance, that beares

Full on the breast of Diomed, about the reigns and geres;  
 But Pallas tooke it on her hand, and strooke the eager Lance  
 Beneath the Chariot: then the knight of Pallas doth aduance,  
 And cast a laueline off, at Mars; Minerva sent it on;  
 That (where his arming girdle vint) his bellie gras'd vpon,  
 Iust at the rim, and ranche the flesh: the Lance againe he got;  
 But left the wound, that stung him so: he layd out such a throat,  
 As if nine or ten thousand men had bray'd out all their breaths  
 in one confusion; hauing felt as many soudaine deaths:  
 The vore made both the hoasts amaze. I'p flew the God to heauen;  
 And with him, was through all the ayre, as blacke a tincture driuen  
 (To Diomedes eyes) as when the earth halfe chok't with smoking heat  
 Of gloomie Clouds, that stifle men, an pitchy tempests threat,  
 Vsher'd with horrid gusts of winde: with such black vapors plumde  
 Mars flew t' Olympus, and broade heauen; and there his place resumde;  
 Sadly he went, and sat by Ioue; shewde his immortall blood,  
 That from a mortall-man-made wound, pourd such an impious flood;  
 And (weeping) pourd out these complaints; O Father, stormst thou not  
 To see vs take these wrongs from men? extreame griefes we haue got  
 Euen by our owne deepe counsayls held, for gratifying them;  
 And thou (our Counsayles President) conclud'st in this extreame  
 Of fighting euer; being rulde, by one that thou hast bred;  
 One neuer well, but doing ill; a Gyrl so full of head,  
 That, though all other Gods obey, her madde moodes must command,  
 By thy indulgence; nor by word, nor any touch of hand  
 Conforming her; thy reason is she is a spark of thee,  
 And therefore she may kindle rage in men, gainst Gods; and shee  
 May make men hurt Gods; and those Gods that are, besides, thy seed;  
 First in the palms height, Cyprides, then runs the impious deede  
 On my hurt person: and could life giue way to death in me,  
 Or had my feet not fetscht me off, heaps of mortalitie  
 Had kept me consort. Iupiter, with a contracted browe,  
 Thus answerd Mars; Thou many minds inconstant changeling thou,  
 Sit not complaining thus by me, whom most of all the Gods  
 (Inhabiting the starrie hill) I hate; No periods  
 Being set to thy contentions, brawles fights, and pitching fields;  
 Iust of thy mother Iunos moodes, stiff-neckt, and neuer yeelds,  
 Though I correct her still, and chide; nor can forbear offence,  
 Though to her sonne, this wound, I knowe, taste of her insolence;  
 But I will proue more naturall, thou shalt be curde, because

Then

Thou com'st of me: but hadst thou bene so crosse to sacred lawes,  
 Being borne to any other God, thou hadst bene throwne from heauen  
 Long since, as lowe as Tartarus, beneath the Giants driuen.

This said; he gaue his wound in charge to Pæon; who applyed  
 Such soueraigne medicines; that as soone the paine was qualified,  
 And he recurde; as nourishing milke, when runnet is put in,  
 Runnes all in heapes of tough, thicke Curd, though in his nature thin:  
 Euen so soone, his wounds parted sides ran close in his recure;  
 For he (all deathle(s)) could not long the parts of death endure.  
 Then Hebe bath'd, and put on him fresh garments, and he sate,  
 Exulting by his Syre againe, in top of all his state;  
 So (hauing from the spoyle of men, made his desir de remoue)  
 Iuno, and Pallas reascend the starrie Court of Ioue.

The end of the fift Booke.



N 2

THE



## THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES



**T**He Gods now leaving an indifferent field,  
The Greeks preuaile, the slaughtered Troians yeeld;  
*Hektor* (by *Hellenus* aduice) retires  
In haste to *Troy*; and *Hecuba*, desires  
To pray *Minerva*, to remoue from sight  
The sonne of *Tydeus*, her affected knight;  
And vow to her (for fauour of such price)  
Twelue Oxen should be slaine in sacrifice.  
In meane space, *Glaukus* and *Tydidus* meete;  
And either other, with remembrance greet  
Of ould loue twixt their Fathers; which enclines  
Their harts to friendship; who change Armes for signes  
Of a continu'd loue for eithers life.  
*Hektor*, in his returne, meetes with his wifes  
And taking, in his armed armes, his sonne,  
He prophesies the fall of *Iliou*.

*Another Argument.*

In *Zeta*, *Hektor* prophesies;  
Prayes for his sonne; wills sacrifice.

**T**he sterne fight freed of all the Gods; Conquest, with doubtfull wings,  
Flew on their Lances; euerie way the restless field beslings,  
Betwixt the floods of *Symois*, and *Xanthus*; that confinde  
All their affaires at *Iliou*, and round about them binde.  
The first that weigh'd downe all the field, of one particular side,  
Was *Ajax*, sonne of *Telamon*: who like a Bullwarke plyde  
The Greeks protection; and of *Troy* the knottie orders brake;  
Held out a light to all the rest, and show'd them how to make

Way to their conquest; he did wound the strongest man of *Thrace*,  
The tallest, and the biggest set, (*Eustorian Acamas*):  
His Lance fell on his Caskes plumb'd top in sloping; the fell head  
Drewe through his forehead to his lawes, his eyes it darkned dead;  
*Tydidus* slew *Teuthranides Axilus*; that did dwell  
In faire *Arisbas* well-built Towers; he had of wealth a Well;  
And yet was kind and bountifull; he would a traualer pray  
To be his guest; his friendly house flood in the brode high way;  
In which he all sorts, nobly vsde: yet none of them would stand,  
Twixt him and death, but both himselfe, and he that had command  
Of his faire horse, *Calbissus*, fell huclefs on the ground.  
*Euryalus*, *Opheltius* and *Dreus* dead did wound;  
Nor ended there his fierie courses, which he againe begins,  
And ran it too successfullly upon a paire of Twins,  
*Ætopus*, and bold *Pedalus*; whom good *Bucolion*,  
(That first calde father, though base borne, renown'd *Laomedon*)  
On *Nais* abhorbar got; a Nympe that (as she fed  
Her curle d'slocks) *Bucolion* woo'd, and mixt in loue and bed;  
Both these were spoyld of armes, and life, by *Mecitiades*:  
Then *Polypartes* for sterne death, *Astialis* did sease;  
*Vlysses* slene *Percosius*; *Teucer*, *Arætaon*;  
*Anticlus* (olde *Nestors* ioy) *Ablerus*; the great sonne  
Of *Arcus*, and king of men, *Elatus*, whose abode  
He held at *upper Pelasus*, where *Saturnus* river flow'd;  
The great Heroe *Leitus* slayde *Philacus* in flight,  
From further life; *Eurypilus*, *Melanthius*, rest of life;  
Then brother to the king of men, *Adrestus* tooke aliue;  
Whose horse, (affrighted with the sight) their driuer now did driue,  
Amongst the low-growne *Tamricke* Trees, and at an arme of one,  
The Charriot in the Draught-tree brake; the horse brake loose and ron  
The same way other flyers sled, contending all to towne;  
Himselfe close at the Charriot wheele, upon his face was throwne,  
And there lay flat, rould up in dust; *Atides* inwards drave;  
And (houlding at his breast his Lance) *Adrestus* sought to saue  
His head by losing of his feete, and trusting to his knees;  
On which, the same parts of the king, he hugges, and offers fees  
Of worthe valew for his life; and thus pleades their receipt;  
Take me aliue, O *Atreus* sonne, and take a worthy weight  
Of brasse, elaborate Iron, and gould: a heape of precious things  
Are in my Fathers riches hid; which when your seruant brings

Aeneas of my safetie to his eares) he largely will deuide  
 With your rare bounties: Atreus sonne thought this the better side,  
 And meant to take it; being about to send him safe to fleete:  
 Which when (farre off) his brother sawe, he wingd his royall Feet,  
 And came in threatening, crying out; O soft hart whats the cause  
 Thou stirr'st these men thus? haue not they obseru'd these gentle lawes  
 Of mild humanitie to thee with mightie argument,  
 Which thou should'st deale thus? In thy house? and with all president  
 Of beaues, quest rites entertainde? not one of them shall flie  
 But attend for it, from heauen, and much lesse (dotingly)  
 Seeke our reuengefull fingers; all, euen th' infant in the wombe  
 Shall taste of what they merited, and haue no other tombe  
 Then raced Ilion; nor their race haue more fruite, then the dust.  
 This inst cause turnd his brothers minde, who violently thrust  
 The Prisoner from him; In whose guttes the King of men impeard  
 His scutellance; which (pitching downe, his foote vpon the brest,  
 Of him that upwards fell) he drew; then Nestor spake to all:  
 O Friends and household men of Mars, let not your pursue fail,  
 With those ye fell, for present spoyle; nor (like the king of men)  
 Let any scape vnfeld: but on, dispatch them all, and then  
 Ye shall haue time enough to spoyle. This made so strong their chace,  
 That all the Troians had bene kousde, and neuer turnd a face,  
 Had not the Priamist Ilienus (an Angure most of name)  
 With a Hector, and Aeneas thus; Hector, Anchises fame,  
 Since on your shoulders, with good cause, the weighty burthen lyes  
 Of Troy and Lycia; (being both of noblest faculties  
 For Counsell, strength of hand, and apt to take chance at her best,  
 In euery turne she makes) stand fast, and suffer not the rest,  
 (By any way searcht out for scape) to come within the Ports;  
 Lest (led into their windekinde armes) they there be made the sports  
 Of the pursuing enimie; exhort and force your bands,  
 To turne their faces: and while we employ our ventur'd hands  
 (Though in a hard condition) to make the other staye;  
 Hector, goe thou to Ilion; and our Queen mother pray,  
 To take the richest Robe she hath, the same that's chiefly deare  
 To her Court fancie; with which gem (assembling more to her,  
 Of Troyes chiefe Matrones) let all goe, (for feare of all our Fates)  
 To Pallas Temple; take the key, unlocke the leauy gates;  
 Enter, and reach the highest Towre, where her Palladium stands;  
 And on it, put the precious vayle, with pure, and reuerent hands;

And

And vow to her (besides the gift) a sacrificing stoke  
 Of twelue fat Heifers, of a yeares that neuer yett the stoke;  
 (Most answering to her maiden state) if she will pittie vs;  
 Our towne, our wines, and youngest wyes, and him that plagues them thus)  
 Take from the conflict, Diomeas; that Furie in a fight,  
 That true sonne of great Tydeus, that cunning Lord of flight:  
 Whom I esteeme the strongest Greeke; for we haue neuer sturd  
 Achilles; that is Prince of men, and whom a Goddesse bredd  
 Like him; his furie flies so highe, and all mens wraths commands;  
 Hector intends his brothers will; but first through all his bands,  
 He made quicke way encouraging, and all (to feare) asprayed;  
 All turnd their heads and made Greece turn, slaughter flood still dismaide  
 On their parts; for they thought some God, false from the vault of starres,  
 Was rusht into the ilions ayre; they made such dreadfull warres.

Thus Hector, toying in the waues and thrusting backe the flood  
 Of his ebb'd forces, thus takes leaue; So, so, now runnes your blood  
 In his right current; Forwaras now Troians, and farre cold friends  
 Awbile hold out; till for successe to this your braue amends,  
 I haste to Ilion and procure our Counsellors, and wines  
 To pray, and offer Hecatombs for their states in our lines.

Then faire-helmd Hector turnd to Troy and (as he trode the fildes)  
 The blacke Bulls hide that at his backe he wore about his shield,  
 (In the extreame circumference) was with his gate (or rockt,  
 That (being large) it (both at once) his necke and ankles knockt.

And now betwixt the hostes, were met, Hippolochus braue sonne,  
 Glaucus; who (in his verie looke, hope of some wonder won,  
 And little Tydeus mightie heire; who seeing such a man  
 Offer the fildes, (for vsuall blowes) with wondrous words began.

What art thou (strongst of mortall men) that putt'st so farre before  
 Whom these fights neuer shew'd mine eyes? they haue becme euermore  
 Sonnes of vnhappie parents borne, that came within the length  
 Of this Minerva-guided Lance, and durst close with the strength  
 That she inspires in me; If heauen be thy diuine abode,  
 And thou a Lettie, thus inform'd, no more, with any God,  
 Will I change Lances: the strong sonne of Deias did not linc,  
 Long after such a conflict darde; who godlesly did drine  
 Nilæus Nurfes through the hill, made sacred to his name,  
 And cald Nilissius; with a gode, he puncht each furious dame,  
 And made them euerie one cast downe their greene and leauie speares:  
 This t' Homicide Lycurgus did, and those vngodly feares,

He

He put the Froes in; seas'd their God; euen Bacchus he did drine  
 From his Nilfeius; who was faine (with huge exclaymes) to diue  
 Into the Ocean; Thetis therein her bright bosome tooke  
 The flying Deitie; who so feard Lycurgus threats, he shooke:  
 For which, the freely-living Gods, so highly were incens'd,  
 That Saturns great sonne strooke him blind, and with his life dispenc'd  
 But small time after; all because th'immortals lou'd him not;  
 Nor lou'd him, since he strid'd with them: and his end hath begot  
 Feare in my powrs, to fight with heauen: but if the fruits of earth  
 Nourish thy body, and thy life be our humane birth;  
 Come neere, that thou maist soone arrive on that life-bounding shore,  
 To which I see thee hoyse such saile. Why dost thou so explore,  
 (sayd Glaucus) of what race I am? when like the race of leaues  
 The race of man is? that deserves no question; nor receiues  
 My being any other breath; The winde in Autumn strowes  
 The earth with olde leaues; then the Spring, the woods with new indewes;  
 And so death scatters men on earth, so life puts out againe  
 Mays leaue issue: but my race if (like the course of men)  
 Thou seekst in more particular tearmes, tis this; (to many known)  
 In midst of Argos, nurse of horse, there stands the walled Towne  
 Ephyre; where the Mansion house of Syphisus did stand;  
 Of Syphisus Aelids, most wise of all the Land;  
 Glaucus was sonne to him, and he begot Bellerophon,  
 Whose body heauen indued with strength, and put a beautie on,  
 Exceeding lovely; Prætus, yet his cause of loue aid hate  
 And banisht him the towne: he might, he rulde the Argiue state;  
 The vertue of the one, loue plac'd beneath the other spowre.  
 His exile grieue, since he denied, to be the Paramour  
 Of fayre Anteia, Prætus wife; who felt a raging fire  
 Of secret loue to him: but he whom wisdom did inspire  
 As well as prudence (one of them aduising him to shunne  
 The danger of a Prince/esse loue; the other, not to runne  
 Within the danger of the Gods; the act being simplie ill)  
 Still intertaining thought his diuine, iudg'd the earthly still;  
 She (rulde by neither of his wits) preferd her lust to both;  
 And, false to Prætus, would seeme true, with this abhorr'd vntroth;  
 Prætus, or dye thy selfe (sayd she) or let Bellerophon die,  
 He'ng a dishonour to thy bed: which since I did denie,  
 He thought his violence should grant, and sought thy shame by force.  
 The king, incens'd with her report, resolv'd vpon her course:

But

But doubted, how it should be runne; he flunn'd his death direct;  
 (Holding a way so neere, not safe) and plotted the effect,  
 By sending him with Letters seal'd (that open'd, toucht his life)  
 To Rheus king of Lycia, and father to his wife:  
 He went; and happily he went; the Gods walkt all his way.  
 And being arriv'd in Lycia, where Nanthus doth display  
 The siluer enignes of her wanes; the King of that brode Land  
 Receiv'd him, with a wondrous free and honourable hand;  
 Nine daies he feasted him; and kild an Ox in euerie day,  
 In thankfull sacrifice to heauen, for his fayre guest; whose stay  
 With rosie fingers brought the world the tenth wel-welcome morne;  
 And then the king did moue, to see the Letters he had borne  
 From his lou'd sonne in law: which seene, he thus wrought their contents,  
 Chymæia the invincible, he sent him to conuince;  
 Sprung from no man, but weere diuine; a Lyons shape before;  
 I kild a Lyons; in the midst, a Gotes shagg'd forme he bore;  
 And flames of deadly seruencie flew from her leath and eyes;  
 Yet her he slew; his confidence, in sacred prodigies  
 Render'd him victor; then he gaue his second conquest way;  
 Against the famous Solymi, when (he himselfe would say  
 Reporting it) he enter'd on, a passing vigorous fight;  
 His third huge labor he approv'd against a womans fight,  
 That fill'd a fild of Amazons: he ouercame them all,  
 Then set they on him stie deceit, when force had such a fall;  
 An ambush of the strongest men, that spacious Lycia bred,  
 Was lodg'd for him; whom he lodg'd a sure, they neuer rayde a head.  
 His deeds thus showing him deriv'd from some Celestiall race;  
 The king de'tunde, and made amends, with doing him the grace  
 Of his fayre Daughters Princely gift; and with her (for a Dowre)  
 Gaue halfe his kingdome; and to this, the Lycians on did poure  
 More then was given to any King: a goodly planted field,  
 In some parts, thicke of groves, and woods; the rest rich croppes did yeild:  
 This field, the Lycians saturely (of future wandrings there  
 And other errors of their prince, in the unhappy Rere  
 Of his sad life) the Errant cald: the prince/esse brought him forth  
 Three Children (whose enis griev'd him more, the more they were of worth)  
 Ifander, and Hippolochus, and faire Laodomy;  
 With whom, euen Iupiter himselfe, left heauen it self, to lie;  
 And had by her the man at armes Sarpedon, cald diuine;  
 The Gods then left him (least a man should in their glories shine)

O

And

And set against him: for his sonne, Iladros, (in a strife,  
Against the valiant Solym) Mars rest of light and life;  
Laodamia (being enuied of all the Goddesses)  
The goulden barde himing Queene, the mayden Patroneffe,  
Slain with an arrow; and for this he wandred euermore,  
Alone through his Aëlian fiedle and sed vpon the core  
Of his sad boosome; flying all the loth d comforts of men:  
Yet had he one surau'd to him, of those three children,  
Hippolochus, the root of me, who sent me here with charge,  
That I should alwaies beare me well, and my deserts enlarge  
Beyond the vulgar, least I sham'd my race; that farre exceld  
Ail that Ephyras famous Towns, or ample Lycia held.  
This is my stock, and this am I: this cheerd Tydides hart;  
Whos pitcht his speare downe, leand and talkt in this affectionate part;  
Certes, in thy great Acestor, and in mine owne, thou art  
A guest of mine, right ancient; king Oeneus twentie daies  
Detaind, with Feasts, Bullerophon, whom all the world did prayse;  
Betwixt whom, mutuall gifts were giuen; my Grandsire gaue to thine,  
A gyrdle of Ibanician worke, impurpl'd wondrous fine:  
Thine gaue a two-neckt luge of gonid; which though I use not here,  
Yet still it is my gemme at home: but if our fathers were  
Familiar, or each other knew, I know not; since my sire  
Left me a childe, at sledge of Thebes, where he left his lifes fire;  
But let vs prone our Grandsires sonnes, and be each others guests;  
To Lycia, when I come, do thou receiue thy friend with feasts;  
Peleponessus, with the like, shall thy wisht presence greet;  
Meane space, shunne we each other here, though in the prease we meet;  
There are enow of Troy beside, and men enough renownde  
To right my Powers, whom euer heauen shall let my Lance confound;  
So are there of the Greeks for thee; kill who thou canst; and now  
For signe of Amitie twixt vs, and that all these may know  
We glorie in th' hospitious rites, our Grandsires did commend,  
Change we our armes before them all: from horse then both descend,  
Ioyne hands, giue faith, and take, and then did loue elate  
The mind of Glaucus; who to shoue his reuerence to the state  
Of vertue in his grandsires hart, and gratulate beside  
The offer of so great a friend, exchang'd (in that good pride)  
Curets of gould, for those of brasse, that did on Diomed shine;  
One, of a hundred Oxens price, the other but of nine.  
By this, had Hector reacht the ports of Scam, and the Towns;

About

About him flockt the wiues of Troy, the Children, Paramours;  
Enquiring how their husbands did, their fathers, brothers, Ioues.

He stood not then to answer them, but said; It now behoues  
Ye should goe all t' implore the aide of heauen, in a distresse  
Of great effect, and imminent: then halted he accesse,  
To Priams goodly builded Court; which round about was runne  
With walking porches, galleries, to keep off raine and sunne;  
Within of one side, on a row of sundrie colourd stones,  
Fiftie faire lodgings were built out, for Priams fiftie sonnes;  
And for as fayre sort of their wiues; and in the opposite viewe  
Twelue lodgings of like stone, like height were likewise built arow  
Where, with their faire and virtuous wiues, twelue Princes, (sonnes in Law  
To Honourable Priam laye; And here met Hecuba  
(The louing mother) her great sonne: ana with her, needes must be  
The fairest of her semili Race the bright Laodice;  
The Queene gript hard her Hector's hand, and said; O worthyest sonne,  
Why lea'st thou field? is't not because, the cursed Nation  
Assist our Countrymen and friends? They are their mones that mone  
Thy minde to come and lift thy hands (in h's high Towre) to loue:  
But stay a little, that my selfe may fetch our sweetest wine,  
To offer first to Iupiter; then that these ioynts of thine  
May be refresh't; for (woe is me) how thou art toyld, and spent!  
Thou for our Citties generall state; thou, for our friends farre sent,  
Must now the prease of fight endure, now solitude to call  
Vpon the name of Iupiter, thou onely for vs all;  
But wine will somet'ime comfort thee: for to a man dismide,  
With careful spirits; or too much, with labour overlade,  
Wine brings good rescue, strenghtening much the bodie and the minde.  
The great helme-mouer thus receiv'd the author of his kind;  
My royall mother, bring no wine, least rather it impayre,  
Then helpe my strenght, and make my minde forgetfull of th' affaire,  
Committed to it: and (to oure it out in sacrifice)  
I feare, with vnwasht hands, to serue the pure-liu'd Deities;  
Nor is it lawfull, thus imbrew'd with blood, and dust, to prone  
The will of heauen; or offer vowes to cload compelling loue;  
I onely come to use your paines (assembling) other Dames,  
Matrons, and woemen honour'd most, with high and virtuous names)  
With wine and odors; and a oke most am'le most of price,  
And which is dearest in your loue, to offer sacrifice  
In Pallas Temple; putting on the precious robe ye beare,

C 2

On

on her Palladium and to vow, twelve Oxen of a yeare,  
 whose necks were neuer wrung with yoke, shall pay her Grace their lines,  
 If she will pittie our sieg'd Towne, pittie our selves, our wines;  
 Pittie our children; and remove, from sacred Ithion,  
 The dreadful Souldiour Diomed; and when your selves are gone,  
 About this worke; my selfe will goe, to bring into the fieldes  
 (If he will heare me) Hellens Leue, whom would the earth would yeeld  
 And headlong take into her Gulfes, euen quicke before mine eyes:  
 For then my heart, I hope, would cast his load of miseries;  
 Borne for the plague he hath been made, and bred to the desceit  
 (By great Olympius) of Troy, our Sire, and all our Races;

This said, great Hecuba went home; and sent her maids about,  
 To bid the Matrones, she her selfe descended, and searcht out  
 (Within a place that breath'd perfumes, the richest hole she had:  
 Which lay with many rich ones more, most curiously made,  
 By women of Sydonia; which Paris brought from thence,  
 Saying, the broad Sea, when he made that voyage of offence,  
 In which he brought home Hellena. That Robe, transferd so farre,  
 (That lay the undermost) she took; it glittered like a shew;  
 And with it, went she to the King, with many Ladies more;  
 amongst whom, faire check'd Theano, which the folded dore;  
 Chastie Theano, Antenor's wife and of Cisseus race,  
 Sister to Hecuba both borne to that great king of Thrace;  
 Her, the Athens made Minerva's Priest, and her they followed all,  
 Up to the Temples highest Towre; where on their knees they fall,  
 Lift up their hands, and fill the Aire with Ladies pittious cries.  
 Then toucht Theano took the vail, and with it she implies  
 The great Palladium, praying thus, Goddess of most renowne,  
 In all the heauen of Goddesses, great guardian of our Towne;  
 Renowned Minerva; break the Lance of Diomed, cease his graces,  
 Give him to fall in shamefull flight headlong, and on his face,  
 Before our Ports of Ithion; that instantly we may,  
 Twelve smok't Oxen of a yeare, in this thy Temple paye,  
 To thy sole honor; take their bloods and banish our offence,  
 Accept Troys zeale, her wines, and save our infants innocence.

She prayed, but Pallas would not grant. Meane space was Hector come  
 Where Alexanders lodgings were, that many a goodly roome  
 had, built in them by Architects of Troys most curious sort;  
 And were no lodgings; but a house, nor no house, but a Court;

Or had all these containde in them; and all within a Towre,  
 Next Hectors lodgings and the kings: the lou'd of heauens chiefe powre,  
 Hector, here entred; in his hand a goodly Lance he bore,  
 Ten cubits long; the brasse head went shining in before,  
 tielt with a burnisht Ring of gould; he found his brother then  
 amongst the woemen; yet prepared to goe amongst the men.  
 For in their Chamber he was set, trimming his armes, his shield,  
 His Cuyers; and was trying how his crooked Bowe would yeeld  
 To his streight armes; amongst her mayds, was set the Argive Queene,  
 Commanding them in choicest works. When Hectors eyes had seene  
 His brother thus accompanied, and that he could not beare  
 The verie touching of his armes, but where the woemen were;  
 And when the time so needed men; right cunningly he chid  
 That he might do it bitterly; his Cowherdise he hid,  
 (That simply made him so retire) beneath an anger fainde,  
 In him, by Hectors for the hate the Citizens sustaine  
 Against him, for the foyle he took in their cause; and againe,  
 For all their generall joyes in his; so Hector seemes to plaine  
 Of his wrath to them, for their hate, and not his Cowherdise,  
 As that were it that shelterd him, in his effeminacies;  
 And kept him in that dangerous time, from their fit aide in fight:  
 For which he chid thus; Wretched man, so timelesse is thy flight,  
 That is not honest; and their hate is iust, gainst which it bends;  
 Warre burns about the Towne for thee; for thee our slaughtered friends  
 Besiege Troy with their carcasses, on whose heapes our high wals  
 Are overlock't by enemies: the sad sounds of their falls,  
 Without, are echo'd with the cries of wines and babes within,  
 And all for thee; and yet for them thy honor cannot winne  
 Head of thine anger: thou shouldst need no spirit to stirre up thine,  
 But thine should set the rest on fire, and with a rage diuine  
 Chase if impartially the best, that impiously forbeares:  
 Come forth; least thy faire Towns and Troy be burn'd about thine eares.

Paris acknowledg'd (as before) all iust that Hector spake;  
 Allowing iustice, though it were for his iniustice sake:  
 And where his brother put a wrath upon him, by his art;  
 He takes it (for his honors sake) as sprung out of his hart;  
 And rather would haue anger seeme his fault, then cowherdise;  
 And thus he answerde; Since with right, you ioynd checke with a iustise;  
 And there you: give equall care; It is not any spleene,



Against the Towne (as you conceiue) that makes me so vnscene;  
But sorrow for it: which to ease, and by discourse digest,  
(Within my selfe) I liue so close: and yet since men might wrest  
My sad retreat; like you, my wife (with her aduice) enclinde  
This my addeijon to the field, which was my owne free minde,  
As well as th'instance of her words; for though the foyle were mine,  
Conquest brings forth her wreaths of turnes: stay then this haile of thine  
But till I arme, and I am made a confort for thee streights;  
Or goe, lic ouertake thy haste. Hellen stood at receipt,  
And tooke vp all great Hectors powers: I attend her heauie words;  
By which had Paris no reply; this vent her grieve affordes;

Brother, (if I may call you so, that had bene better borne  
A dogge, then such a horrid Dame, as all men curse and skorne,  
A mischief maker, a man-plague) O would to God the day,  
That first gaue light to me, had bene a whirlewinde in my way;  
And borne me to some desert hill, or hid me in the rage  
Of earths most farre-reounding seas, ere I should thus engage  
The deare liues of so many friends: yet since the Gods haue bene  
Helpeless foreseers of my plagues, they might haue likewise me,  
That he ther put in yoke with me, to beare out their awarde,  
Had bene a man of much more spirit, and, or had nobler dar'd  
To shield mine honor with his deed; or with his minde, had knowne,  
Much better the vpbraids of men; that so he might haue shonne  
(More like a man) some sense of grieffe, for both my shame and his;  
But he is senselesse, nor conceives, what any manhood is;  
Or now, nor euer after, will. O then what hope haue I  
Of any least ioy in my loue? or why should miserie  
Let me respect my selfe at all? deare brother, and to you  
That know my worthinesse, all cares that Ilion ouerslowe  
(By my meanes, being pourd on you, sit yet and something ease  
By me your toyles; in which haue this good, that fame shall make their peace,  
Through all times future: but my cares, by Paris got; as long,  
Blacke infamie shall thunder out, and be the vulgars song.

He answerd; Hellen, do not seeke, to make me sit with thee;  
I must not stay; though well I knowe thy honor'd loue of me;  
My mind calls forth to aid our friends, in whom my absence breeds  
Longings to see mee; for whose sake, importune thou, to deeds,  
This man by ali meanes; and let him be to himselfe a spurre,  
And meet me ere I passe the towne, that he may yet incurre

The good opinion of his friends; my selfe will home, and see  
My household, my deare wife, and sonne, that little hope of me.  
For (sister) tis without my skill, if I shall euer more,  
Returne and see them; or to earth her right in me restore;  
The Gods may stoupe me by the Greeks. This said, he went to see  
The vertuous Princeesse, his true wife, white arm'd Andromache.  
She (with her infant sonne, and maide) was climbd the towre about  
The sight of him that sought for her, weeping and crying out.  
Hector, not finding her at home, was going forth; retirde,  
Stood in the gate, her woman cald, and curiously enquird,  
Where she was gone; bad tell him true, if she were gone to see  
His sisters, or his brothers wiues? or whether she should be  
At Temple with the other Dames, t'implore Minetuas ruth.  
Her woman answerd; since he askt and urg'd so much the truth,  
The truth was, she was neither gone, to see his brothers wiues;  
His sisters; nor t'implore the ruth of Pallas on their liues;  
But (she aduertise of the bane Troy sull'd; and how vast  
Conquest had made her selfe, for Greece) like one distraught, made hast  
To ample Ilion, with her sonne and nurses; and all the way,  
Mournde, and dissolv'd in teares for him. Then Hector made no stay;  
But trode her pathe, and through the streets (magnificently built)  
Ail the great Citty past, and came, where (seeing how blood was spilt)  
Andromache might see him come; who made as he would passe  
The ports without saluting her, not knowing where she was;  
She, with his sight, made breathlesse haste to meet him; she whose grace  
Brought him, with ball, so great a dowre, she that of all the race  
Of King Action, onely liu'd; Action whose house stood  
Beneath the mountaine Placius, enuiron'd with the wood  
Of Thebane Hippoplace, being Court, to the Cilician Land;  
She ran to Hector, and with her (tender of hart and hand)  
Her sonne, borne in his nurses armes: when like a heauently Signe,  
Compact of many goulden stars, the princely childe did shone;  
Whom Hector cald Scamandrius, but whom the Towne did name  
Allianax; because his sire did onely prop the same.  
Hector, (though grieffe bereft his speech, yet) smil'd upon his ioy:  
Andromache cryed out, mixt hands, and to the strength of Troy,  
Thus wept forth her affection: O noblest in desire;  
Thy minde, enflam'd with others good, will set thy selfe on fire;  
Nor pittiest thou thy sonne, nor wife, who must thy widow be;

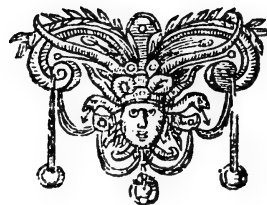
if now thou live, all the felds will earch run on thee;  
 better my ſoulders underwent the earth then thy deceaſe;  
 For then would earth beare joyes no more: then comes the black increaſe  
 Of griefs (like Greeks on Ilium): Alas, what one ſurvives  
 To be my refuge? one black day bereft ſeven brothers lives,  
 By ſome Achilles; by his hand my father breath'd his laſt;  
 His high-walld rich Cilician ſhebes, ſick't by him, and layd muſt;  
 The royal booke yet he left unſpoilde; neither can I mid  
 That act of ſtoyle; and al' in fire, he burn'd him compleat armd,  
 Buit over him a royal Tombe; and to the Monumēt  
 He left of him; th' Orades (that are the high deſcent  
 Of Arg's-bearing Iupiter), another of their owne  
 Enadde to it; and ſet it round with elms, by which is ſhowne  
 (In them) the Barrainnes of death; yet might it ſerve beſide  
 To ſetter the ſad Monument from all the ruſſenous pride  
 Of pierces, and tempeſts, uſe to hurt things of that noble kind;  
 The ſhort life yet, my mother ſh' d, he ſaid, and ſer'd his mind  
 With all the riches of the Realme, which not enough eſteem'd,  
 He kept her priſoner; whom (ſmall time, but much more wealth redeem'd:  
 And ſhe in ſyluane ſyppoplace Cilicia rulde againe;  
 But ſoone was over-rulde by death: Dianas chaſte diſdaine  
 Gave her a Lance, and tooke her life; yet all theſe gone from me,  
 Then amply reneyſt all; thy life makes ſtill my father be;  
 My mother, brothers: and beſides, thou art my husband to;  
 Now, thou'ſt muſt worthy. Pitye then (deare loue) and do not goe;  
 For thou'ſt gone, all theſe goe againe; pittie our common ioy;  
 I caſt of a Fathers patronage, the Bullwark of all Troy)  
 Thou cauſt him a poore widowes charge; ſtay ſtay then, in this Towre,  
 And call up to the wilde Figge tree, all thy retired towre;  
 For then the wall is eaſieſt ſkuld, and fitteſt for ſurpriſe;  
 And there, th' Aiazes, Ildomen th' Atrides, Diomed, th' ice  
 Hane both ſuraid, and made attempts I know not if induc'd  
 By ſome wiſe Augure, or the fact was naturally uſuſide,  
 Into their wits, or courages. To this, great Hector ſaid;  
 Be well aſſur'd wiſe, all theſe things in my mind eies are waide:  
 But what a ſhame, and feare it is, to think how Troy would ſkorne  
 (Both in her husbands and her wives, whom long-train'd gounnes adorne)  
 That I ſhould Cowherdly ſlye off? the ſpirit I firſt did breath  
 Did neuer teach me that; much leſſe ſince the contempt of death

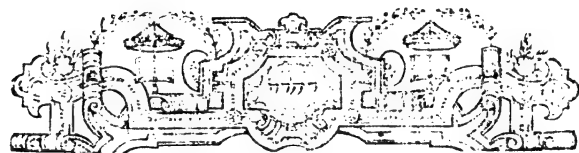
Was ſettl'd in me; and my minde knew what a Worthie was;  
 Whoſe office is, to lead in fight, and giue no danger paſſe  
 Without improvement; in this fire muſt Hector's triall ſhine;  
 Here muſt his Countrie, Father, friends be (in him) made diuine.  
 And ſuch a ſtormie day ſhall come, in minde and ſoule I know,  
 When ſacred Troy ſhall ſhed her Towrs for teares of ouerthrow;  
 When Priam, all his birth, and powre, ſhall in thoſe teares be drownd;  
 But neither Troies poſteritie, ſo much my ſoule doth wound;  
 Priam, nor Hecuba her (elfe; nor all my brothers woes  
 (Who though ſo many, and ſo good, muſt all be ſoode for foes)  
 As thy ſad ſtate, when ſome rude Greek ſhall leade thee weeping hence,  
 Theſe free daies clowdied, and a night of captive violence  
 Lodging thy Temple; out of which, thine eyes muſt neuer ſee;  
 But ſpin the Greek wives webs of taſk, and their fetch-water be,  
 To Argos from Meſſeides, or cleave Hyperias ſpring:  
 Which (how ſeuer thou abhorſt) Fate's ſuch a ſhrewiſh thing,  
 She will be miſtreſſe; whoſe curſt hands, when they ſhall cruſh out cries  
 From thy oppreſſions; (being beheld by other enemies)  
 Thus they will nourish thy extreames; This dame was Hector's wiſe;  
 A man, that at the warres of Troy, did breath the worthieſt life;  
 Of all their armie. This againe will rub thy fruitfull wounds,  
 To miſſe the man, that to thy bands could giue ſuch narrow bounds:  
 But that day ſhall not wound mine eyes; the ſolid heape of night  
 Shall enterpoſe, and ſtop mine eares againſt thy plaints, and plight.  
 This ſayd, he reſt to take his ſonne; who (of his armes affraid)  
 And then, the horſe-haire plume, with which he was ſo ouerlaide,  
 Nodded ſo horribie he cling'd back to his nurſe and cryed;  
 Laughter affected his great Syre, who doſt and laid aſide  
 His fearefull Helme, that on the earth caſt round about it light;  
 Then tooke ana kiſt his loued ſonne; and (ballancing his weight  
 In dancing him) theſe loning vov'es, to living loue he uſide,  
 And all the other bench of Gods; O you that haue inſuſide  
 Soule to this Infant, now ſet downe this bleſſing on his ſtarre,  
 Let his renowne be cleave as mine; equal his ſtrength in warre;  
 And make his reigne ſo ſtrong in Troy, that yeares to come may yeelde  
 His fact's this fame; (when rich in ſpoyle, he leaues the conquer'd field  
 Sonne with his ſlaughters) Theſe high deeds exceede his fathers worth;  
 And let this echo'd praife ſupply the comforts to come forth  
 Of his kind mother, with my life. This ſayd, th' Heroike Syre

Gave him his mother; whose faire eyes fresh streames of loves salt fire,  
 Billow'd on her soft cheeks, to heare the lust of Hectors speech,  
 In which his vov'es comprised the summe of all he did beseech  
 In her wisht comfort; so she tooke, into her oderous breast,  
 Her husbands gift; who moud'to see her hart so much oppress  
 He dried her teares; and thus desired: Afflict me not (deare wife)  
 With these vaine griefes; tedious not line, that can disioyne my life  
 And this firme bosome; but my Fate: and Fate whose wings can flie,  
 Noble, ignoble. Fate controules; Once borne, the best must die;  
 Goe home, and set thy huswiferie, on these extreame: of thought;  
 And drine warre from them with thy maydes; keep them from doing nought:  
 These will be nothing; leaue the cares of warre, to men, and mee;  
 In whom (of al. the lion race) they take their high'st degree.  
 On went his helme; his Prince'sse home, haile colde with kindly feares,  
 When enerie feare turn'd backe her looks, and enerie looke shed teares.  
 Foe-slaughtering Hectors house, soone reacht her many woemen there,  
 Wept all to see her; in his life great Hectors Funerals were;  
 Neuer look't any eye of theirs, to see their Lord safe home,  
 Scapt from the gripes, and powers of Greece. And now was Paris come  
 From his high Towres; who made no stay, when once he had put on  
 His richest armour; but flew forth: the flints he trod upon  
 Sparkled with luster of his armes; his long-ebd spirits now slowde  
 The higher, for their lower ebbe. And as a fayre Steed, proud  
 With full-given Mangers; long tyed up, and now (his head-stall broke)  
 He breakes from stable, runnes the fildes, and with an ample stroke  
 Measures the Center, neighs, and lifts aloft his wanton head;  
 About his shoulders shakes his Crest, and where he hath been fedd,  
 Or in some calme flood washt; or (stung with his high plight) he flies  
 Amongst his femalls; strength put forth his beantie beautifies,  
 And like Lifes mirror beares his gate: so Paris from the Towre  
 Of lostie Pergamus came forth; he showde a Sun-like powre  
 In carriage of his goodly parts, addrest now to the strife;  
 And found his noble brother, neere the place he left his wife;  
 Him (thus respected) he salutes; Right worthy, I haue feare  
 That your so serious hast to field, my stay hath made forbeare,  
 And that I come not, as you wish. He answered, Honour'd man,  
 Be confident: for not my selfe, nor any others can  
 Reproue in thee the worke of fight; at least, not any such,  
 As is an equall iudge of things: for thou hast strength as much

As serves to execute a mind verie important: But,  
 Thy strength two readily fires off: enough will is not put  
 To thy habilitie: my heart is in my spirit sad,  
 When Troy (out of the much distresse, she and her friends haue had  
 By thy procurement) doth deprave thy noble'sse in mine eares:  
 But come, hereafter we shall calme the billowye splene she beares;  
 When, from her Parts the foe expulst, high loue to her hath giuen  
 Wisht peace; and vs free sacrifice, to all the Powers of heauen.

The end of the sixt Booke.





## THE SEAVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



**H**ektor, by Helenus advise doth seeke  
Aduenturous combat on the boldest Greeke.  
Nine Greeks stand vp, Acceptants every one,  
But lot selec'ts strong *Alex Telamon*;  
Both, with high honour, stand in important fight,  
Till Heralds part them by approach'd night.  
Lastly, they graue the dead: the Greeks erect  
A mightie wall, their Nauie to protect;  
Which angers Neptune. Touch by haplesse signes,  
In depth of night, succeeding woes diuines.

*Another Argument.*

In *Gamut*, Priams strongest Sonne  
Combats with *Alex Telamon*.

**T**His said, braue Hector through the ports, with Troys bane bringing  
Made issue to th' insatiate filds, resolute to seruent fight. (Knight,  
And as the weather-wieder sends to seamen prosperous gales,  
When with their fallow-polisht Oares, long list'd from their sails,  
Their wearied armies, dissolide with toyle, can scarce smike one stroke more;  
Like those sweet winds appeare these Lords, to Troians tyrde before.  
Then fell they to the works of death: by Paris valour fell  
King Arcichous haplesse sonne, that did in Arma dwell,  
(Menesthius) whose renowned Syre, a Club did euer beare,  
And of Philomeida gat (that had her eyes for cleare)

*This*

This slaughter'd issue: Hector's dart strooke Eioneus dead;  
Beneath his good Steele caske, it pier'd above his gorget slead.  
Glaucus (Typpolochus his sonne) that led the Lycian crew,  
Iphinous-Dexiades, with soudaine laueline flew,  
As he was mounting to his horse: his should'ers took the speare;  
And ere he sat; in tumbling downe, his powers dissolued were.  
When gray-cyde Pallas aid perceue the Greeks so fast in fight,  
From high Olympus top she swoopt, and did on Iliou light,  
Apollo, to encounter her, to Perganius did lye;  
From whence he (lookin' to the filds) wist Troians victorie.  
At Ioues broad beach these godheads met, and first Ioues sonne obiec'ts;  
Why, burning in contention thus doe thy extreame affects  
Conduct thee from our peacefull hill? is it to ouerthrow  
The doubtfull victorie of fight, and gine the Greeks the day?  
Then neuer pittiest perishing Troy: yet now let me perswade,  
That this day no more mortall wounds may either side invade.  
Hereafter, till the end of Troy they shall apply the fight,  
Since your immortal wils resolute to ouerturne it quight.

Pallas replied, it likes me well, for this came I from heauen:  
But to make either armie cease, what order shall be giuen?  
He said; We will direct the spirit that burnes in Hector's brest,  
To challenge any Greek to wounds, with single powers imprest;  
Which Greeks (admirin') will accept; and make some one stand out,  
So floute a Challenge to receiue, with a defence as floute;  
It is confirm'd: and Helenus (King Priams loued seede)  
By Augurie, decreed the ment, that these two powers decreede.  
And (greeting Hector) askt him this: Wilt thou be once aduise?  
I am thy brother, and thy life with mine is eu'nly priuile;  
Command the rest of Troy and Greece to cease this publike fight;  
And what Greek beares the greatest mind, to single strokes excite:  
I promise thee that yet thy soule shall not defend to fates;  
So heard I thy furnis all caji, by the celestiaall States.  
Hector, with glad allowance, gaue his brothers counsaile care;  
And (fronting both the godheads) aduanc'd, cast in the midl, his speare.  
The Troians instantly surcasse the Greeks Attides flaine:  
The God that beares the siluer Bowe, and wars triumphant Maide,  
On Ioues beach, like two Vultures sat, pleas'd to behold both parts,  
Flowe in to heare; so sternely arm'd with rage shields helmes and dart:  
And such fresh horror as you see creuen through the wrinkled waves  
By rising Zephyre; vnder whom, the sea grows black and raves:

P 3

Sub

Such did the kastle gathering troupes of both hoasts make to heare;  
 Those tumult settl'd; twist them both, thus spake the Challenger;  
 I care Troians, and ye well arm'd Greeks, what my strong minde (diffin'd),  
 Through all my spirits, commands me speake; Saturnus hath not us'd  
 His promise fauor for our truce, but (studying both our ills)  
 Will neuer cease till Mars, by you, his rauens stomacke fills,  
 He thruinde Troy, or we consume your mightie Seaborne flecte.  
 Since then, the Generall Peeres of Greece, in reach of one voice meete;  
 Amongst you all whose breast includes the most impulsive minde,  
 Let him stand for this combat, int by all the rest designde.  
 Before whom thus I call high Ioue, to witnesse of our strife;  
 If he with home-thrust Iron can reach th' exposure of my life,  
 (Spoiling my armes) let him at will conuey them to his tent;  
 But let my bodie be return'd; that Troys two-text descent  
 May waste it in the funerall Pyle: if I can laughter him,  
 (Apollo honoring me so much) Ile spoyle his conquer'd lim,  
 And beare his armes to Ilion, where in Apollos shrine  
 He hang them, as my trophies due: his bodie Ile resigne  
 To be dispos'd by his friends, in stamy funerals,  
 And honor'd with erected tombe, where Hellefpontus fals  
 Into Egæum, and doth reach, euen to your nauall rode;  
 That when our beings, in the earth, shall hide their periede;  
 Survuors, sayling the blacke sea, may thus his name renew;  
 This is his monument, whose blood long since did fates embrew;  
 Whom, passing farre in fortitude, illustrate Hector slew:  
 Thus shall posteritie report, and my fame neuer dy.  
 This said, dumbe silence eas'd them all, they shamed to denie,  
 And feard to undertake: At last, did Menelaus speake,  
 Checkt their remissnes, and so fight't, as if his heart would breake;  
 Arme but onely threatening Greeks, not worthy Grecian names:  
 This more and more, not to be borne, makes grow our huge defames,  
 If Hector's honorable prooffe be entertain'd by none;  
 But you are earth and water all, which (symbolis'de in one)  
 Haue fram'de your faint vnfirie breasts: ye sit without your harts,  
 Grossly inglorious: but my selfe will vse acceptiue darts,  
 And arme against him; though you thinke, I arme gainst too much odds:  
 But conquests Girlands hang aloft, amongst th' immortal gods.  
 He arm'd, and gladly would haue fought: but (Menelaus) then,  
 By Hector's farre more strength, thy soule had fled th' abodes of men;  
 Had not the kings of Greece flood up, and thy attempt restrain'd,

And

And euen the king of men himselfe, that in such compasseraignde;  
 Who tooke him by the bould right hand, and sternely pluckt him backe:  
 Mad brother, it is no worke for thee, thou seekest thy willfull wracke:  
 Containe though it despite thee much, nor for this strife engage  
 Thy person with a man more strong, and whom all feare t'engage:  
 I ca whom Æacides himselfe, in men-renowning warre,  
 Makes doubt t'encounter: whose huge strength surpasseth thine by farre;  
 Sit thou then by thy regiment; some other Greeks will rise  
 (Though he be dreadlesse, and no warre will his desires suffice,  
 That makes this challenge to our strength) your valors to auow:  
 To whom: if he can scape with life, he will be glad to bow.  
 This drew his brother from his will, who yeelded knowing it true,  
 And his glad souldiers tooke his armes: when Nestor did pursue  
 The same reprooffe he set on soote, and thus replyd his turne.  
 What huge magnitie is this! how will our Countrey mourne!  
 Old Phebus that good King will weepe: that worthy counsaylor,  
 That trumpet of the Myrmidons, who much did aske me for  
 All men of name that went to Troy: with ioy he did enquire  
 Their valor and their towardnes: and I made him admire.  
 But that ye all feare Hector now, if his graue eares shal heare,  
 Lion will be lift his hands to heauen, and pray that death may beare  
 His greued soule into the deepe! O would to heauens great King,  
 Minerva and the God of light, that now my youthfull spring  
 I ra flourish in my willing vaines, as when at Phæas towers,  
 About the streames of Iardanus, my gathered Pylean powers,  
 And dart employ'd Arcadians fought, nere raging Celadon:  
 Amongst whom, first of all stood forth great Ereuthalion,  
 Who th' armes of Areithous wore (brave Areithous)  
 And since he fell fought with a club) surnam'de Clauigerus;  
 All men, and faire girt Ladies both for honor cald him so:  
 He fought not with a keepe-off spere, or with a farre shot bowe;  
 But with a massie club of iron, he brake through armed bands;  
 And yet Lycurgus was his death, but not with force of hands;  
 With sleight (encountring in a Lane, where his club wanted way)  
 He thrust him through his spaciuous waste, who fell and upwards lay;  
 In death not bowing his face to earth: his armes he did despoyle,  
 Which Iron Mars bestowed on him: and those, in Mars his toyle,  
 Lycurgus euer after wore; but when he aged grew,  
 Enforst to keepe his peacefull house, their vse he did renew,  
 On mightie Ereuthalions lims, his souldier loued well;

And

And with these Armes he chalenge all that did in Armes excell;  
 All shooke and stood dismaide, none durst this aduerse champion make;  
 Yet this same forward minde of mine, of choice, would undertake  
 To fight with all his confidence, though youngest enemy  
 Of all the armie we conduct; yet I fought with him, I;  
 Minerva made me so renowned, and that most tall strong peere  
 I slew; his big bulke lay on earth, extended here and there,  
 As it were countons to spread the center euerie where.  
 O that my youth were now as fresh, and all my powers, as sound;  
 Soone should bould Hector be impugnde: yet you that most are crownde,  
 With fortitude, of all our host; enen you, me thanks are slow,  
 Not free, and set on fire with lust t' encounter such a foe.

With this nine royall princes rose, Atides far the first;  
 Then Diomed: th' Aiaces then, that did th' encounter thirst;  
 King Idomen and his consorts, Mars-like Meriones;  
 Eumeons sonne, Euripilus, and Andremionides,  
 Whom all the Grecians Thos call, prong of Andremons blond,  
 And wise Vlysses; euerie one, proposde, for combat stood;  
 Againe Gerenius Nestor spake; Let lots be drawne by all,  
 His hand shall helpe the well-arm'd Greeks, on whom the lot doth fall;  
 And to his wish shall he be helpt, if he escape, with life,  
 The harmefull danger-breathing fit of this aduentrous strife.  
 Each markt his lot, and cast it in to Agamemmons caske;  
 The souldiers prayd, held up their hands, and this of Ioue did aske  
 (With eyes aduanc't to heauen); O Ioue, so lead the Heraldes hand,  
 That Ajax or great Tideus sonne, may our wish Champion stand:  
 Or else the king himselfe, that rules the rich Mycenian land.

This said, olde Nestor mixt the lots: the formost lot, suruise,  
 With Ajax Telamon was sign'd; as all the souldiers prayde,  
 One of the Hera'dis drew it forth, who brought and shewde it round,  
 Beginning at the right hand first, to all the most renowned:  
 None knowing it; euerie man denide: but when he forth did passe,  
 To him which markt and cast it in, which famous Ajax was;  
 He stretcht his hand; and into it, the Heralde put the lot,  
 Who (viewing it) th' inscription knew, the Duke denied not,  
 But ioyfully acknowledg'd it, and threw it at his feet;  
 And said (O friends) the lot is mine, which to my soule is sweet;  
 For now I hope my fame shall rise in noble Hectors fall:  
 But whilst I arme my selfe, do you on great Saturnius call;  
 But silently, or to your selues, that not a Trojan heare:

Or

Or openly (if you thinke good) since none aloue we feare;  
 And new with a will, if I will not can my bould powers affright,  
 At least for plaine fierce swindge of strength, or want of skill in fight:  
 For I will well prone that my birth, and breed in Salamine,  
 Was not all consecrate to meat, or meere effects of wine.

This said, the wel giuen souldiers prayd: up went to heauen their eyne;  
 O Ioue that Ida dost protect, most happy, most divine;  
 Send victorie to Ajax side, fame, grace, his goodly iim;  
 Or (if thy loue blesse Hectors life, and thou hast care of him)  
 Bestowe, on both, like power, like fame. This said, in bright armes shone  
 The good strong Ajax: who, when all his warre attire was on,  
 Marcht like the hugely figur'd Mars, when angry Jupiter,  
 With strength, on people proud of strength, sent him forth to inferre  
 Wreakfull contention; and comes on with presence full of feare;  
 So th' Achine rampire, Telamon, did twist the hoatts appeare:  
 Smille, yet of terrible aspect; on earth with ample pace,  
 He bouldly stalkt, and shooke aloft his dart, with deadly grace.  
 It did the Grecians good to see; but hart quakes shooke the ioynts  
 Of all the Troians; Hectors selfe felt thoghts, with horrid points,  
 Tempt his bould bosome: but he now must make no counterflight;  
 Nor (with his honor) now refuse, that had prouok't the fight.  
 Ajax came neere; and like a tower, kis shielde his bosome bard;  
 The right side brasse, and leauen Oxen hides, within it, quilted hard:  
 Old Tycheus the best coorjer, that did in Hyla dwell,  
 Did frame it for exceeding proofe, and wrought it wondrous wel.  
 With this shood he to Hector close, and with this Braue began:  
 Now Hector thou shalt clearly know, this meeting man to man,  
 What other leaders arme our host, besides great Thetis sonne:  
 Who, with his har die Lyons hart, hath armies ouerrunne.  
 But he lies at our crookt sternde fleet, a Riual with our king  
 In height of spirit; yet to Troy, he many knights did bring,  
 Coequall with Aecides; all able to sustaine  
 All thy bould challenge can import: begin then, words are vaine.

The Heime-grac't Hector answerd him; Renowned Telamon,  
 Prince of the Souldiers came from Greece; say not me like one,  
 Tong and immartiall, with great words, or like an Amazon dame;  
 I haue the habit of all fights, and know the bloody frame  
 Of euerie slaughter: I well know the ready right hand charge;  
 I know the left, and euerie way of my secure full target;  
 I triumph in the crueltie of fixed combat fight,

2

And

And ininge horse to all degrees; I thinke then with good right,  
I may be confident as farre, as this my challenge goes,  
Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne out with empty bowes.  
But being a souldier so renowned I will not worke on thee,  
With least advantage of that skil, I know doth strengthen me;  
And so with fruitie of sleight, winne that for which I strive:  
But at thy best (even open strength) if my chieftours thrive.

Thus sent he his long laueline forth: it strooke his foes huge shield,  
Acere to the upper skirt of brasse, which was the eight it helde.  
Six fouldes th' untamed dart strooke through, and in the seauenth tough hide  
The point was cheekt; then Ajax threw: his angry Lance did glyde  
Quight through his bright orbiculare targe, his Curace, hurt of myle;  
And did his manly stomacks mouth, with dangerous taint assaile:  
But in the bending of himselfe, blacke death too short did strike;  
Then both to plucke their lauelines forth, encountred Lyon like,  
Whose bloodie violence is increast by that raw soode they eate;  
On Bores, whose strength wilde nourishment doth make so wondrous great.  
Againe Priamides did wound, in midst, his shield of brasse,  
Yet perst not through the upper plate: the head reflected was:  
But Ajax (following his Lance) smote through his target quite,  
And stand bold Hector rushing in; the Lance held way out right,  
And hurt his neck, cut gush't the blood: yet Hector ceast not so,  
But in his strong hand tooke a Flint (as he did backwaras goe)  
Blacke, sharp and bigge, laied in the field: the seauenfolde r. rgeit smit,  
Full on the bosse, and round about the brasse did ring with it.  
But Ajax a farre greater stone lift up, and wreathing round,  
With all his boane layd to it (he sent it forth to wound,  
And gave vnm easured force to it; the round stone broke within  
his runder target: his lou'd knees, to languish did begin,  
And he leand, stretcht out on his shield; but Phœbus rais'd him streight.  
Then had they layd on wounds with sword, in use of closer fight,  
I nleffe the Heralds (messengers of gods and godlike men)  
The one of Troy, the other Greece, had held betwixt them then  
imperall scepters: when the one (Læus, graue and wise)  
Said to them; Now no more my Iones, the Soucraine of the skies  
Woth loue you both; both souldiers are, all witnesse with good right.  
But now night layes her mace on earth; tis good t' obey the night.

Læus (Telamon replied) to Hector speake, not me:  
He that cild all our Achine Peeres, to station fight it was he;  
If he first cease, I gladly yeeld; great Hector then began:

Ajax, since loue to thy bigge forme, made thee so strong a man,  
And gaue thee skill to use thy strength; so much, that for thy speare,  
Thou art most excellent of Greece, now let vs fight forbear:  
Hereafter we shall warre againe, till loue our terrall be,  
And grace with conquest, which he wil; heauen yeelds to night, and we.  
Goe thou and comfort all thy Fleet, all friends and men of thine,  
As I in Troy my fauourers; who in the Fane diuine  
Haue offerd Orisons for me; and come let vs impart  
Some enignes of our strife, to shew each others suppled hart;  
That men of Troy and Greece may say, Thus their high quarrell ends:  
Those that encountring were such foes, are now (being seperate) friends.  
He gaue a sword, whose handle was with siluer studs through driuen,  
Scabard and all, with hangers rich: By Telamon was giuen  
A faire wel glossed purple waste, Thus Hector went to Troy,  
And after him a multitude, filld with his safeties ioy;  
Despairing he could euer scape the puissant fortitude  
And vnmpeached Ajax hands: the Greeks like ioy renued,  
For their regeted victorie, ana brought him to the King,  
Who to the great Saturnides preferd an offering:  
An Ox that fed on fine fayre springs; they sleade and quartred him,  
And then (in peeces cut) on spits they rost'd euerie lim:  
Which neatly drest, they drew it off; worke done, they fell to feast:  
All had enough; but Telamon, the king fed past the rest,  
With goo. a larg. peeces of the chine. Thus, thirst and hunger staid,  
Nector (whose counsels late were best) vov'es new, and first he said:  
Attices, and my other Lords, a sort of Greeks are dead,  
Whose black blood neere Scamanders streame, in humane Mats hath shed:  
Their soules to hell descended are: it pites thee then our king,  
To make our souldiers cease from war, and by the dayes first spring  
Let vs our selues, assembled all, the boades beare to fire,  
With Mules and Oxen neere our Fleet; that when we home retire,  
Each man may carrie, to the Ioues of fathers slaughtered here,  
Their honor'd bones: one tombe for all, for euer let vs reare,  
Circling the Pyle without the field: at which we will erect  
Wal. and a raveling, that may safe our Fleet and vs protect.  
And in them let vs fashion gates, soli. and bard about,  
Through which our horse and Charrits may well get in an out.  
Without all, let vs digge a dike, so deepe it may auale  
Our forces gainst the charge of horse, and foote that come t' assaile:  
And thus th' attempts, that I see swell in Troys proude hart, shall faile.

The Kings doe his aduise approve: so Troy doth Court conuent,  
At Priams gate, in th' Ilion tower, fearefull and turbulent.  
Amongst all, wise Antenor spake: Troians and Dardan friends,  
And Peeres assistants, giue good eare to what my care commends  
To your consents, for all our goods: resolve, let vs restore  
The Argiue Helen, with her wealth, to him she had before:  
We now defend but broken faithes. If therefore ye refuse,  
No good euent can I expect of all the warres we vse.

Heccast, and Alexander spake, husband to th' Argiue Queene;  
Antenor, to mine eares thy words harsh and vngacious been:  
Thou canst vse better if thou wilt: but if these truely sit  
Thy serious thoughts; the Gods, with age, haue rest thy grauer wit:  
To warrelike Troians I will speake. I clearely doe denie  
To yeeld my wife: but all her wealth Ile render willingly,  
What euer I from Argos brought, and vow to make it more;  
Which I haue readie in my house, if peace I may restore.

Priam surnam'd Dardanides (godlike in Counsailes graue)  
In his sonnes fauor well aduise, this resolution gaue;  
My roy, ill friends of euerie state, there is sufficient done,  
For this late counsell we haue cald in th' offer of my sonne;  
Now then let ail take needfull food; then let the watch be set,  
And euerie court of guard held strong: so when the morne doth wet  
The high raiſe battlements of Troy; Idæus shall be sent  
To th' Argiue Fleet, and Atreus sonnes, t' vnfold my sonnes intent,  
From whose fact our contention springs: and (if they will, obtaine  
Respite from heat of fight, till fire consume our souldiers slaine:  
And after, our most fatall warre, let vs importune still,  
Till loue the conquest haue dispose to his unconquered will.

All heard and did obey the King, and (in their quarters all,  
That were to set the watch that night) did to their suppers fall.  
Idæus in the morning went, and th' Achæue Iceres did find  
In counsell at Atreides ship: his audience was assignde:  
And in the midst of all the Kings, the vocall Heriuald said;

Atreides; my renouncd King, and other Kings his aide,  
Propose by me, in their commands, the offer Paris makes;  
(From whose toy all our woe proceeds) he princely undertakes  
T' at all the wealth he brought from Grece (would he had died before)  
He will, with other added wealth, for your amends restore.  
But famous Menelaus wife he still meanes to enioy,  
Though he be yrdge the contrarie, by all the Peeres of Troy.

And

And this besides, I haue in charge; that if it please you all,  
They with both sides may cease from warre; that rites of funerall  
May on their bodies be perform'd, that in the fields lie slaine:  
And after to the will of Fate, renew the fight againe.

All silence held at first: at last, Tydides made reply;  
Let no man take the wealth, or dame: for now a childes weeke eye  
May see the imminent black end of Priams emperie.  
This sentence quicke, and briesly giuen, the Greeks did all admire;  
Then said the King: Heriuald, thou hear'st in him, the voice entire  
Of all our Peeres to answer thee for that of Priams sonne;  
But, for our burning of the dead, by all meanes I am wonne  
To satisfie thy king therein, without the slenderest gaine  
Made of their spoyled carcases; but freely (being slaine)  
They shall be all con'um'd with fire: to witnesse which, I cite  
High thundering Ioue, that is the king of Iunos beds delight.  
With this, he held his scepter up, to all the skie throne powers:  
And graue Idæus aid returne, to sacred Ilion towers;  
Where Iliaus, and Dardanian; did still their counsailes ply,  
Expecting his returne: he came, and tolde his Legacie.  
All, whirlewinde like, assembled then, some, bodies to transport,  
Some to hew trees: on th' other part, the Argiues did exhort  
Their souldiers to the same affaires; then did the new fir'd sunne  
Smite the broad fieldes, ascending heauen, and th' Ocean smooth did run:  
When Grece and Troy mixt in such peace, you scarce could either know;  
Then wast they off their blood and dust, and did warme teares beslow  
Vpon the slaughter'd, and in carres conuade them from the field:  
Priam commanded none should mourne, but in still silence yeeld  
Their honor carcases to fire, and onely griene in hart,  
All buride, to Troy. Troies friends retire; to fleet, the Grecian part:  
Yet doubtfull night obscur'd the earth, the day did not appeare:  
When round about the funerall pile, the Grecians gathered were;  
The pile, they circied with a tombe, and by it rais'd a wall,  
High towres to guard the fleet and them: and in the midst of all  
They built strong gates, through which the horse and chariots passage had:  
Without the rampire, a brode dike, long and profound they made:  
On which they Paleſados pitct, and thus the Grecians wrought.  
Their huge works in so little time, were to perfection brought,  
That al Gods, by the Lightner Jet, the frame thereof admire;  
Amongst whom, the earthquake making God, thus of their King enquire;  
Father of Gods, wil any man, of all earths endles sphere,

23

Aske

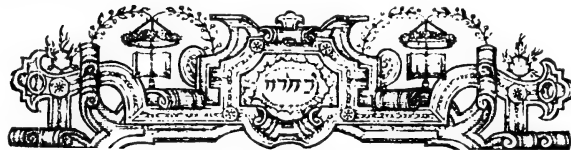


Aske any of the Gods consents, to any actions there,  
 If thou wilt see the shag-heard Greeks, with headstrong labors frame  
 So huge a worke, and not to vs due offerings first ensume?  
 As far as white Aurores deanes are sprinkled through the ayre,  
 Fame will renoune the hands of Greece, for this diuine affaire:  
 Men will forget the sacred worke, the Sun and I did rayse,  
 For King Laomedon; bright Troy, and this will beare the prayse.  
 Ioue was extreamely mou'd with him, and said: What words are these,  
 Thou mighty shaker of the earth, thou Lord of all the seas?  
 Some other God, of far lesse power, might hould corcepts dismaide,  
 With this rare Grecian stratageme, and thou rest well apaide;  
 For it will glorifie thy name, as far as light extends:  
 Since, when these Greeks shall see againe their native soyle and friends  
 (The bulwarke battred) thou maist quite deuoure it with thy waues,  
 And couer, with thy fruitlesse sands) this fatall sure of graues:  
 That what their fierie industries haue so diuinely wrought,  
 In raising it; in racing it, thy power will proue it nought.

Thus spake the Gods amongst themselves: set was the seruent sunne;  
 And now the great worke of the Greeks was absolutely done.  
 Then slew they Oxen in their tents, and strength with food reuinde;  
 When out of Lemnos a great flete of odorouse wine arriue,  
 Sent by Euneus, lacons sonne, borne of Hypsipyle.  
 The flete containd a thousand tunne: which must transported be,  
 To Atreus sons, as he gaue charge, whose marchandize it was.  
 The Greeks bought wine, for shining Steele, and some for sounding brasse;  
 Some for Oxen hydes: for Oxen some, and some for prisoners.  
 A sumptuous banquet was preparde, and all that night the peeres,  
 And faire kayde Greeks consumed in feast: so Troians and their aide.  
 And all the night Ioue thundred lowde: pale feare all thoughts dismaide.  
 While they were gluttonous here in earth, Ioue wrought their banes in heauen:  
 They pourde full cups vpon the ground, and were to offerings driuen,  
 In sicke of quaffings: and to drinke, none awst attempt, before  
 In solenne sacrifice they did almighty Ioue adore.  
 Then to their rests they all repaired: bould Zeale their feare bereaude:  
 And Iodine sleepes refreshing gift, securely they receiue'd.

The ende of the seauenth Booke.

THE



## THE EIGHT BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



**V**Hen Ioue to all the Gods had giuen command  
 That none, to either host, should helpful stand,  
 To Idae he descends: and sees from thence  
 Iuno and Pallas haste the Greeks defence:  
 Whose purpose, his command by Iris giuen,  
 Doth interuent; then came the silent Euen;  
 When Hector charge de fires should consume the night,  
 Least Greekes in darkenes tooke suspected flight.

Another Argument.

In Theat gods a Councell haue,  
 Troyer conquest, glorious Hectors Braue.

**T**He chearefull Ladie of the light, deckt in her saffron robe,  
 Disperst her beames through euery part of this enflowred Globe,  
 When thundring Ioue a Court of Gods assembled by his will,  
 In top of all the topfull heights, that crowne th Olympian hill.  
 He spake, and all the Gods gaue eare: heare how I stand inclinde;  
 That God nor Goddesse may attempt t' infringe my soueraigne minde:  
 But all giue suffrage that with speed, I may these discords end.  
 What God, o euer I shall finde, endeavour to defend  
 Or Troy, or Greece, with winds to heauen, he (shamde) shall reasend;  
 Or (taking him with his offence) he cast him downe as deepe

As Tactarus (the brood of night) where Barathrum doth sleepe  
 To ment in his profoundest sinkes; where is the store of brasie,  
 And gates of iron: the place, for depth, as far doth hell surpass,  
 As heauen (for height) exceeds the earth; then shal he know from thence,  
 How much my power, pass all the Gods, hath soveraigne eminece.  
 Indanger it, the whiles and see: let aovne our golden chaine;  
 And, at it, let all deities their utmost strenghts constrain,  
 To draw me to the earth from heauen: you neuer shal prenaile,  
 Though with your most contention ye dare my state assaile:  
 But when my will shall be asposde, to draw you all to me;  
 Even with the earth it selfe, and seas ye shall enforced be.  
 Then will I to Olympus top, our vertuous engine binde,  
 And by it euerie thing shall hang, by my command enclinde:  
 So much I am supream to Gods, to men supream as much.  
 The Gods sat silent, and admire; his dreadfull speech was such.  
 At last, his bine-eyde daughter spake: O great Saturnides,  
 O Father, O heavens highest king, well know we the excessse  
 Of thy huge power, compare with all; yet the balce Grecks esteate  
 We needs must mourne, since they must fall, beneath so hard a fate:  
 For if thy grane command enioyne, we wil abstaine from fight:  
 But to asforde them such aduise, as may relieue their plight;  
 We wil (with thy consent) be bould; that all may not sustaine  
 The fearefull burthen of thy wrath, and with their crimes be slaine.  
 He smiled, and said; Be confident, thou art below'd of me:  
 I speake not this with serious thoughts, but will be kind to thee.

This said, his brasie lion-winged horse, he did to Charriot binde,  
 Whose crests were fring'd, with manes of gold, and golden garments shinde  
 On his rich shoulders; in his hand, he tooke a golden scourge,  
 Diminly fashion'd, and with blowes their willing speed did urge,  
 Mid way betwixt the earth and heauen; to Ida then he came,  
 Abounding in delitious springs, and nurse of beasts vntame;  
 Where on the mountaine Gargarus, men did a Fane erect,  
 To his high name, and altars sweet; and there his horse he checkt;  
 Dissolde them from his Charriot, and in a clowde of iete  
 He couered them, and on the top tooke his triumphant seate;  
 Behoulding Priams famous towne, and all the Fleet of Grece.  
 The Grecks tooke breakfast speedily, and armde at euerie pece:  
 So Troians; who though fewer farre, yet all to fight tooke armes:  
 Dire Need enforst them, to avert their wiuers and childrens harmes.  
 All gates flew open, all the hoast did issue, foote and horse,

In mightie tumult: strait one place adioynd each aduerse force:  
 Then shields with shields met, darts with darts, strenght against strenght op-  
 The bosse-pikt Targets were thrust on, and thundred as they close: (posde:  
 In mightie tumult, grone for grone, and breath for breath and breath:  
 Of men then slaine and to be slaine, earth flowae with fruit of deatb.  
 While the faire mornings beutie held, and day increas'd in height;  
 Their lauelines mutually made death, transport an equall freight:  
 But when the hote Meridian point, bright Phœbus did ascend,  
 Then loue his goulden Ballances did equally extend:  
 And of long-rest-conferring death, put in two bitter fates  
 For Troy and Grece he held the midst: the day of finall dates  
 Fell on the Grecks: the Grecks hard lots sunk to the slowrie ground.  
 The Troians leapt as high as heauen, then did the claps resound:  
 Of his fierce thunder lightning leapt, amongst each Grecian troope:  
 The light amasse of them pallid feare made boundest stomacks stoop:  
 Then Idomen durst not abide, Atrides went his way,  
 And both th' Aiaces: Nestor yet, against his will did stay  
 (That grane Protector of the Grecks): for Patris with a dart  
 Enrage one of his Charriot horse, he smot the upper part  
 Of all his skull, euen where the hayre, that made his foretop, sprung:  
 The hurt was deadly, and the paine so sore the Courser slung,  
 (Pierst to the braine) he slumpt and plungde: one on another beares:  
 Entangled round about the beame, then Nestor cuts the geres  
 With his new drawen autentique sword; meane while the firy horse  
 Of Hector brake into the prease, with then hold rulers force:  
 Then good old Nestor had been slaine, had Diomed not espied;  
 Who to Vlysses as he fled, importunately cryed,  
 Thou that in counsell dost abound, O Laertiades,  
 Why sleepest thou? why thus cowardlike hunst thou the honor'd prease?  
 Take heed, thy backe take not a dart: stay, let vs both intend  
 To drine this cruell enimie, from our deare aged friend.

He spake, but marie Ithacus would find no patient eare:  
 But sled forth right, euen to the Fleet; yet though hee single were,  
 Braue Diomed mixt amongst the fight, and stood before the speed:  
 Of old Nicles, whose estate thus kingly he aceedes:  
 O father, with these youths in fight, thou art vnequall plait,  
 Thy willing sinewes are vnknit, grane age pursues thee fast,  
 And thy unruly horse are slow: my charriot therefore vse,  
 And trie how ready Trojan horse can slie him that pursues.  
 Pursue the lyer, and euerie way performe the varied fight:

*I forſt them from Anchyles ſonne, well ſkild in cauſe of flight.  
Then let my Squire lead hence thy horſe: mine thou ſhalt guard, whiſt I  
(By thee aduanc't) aſſay the fight; that Hectorſ ſelfe may trie  
If my Lance dote with the defectſ, that ſayle beſt minds in age,  
Or find the Falſey in my hands, that doth thy life engage.*

*This noble Neſtor did accept; and Diomedes two friends,  
Eurymedon, that valour loues, and Sthenelus, aſcends  
Old Neſtors Coach: of Diomedes horſe, Neſtor the charge ſuſtaines,  
And Tydeus ſonne tooke place of fight; Neleides held the raines,  
And ſcourge the horſe; who ſwiftly ran direct in Hectorſ face,  
Whom ſierce Tydides brauely charge: but he turnd from the chace:  
His ianeline Euipeus ſmit, mighty Thebeus ſonne,  
And was great Hectorſ Chariotere; it through his breaſt did run,  
Neere to his pappe; he fell to earth; back ſlew his frighted horſe;  
His ſtrength and ſoule were both diſſolude. Hector had deep remorse  
Of his miſhap; yet left he him, and for another ſought;  
Nor long his ſleeds did want a guide: for ſtraight good fortune brought  
Bold Archeptolemus, whoſe life did from Iphytis ſpring;  
He made him take the raynes and mount: then ſoules were ſet on wing,  
Then high exploits were vndergone; then Troians in their wals  
Had been inſolded like meek Lambs, had loue winkt at their falſ;  
Who hurld his horrid thunder forth, and made pale lightnings fly  
Into the earth, before the horſe, that Neſtor did apply.  
A dreadfull ſlaſh burnt through the aire, that ſauord ſulphur like,  
Which downe before the Chariot, the daſeled horſe did ſtrike:  
The ſayre raignes fell from Neſtors hands, who did (in feare) intreat  
Renownd Tydides, into flight to turne his furies beate.  
For knoweſt thou not, ſaid he, our aide is not ſupplied from Loue?  
This day he will giue fame to Troy, which when it fits his loue  
It ſhall inioy; let no man tempt his vneſiſted will,  
Though he exceed in gifts of ſtrength: for he exceeds him ſtill.*

*Father (replied the king) 'tis true: but both my hart and ſoule  
Are moſt extreameſly grieved to think, how Hector will controule  
My valour with his vaunts in Troy: that I was terror-ficke  
With his approche: which when he boasts, let earth deuour me quick.*

*Ah warlike Tydeus ſonne (ſaid he) what needleſſ words are theſe?  
Though Hector ſhould report thee faint, and amorous of thy eaſe,  
The Troians nor the Trojan wines, would neuer giue him truſt,  
Whoſe youthfull husbands thy free hand hath ſmotherd ſo in duſt.*

*This ſayd, he turnde his one-hou'd horſe to flight, and troope did take;*

*When*

*When Hector and his men with ſhowts did greedie purſue make,  
And pou'd on darts, that made ayre ſigh: then Hector did exclaim;  
O, Tydeus ſonne, the Kings of Greece doe moſt renowne thy name  
With higheſt place, feaſts and full cups; who now will doe thee ſhame:  
Thou ſhalt be like a woman vſde, and they will ſay, Depart  
Immortall mynions; ſince to ſland Hector, thou haſt no hart:  
Nor canſt thou ſkale our turrets tops, nor lead the wines to Fleete  
Of valiant men; that wiſelike fear'ſt, my aduerſe charge to meete.*

*This, two waies moou'd him; ſtill to flie, or turne his horſe and fight:  
Thiſe thruſt he forward to aſſault, and enery time the fright  
Of Loues fell thunder, draue him back: which he propoſde for ſigne  
(To ſhew the change of victorie) Troians ſhould victors ſhine.  
Then Hector comforted his men; All my aduenturous friends,  
Be men, and of your famous ſtrength, thinke of the honored ends.  
I know, beneuolent Iupiter did by his becke profeſſe  
Conqueſt, and high renowne to me; and to the Greekes diſtreſſe.  
O ſooles, to raiſe ſuch ſilly ſorts, not worth the leaſt account,  
Nor able to reſiſt our force; with eaſe our horſe may mount,  
Quite ouer all their hollow dike: but when their Fleet I reach,  
Let Memory to all the world, a famous bonfire teach:  
For, I will all their ſhips inſlame; with whoſe infeſtious ſmoke  
(Feare-brunk & hidden neer their keeles) the conquerd Greeks ſhal choke.  
Then chriſt he his famous horſe: O Xanthus now, ſaid he,  
And thou Podargus: Aithon to, and Lampus, deare to me;  
Make me ſome worthy recompence, for ſo much choiſe of meate,  
Giuen you by faire Andromache; bread of the pureſt wheat;  
And with it (for your drinke) mixt wine, to make ye wiſhed cheere,  
Still ſeruing you before my ſelfe (her husband young, and deere):  
Purſue and uſe your ſwifteſt ſpeed, that we may take for priſe  
The ſhield of old Neleides, which Fame liſts to the ſkies;  
Euen to the handles, telling it, to be of maſſy Gold:  
And from the ſhoulders let vs take, of Diomedes the bold,  
The royall Curace Vulcan wrought, with art ſo exquisite.  
Theſe if we make our ſacred ſpoile, I doubt not, but this Night,  
Euen to this dawe to enforce the Greekes vtturned flight.*

*This Iuno tooke in high diſdaine; and mad: Olympus ſhake,  
As ſhe but ſiſt within her throne, and thus to Neptune ſpake;  
O Neptune, what a ſpight is this? thou God ſo huge in power,  
Aſſuſt'st it not thy honor'd hart, to ſee rude ſpoile deuoure  
Theſe Greeke. that haue in Helice, and Aege, offered thee*

So many and such wealthy gifts, let them the victors be;  
 If we that are the aides of Greece, would beat home these of Troy,  
 And hinder bread-cyde Ioues proude will, it would abate his toy.  
 He (angry) told her she was rash, and he would not be one,  
 Of all the rest, should strue with one whose power was marcht by none:  
 Whiles they conferrd thus, all the space, the trench containde before,  
 (From that part of the fort that flankt the nauic-anchoring shore)  
 Was filld with horse and targateers, who ther-for refuge came,  
 By Mars, swift Hector's power engagde; Ioue gaue his strength the same;  
 And he with spoylefull fire had burnd the fleet, if Iunus grace  
 Had not inspirde the king himselfe, to run from place to place,  
 And stir vp euerie souldiers power to some illustate deed,  
 First visiting their leaders tents; his ample purple weed  
 He wore, to shew all who hee was, and did his station take  
 At wise Villes sable barks, that did the battell make,  
 Of all the flecte: from whence his spech might with more ease be driuen,  
 To Ajax and Achilles ships; to whose chiefe charge nere giuen  
 The Vanguard and the Reregarde both: both for their force of hand,  
 And trustie bosomes. There arriv'd, thus urgde he to withstand  
 Th'insulting Troians; O what shame, ye emptie harted words,  
 Is this to your admiraed formest where are your glorious words?  
 In Lemnos vaunting you the best of all the Grecian host?  
 We are the strongest men (ye sayd) we wil command the most:  
 Eating most flesh of high-horned beeves and drinke cups full crounde,  
 And euerie man a hundred foes, two hundred, wil confound:  
 Now all our strength, darde to our worst one Hector cannot tame,  
 Who presently with horria fire will all our fleet inflame.  
 O father Ioue, hath ever yet, thy most vnasserd hand  
 Afflicted, with such spoyle of soules the king of any land?  
 And taken so much fame from him? when I said neuer faile  
 (Since vnder most unhappie stars, this flecte was vnder sayle)  
 Thy glorious altars I protest; but aboue all the Gods,  
 Haue burnd fat th'ibes of buls to thee, and prayd to race th'abodes  
 Of rape, defending Iliions: yet grant (almightie Ioue)  
 One fauor, that we may at least, with life from hence remoue;  
 Not vnder such inglorious hands, the hands of death employ,  
 And where Trex should be sloopt by Greece, let Greece fall vnder Troy.  
 To this euen weeping king, did Ioue remorsefull audience giue,  
 And shooke great heauen to him, for signe his men and he should liue:  
 Then quickly cast he off his hault, the Eagle prince of aire,

That

That perfects his vnspotted vowes, who seafde in her repayre  
 A sucking kind calfe; which she trust in her enforceine seeres,  
 And by Ioues altar let it fall, amongst th' amased peeres,  
 Where the religious Achue kings, with sacrifice did please  
 The author of all oracles, diuine Saturnides.  
 Now when they knew the birde of Ioue, they turnd couragious head;  
 When none (though many kings put on) could make his vaunt, he leade  
 Tydidies to renewde assault: or issued first the dike,  
 Or first did fight; but for the first, slone dead his Lance did strike  
 Armd Agcious, by descent, furnamde Phradimonides;  
 He turnd his ready horse for flight, and Diomedes Lance did seaze  
 His backe betwixt his shoulder blades, and lookt out of his breast;  
 He fell, and his armes rang his fall. i he Attrides next adrest  
 Themselus to fight; th' Aiaces next, with vehement strength endude:  
 Idomeneus and his friend, stout Merion, next pursudes  
 And after these Eutipilus, Euemons honored race;  
 The ninth, with backward wreathed bowe, had little Teucet place;  
 He still fought vnder Ajax shield; who sometimes held it by,  
 And then he lookt his obiect out, and let his arrow flie:  
 And whomsoeuer in the prease he wounded, him he slew;  
 Then vnder Ajax seauen sold shield he presently withdrew.  
 He farde like an unhappie child, that doth to mother run,  
 For succour, when he knowes full well he some shrewde turne hath done.  
 What Troians then were to their deaths by Teucets shafts imprest?  
 Haples; Ors lochus was first, Ormenus, Ophclest,  
 Detor, and hardie Cronius, and Lycophon diuine;  
 And Amopaon, that aid spring from Polyemons lyne,  
 And Menalippus: all on braps, he tumbled them to ground.  
 The king reioys to see his shaftes, the Phrygian ranks confound:  
 Who straight came neere and spake to him; O Teucet lovely man,  
 Strike still so sure, and be a grace to euery Grecian,  
 And to thy Father Telamon, who tooke thee kindly home,  
 (Although not by his wife, his sonne, and gaue thee softer roome,  
 Euen from thy childhood: then to him, though far from hence remou'd,  
 Make good same reach; and to thy selfe, I vow what shal be prou'd:  
 If he that dreadfull Egis beares, and Pallas, grant to me  
 Th'expuance of wel-builled Troy, I first will honor thee,  
 Next to my selfe with some rich gift, and put it in thy hand:  
 A three-foot vessel, that for grace, in sacred Fanes doth stand:  
 Or two horse and a Charriot, or else a lovely dame,

R 3

That

*That may ascend one bed with thee, and amplify thy Name.*

Teucer right nobly answered him: *Why (most illustrious King)*  
*I being thus forward of my selfe, doost thou asioyne a sling?*  
*Without which, all the power I haue, I cease not to employ:*  
*For, from the place where we repuls the Troians, towards Troy,*  
*I all the purple field haue strowde, with one or other slaine:*  
*Eight shafts, shot, with long Steele heads; of which not one in vaine;*  
*All were in youthfull bodies fixt, well skild in warres constraint:*  
*I et this wilde dogge, with all my aime, I haue no power to taint.*  
*This said, another arrow forth from his stiffe string he sent,*  
*At Hector, whom he longd to wound; but still amiss it went:*  
*His shaft smit faire Gorgythion, of Priams princelie race,*  
*Who in Aspinia was brought forth (a famous towne in Thrace)*  
*By Castianira; that, for forme, was like celestiall breed.*  
*And as a Crimson poppy flower, furcharged with his seed,*  
*And vernall humors falling thick, declines his heauie brow:*  
*So, of one side, his helmets weight, his fainting head did bow:*  
*I et Teucer would another shaft at Hector, use dispose;*  
*So saue he such a marke would hit: but still beside it goes;*  
*Apollo did enert that shaft: but Hector's charrioteere*  
*Bold Archeptolemus he smit, as he was rushing neere*  
*To make the fight: to earth he fell, his swift horse back did flie,*  
*And there were both his strength and soule exile eternally.*  
*Engze grieve, for Hector's slaughtered friend, pincht in his mighty mind:*  
*Yet was he forc't to leaue him there, and his void place resign'd*  
*To his sad brother, that was by; Cebrione: whose eare*  
*Receiuing Hector's charge, he straight the waightie raignes did beare;*  
*And Hector, from his shining coach (with horrid voice) leapt on,*  
*To wreake his friend on Teucers hand: and vp he tooke a stone,*  
*With which he at the Archer ran; who, from his quiner, drew*  
*A sharpe-pylde shaft, and nockt it sure: but, in great Hector flew,*  
*With such fell speed, that in his draught, he his right shoulder strooke,*  
*Where twixt his necke and breaſt, the ioynt his natine cloſure tooke:*  
*The wound was wondrous full of death; his string in sunder flees;*  
*His nummed hand fell strengthlesse downe, and he upon his knees.*  
*Aiax neglected not to aiae his brother thus deprest;*  
*But came and saſte him with his Shield, and two more friends addeſt*  
*To be his aide, tooke him to Fleet, Mecitius, Echius son,*  
*And gay Alastor: Teucer sigh't, for all his seruice done.*  
*Then did Olympus, with fresh strength, the Trojan powers reuiue;*

*Who,*

*Who to their trenches once againe the troubled Greeks did drine.*  
*Hector brought terror with his strength, and ener fought before.*  
*As when some highly stomakt hound, that hunts a slyuan bore,*  
*Or kingly Lion loues the hanch, and pincheth oft behinde,*  
*Bould of his feet, and still obserues, the game to turne inclinde,*  
*Not utterly dissolude in sight: so Hector did pursue;*  
*And whosoener was the last, he ener did subdue:*  
*They fled: but when they had, their dike, and Palefados pass,*  
*(A number of them put to sword) at ships they staide at last:*  
*Then mutuall exhortations flew, then all with hands and eies,*  
*Aduaunst to all the Gods, their plagues wrang from them open cries.*  
*Hector with his fower rich-mand horse, assaulting alwayes rode;*  
*The eyes of Gorgon burnt in him, and wars vermilion God,*  
*The Goddesse that all Goddesſes (for ſnowye armes) ont ſhinde,*  
*Thus spake to Pallas: to the Greeks, with grations ruthinclinde.*

*O Pallas, what a grieve is this? is all our succour past*  
*To these our perishing Grecian friends? at least withheld at last?*  
*Euen now, when one mans violence must make them perish all*  
*In satisfaction of a Fate, so full off funerall?*  
*Hector Priamides now raues, no more to be indurde,*  
*That hath already on the Greeks, so many harmes inurde.*

*The Azure Goddesse answered her; This man had surely found*  
*His fortitude and life dissolude, euen on his fathers ground,*  
*By Grecian valour; if my Syre, infested with euill moods,*  
*Did not so dote on these of Troy, too ielous of their bloods:*  
*And ener an vninst repulse, stands to my willing powers;*  
*Little remembreing what I did in all the desperate howers*  
*Of his affected Hercules: Teuer rescued him,*  
*In labours of Euristheus, vntoucht in life or lim,*  
*When he (heauen knowes) with drowned eyes, lookt vp for helpe to heauen;*  
*Which euer as command of Ioue, was by my suppliance giuen:*  
*But had my wisdom reacht so farre, to know of this euent,*  
*When to the solid-ported depths of hell his sonne was sent,*  
*To hale out hatefull Plutoes dogge, from darkeſome Erebus,*  
*He had not scapt the streames of Styx, so deepe and dangerous:*  
*Yet Ioue hates me, and shewes his lone in doing Thetis will,*  
*That kist his knees, and strok't his chinne; prayd, and importunde still,*  
*That he would honour with his ayde her Citty-raizing sonne,*  
*Displeasde Achilles; and for him our friends are thus undone:*  
*But time shall come againe, when he (to doe his friends some aide)*

*Will*

Will call me his Glaucopides, his sweet and blew-eyde maides;  
Then harness thou thy horse for me, that his bright Palace gates  
I soone may enter, arming me, to order these debates:  
And I will trie if Priams sonne will still maintaine his cheare,  
When in the crimson paths of warre, I dreadfully appears  
For some proud Troians shall be sure to nourish dogs and foules,  
And paine the shore with fette, and flesh, depriv'd of lues and soules.

Iuno prepare her horse, whose manes, Kybans of gold ensh'e't:  
Pallas her particuloired robe, on her bright shoulders cast,  
Divinely wrought with her owne hands, in the entrie of her Syre;  
Then put she, on her ample breast, her under-arming tyre:  
And on it her celestiall armes, the Charriot streight she takes,  
With her huge heaue violent Lance, with which she slaughter makes  
Of armies, fatal to her wrath: Saturnia whipt her horse;  
And heauen gates, guarded by the flowers, op't by their proper force:  
Through which they flew: whom when Ioue saw, set neere the Italian f'rings  
Highly displeas'd, he Iris call'd, that hath the golden wings,  
And said; He Iris, turne thee back, let them not come at me;  
Our meetings (generally disp'ose) will nothing gracious be.  
Beneath their o'rethrowne chariot, lie shiner their proud steeds;  
Hurl downe themselves, their wagon breake, and for their stubborne deeds,  
In ten whole yeeres they shall not heale the wounds I will impresse  
With horrid thunder; that my maide may know, when to addresse  
Armes gainst her father: for my wife, she doth not so offend,  
Tis but her use to interrupt what ever I intend.

Iris, with this, left Ioas rils, and up to Olympus flew,  
Met (neere heauen gates) the Goddes, and thus their haste with-drew.

What course intend you? why are you rapt with your fancies storme?  
Ioue likes not ye should aide the Greeks, but threats, and will performe  
To crush in peeces your swift horse, beneath their glorious yokes,  
Hurl downe your selves, your chariot breake: and those impoisoned strokes  
His wounding thunder shall imprint, in your celestiall parts,  
In ten full springs ye shall not cure; that she that tames proud charrs  
Thy selfe, Minerva, may be taught, to know for what, and when,  
Thou doost against thy father fight; for sometimes children  
May with discretion plant themselves, against their fathers wils;  
But not where humors onely rule, in works beyond their skils;  
For, Iuno, she offends him not, nor vexeth him so much;  
For, 'tis her use to crosse his will, her impudence is such:  
The habite of offence in this, she onely doth contract,

And

And so grieues or incenseth lesse, though nere the lesse her fact:  
But thou most grien' if him (dogged dame) whom he rebukes in time,  
Least licence should peruert thy will, and pride too highly clyme  
In thy bold bosome (desperate syre) if seriously thou dare,  
Lift thy unviolar Lance gainst Ioue, as thy pretences are.

She left them, and Saturnia sayd, Aye me thou seede of Ioue  
By my aduice we will no more, enst contention moue  
With Iupiter for mortal men; of whom, let this man die  
And that man live, who ever he pursues with destinie:  
And let him (plotting all euents) dispose of either boast,  
As he thinks fittest for them both, and may become us most.

Thus turn'd she backe, and to the towres her rich man'd horse resounde,  
Who them immortal mangers bound; the charriot they inclinde,  
Beneath the Crystall walls of heauen, and they in goulden thrones  
Consorted other duties, replete with passions.  
Ioue, in his bright wheeld Charriot, his fierie horse now beates,  
Up to Olympus; and aspired the Gods eternall seates,  
Great Neptune loof'd his horse; his Carre upon the Altar plst,  
And heavenly-linnen Coverings did round about it cast.  
The firre-seer v'sde his throne of gould: the vast Olympus shooke  
Beneath his feete; his wife, and mayde, apart their places tooke;  
Nor any word afforded him: he knew their thoughts and said;  
Why do ye thus torment your selves? you need not sit dismaide  
With the long labours you haue v'sde, in your victorious fight,  
Destroying Troians; gainst whose lues, you heape such high despight.  
Ye should haue held your glorious course; for be assur'd, as farre  
As all my power (by all means vrg'd) could haue sustain'd the warre;  
Not all the host of Deities should haue retrayd my hand,  
From wounde inscriptions on the Greeks, much lesse you two withstand.  
But you before you saw the fight, much lesse the slaughter there,  
Had all your goodly lineaments possest with shaking feare;  
Ana neuer had your Charriot borne their charge to heauen againe:  
But thunder should haue smit you both, had you one Trojan slaine.  
Both Goddeses let fall their chynnes upon their Ivory breasts,  
Set next to Ioue; contriuing still afflicted Troys vnrests;  
Pallas for anger could not speake; Saturnia, contrary,  
Could not for anger hold her peace, but made this bould reply;  
Not-to-be-suffred Iupiter, what needst thou still inforce  
Thy matchlesse power? we know it well, and we must yeeld remorse

S

To

To them that yeeld vs sacrifice: nor needst thou thus deride  
Our kind obedience, nor our griefes; but beare our powers applyde  
To iust protection of the Greeks; that anger toomb not all  
In Troys fowle gulf of periurie, and let them stand, should fall.

Greene not (as a loue) at all done yet; for if thy fayre eyes please,  
This next red morning they shall see the great Saturnides  
Bring more destruction to the Greeks; and Hector shall not cease,  
Till he haue rowfed, from the Fleet, swift-foote Aecides,  
In that day, when before their ships, for his Patrocius slaine;  
The Greeks in great distresse shall fight; for so the Fates ordaine:  
I nough not thy displeased spleene, though to th' extremest bounds  
Of earth and seas it carrie thee, where endles night confounds  
Iapet, and my delected Syre, who sit so farre beneath,  
They neuer see the flying Sunne, nor heare the winds that breath,  
Neere to profoundest Tartarus; nor thither if thou went,  
Would I take pittie of thy moodes, since none more impudent.

To this, shien nothing did reply: and now Sois glorious light  
Fell to the sea, and to the land drew up the awonsie night:  
The Troians grieved at Phœdus fall, which all the Greeks desire;  
And sable Night (so often wisht) to Earths firme Throne aspired.

Hector, intenaing to consult, nere to the gulfie floode  
Farre from the Fleet, led to a place, pure and exempt from blood,  
The Troian forces: from their horse, all lighted and did heare  
Th' Oration loue-lou'd Hector made, who held a goodly speare,  
Eleauen full cubites long; the head was brasse, and did reflect  
A wanton light before him still; it round about was deckt  
With strong hoops of new burnisht gold: on this he leand, and saide;  
Heare me my worthie friends of Troy, and you our honore aide;  
A little since, I had conceipt; we should haue made retreat,  
By light of the inflamed fleete, with all the Greeks escheate;  
But darkenes hath prevented vs; and Iste, with special grace,  
These Achiues, and their shore-hal'd fleet. Let vs then render place,  
To sacred Night, our suppers dresse, and from our charriots free  
Our faire-man' de horse, and meat them wel; then let there conuio be,  
From forth the Cittie presently, Oxen, and well fed sheepe;  
Sweet wine, and bread, and sell much wood, that all night we may keep  
Plenty of fires, euen till the light bring forth the lously morne;  
And let their brightnes glase the skies; that night may not suborne  
The Greeks escape, if they, for flight, the seas broade backe would take;

At

At least they may not part with ease; but as retreat they make,  
Each man may beare a wound with him, to cure when he comes home,  
Made with a shifte or sharpened speare; and others feare to come,  
With charge of lamentable warre, gainst souldiers bred in Troy:  
Then let our Heralds, through the towne, their offices imploy,  
To warne the youth, yet short of warre, and time-white fathers, past;  
That in our god-built towers they see strong courts of garde be playse,  
About the walls; and let our dames, yet flourishing in years,  
That (haueing beauties to keep pure) are most inclinde to feares  
(Since darkenes in distressfull times more dreadfull is then light)  
Make iostie fires in euerie house; and thus the dangerous night  
Keeld with strong watch, if th' enemie haue ambuscados layd  
Neere to our walls (and therefore seeme in sight the more dismaide,  
Intending a surprize, while we are all without the towne)  
They euerie way shall be impugne to euerie mans renoune.  
I performe all this braue Troian friends: what now I haue to say,  
Is all exprest; the chearefull morne shall other things display;  
It is my glorie (putting trust in loue, and other Gods)  
That I shall now expulse these aegs fates sent to our abodes;  
Who bring offents of destinie, and black their threatening fleet.  
But this night let vs hold strong guardes: to morrow we will meete  
(With fierce-made warre, before their shippes, and Ile make knowne to all  
If strong Tydides, from their ships, can drine me to their wall,  
Or I can pierce him with my sword, and force his bloody spoyle;  
The wished morne shall shoue his powre, if he can shun his foyle,  
I running on him with my Lance; I thinke when day ascends,  
He shall lie wounded with the first, and by him many friends.  
O that I were as sure to liue immortal, and sustaine  
No frailities, with increasing yeares, but euermore remaine  
Adorde like Pallas, or the Sun, as all doubts dye in me,  
That heauens next light shall be the last the Greeks shal euier see.

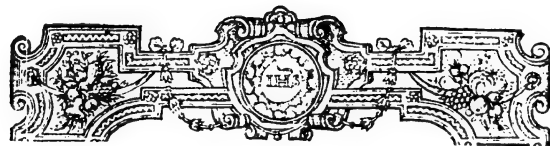
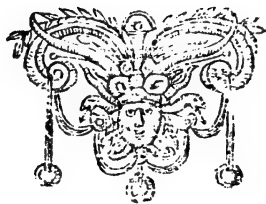
This speech all Troians did applaude; who from their traces losde  
Their sweating horse; which seuerally with headstales they reposede,  
And fastned by their charriots; when others brought from towne,  
Fat sheepe and Oxen, instantly bread, wine, and kewed downe  
Huge store of wood: the winds transferred, into the friendly sky,  
Their suppers sauer, to the which they sat delightfully,  
And spent all night in open field; fires round about them binde;  
As when about the siluer moone, when aire is free from winde,

S 2

And

*And stars shine cleare, to whose sweet beames, high prospects and the brows  
Of all sleepe hils, and pinacles, thrust up themselves for shewes;  
And euen the lowly vallis soj to glister in their sight,  
When the vntmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,  
And all the Signes in heauen are secne, that glad the shepheards hart;  
So many fires disclose their beames, made by the Trojan part,  
Before the face of Iliou, and her bright turrets shewde;  
A thousand courts of guard kept fires: and euerie garde allowde  
Fiftie stout men, by whome their horse eate oates and hard white corne,  
And wil did wishfully expect the siluer-thrined Morne.*

The ende of the eight Booke.



## THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



**T**O Agamemnon (vrging hopelesse flight)  
Stand Diomed and Nestor opposite:  
By Nestors counsaile Legates are dismiss,  
To Thetis sonne, who still denies t a sist.

*Another Argument.*

In Epilon, the Ambassie,  
And great Achilles Rerere replie.

**S**o held the Troians sleeple's guard; the Greeks to flight were giuen:  
The feeble consort of cold feare (strangely insulse from heauen)  
Griefe, not to be indurde, did wound all Greeks of greatest worth.  
And as two laterall-sited windes (the westwinde and the North)  
Meete at the Thracian seas black breast; soyne in a sodaine blowe;  
Tumble together the darke waues, and pow're vpon the shore  
A mightie deale of froth and weed, with which men manure ground:  
So Ioue and Troy did drine the Greeks and all their mindes confound;  
But Agamemnon most of all, was griened at his hart,



It bo to the voiceful Herualds went, and bade them cite, apart,  
Each Grecian leader severally, not openly proclame;  
In which he laborde with the first, and all together came.  
They sadly sat; the king arose, and pourd out teares as fast  
As from a loftie Rock, a spring doth his blacke waters cast;  
And deeply sighing, thus bespake the Achives; O my friends,  
Princes, and Leaders of the Greekes; heauens aduerse king extends  
His wrath, with too much detriment to my so iust designs;  
Since he hath often promist me, and bound it with the signe  
Of his bent forehead, that this Troy, our vengefull hands should raze,  
And safe returne: yet now engage, he plagues vs with disgrace,  
When all our trust to him hath drawne so much blood from our friends.  
My glorie, nor my Brothers wreake, were the proposed ends,  
For which he drew you to these toyles, but your whole countries shame;  
Which had been huge, to leare the rape, of so diuine a dame,  
Made in despite of our reuenge: and yet not that had mou'de  
Our powers to these designs if Ioue had not our drifts approu'de;  
Which since we see he did for blood, it is desperate fight in vs  
To striue with him; then let vs flie, it is slight he vrgeth thus.

Long time still silence held them all; at last did Diomed rise:  
Atides, I am first must crosse thy indiscret aduise,  
As may become me, being a king in this our martiall court.  
Be not displeasde then: for thy selfe didst broadly misreport,  
In open field, my fortitude, and cald me faint and weak;  
Yet I was silent, knowing the times; loth any rites to break,  
That appertainde thy publike rule; yet all the Greeks knew well  
(Of euerie age) thou didst me wrong. As thou then didst reuell  
My valour first of all the host; as of a man dismaide:  
So now, with fit occasion giuen, I first blame thee affraid;  
Inconstant: Saturns son hath giuen inconstant spirits to thee,  
And with a scepter ouer all, an eminent degree:  
But with a scepters soueraigne grace, the chiefe power, fortitude  
(To bridle thee) he thought not best, thy breast should be endude.  
Unhappy king, thinkst thou the Greeks are such a silly sort,  
And so excessive impotent as thy weak words import?  
If thy mind moue thee to be gon, the way is open, go:  
Mycenian ships enow ride neere, that brought thee to this woe;  
The rest of Greece will stay, nor stir till Troy be overcome,  
With full euersion; or if not, but (doters of their home)  
Will put on wings to flie with thee; my selfe and Schenelus

Will

Will fight, till (trusting fauouring Ioue) we bring home Troy with vs.  
This, ill applauded, and admird the spirit of Diomed;  
When Neitor (rising from the rest) his speech thus seconded;  
Tydides, thou art (questionless) our strongest Greek, in warre,  
And grauest in thy counsailes too, of all that equall are  
In place with thee, and stand on strength; Nor is there any one  
Can blame, or contradict thy speech; And yet thou hast not gone  
So farre, but we must further goe; th' art yong, and well mightst be  
My youngest sonne; though still I yeeld, thy words had high degree  
Of wisdom in them to our kings, since wel they did become  
Their right in question, and refuse inglorious going home;  
But I (well known thy senior far, will speak, and handle all  
I et to propose; which none shall cheek, no not our Generall.  
A hater of Societie, vnjust and wide is he  
That loues intestine warre, being sturft with manles crueltie:  
And therefore in perswading peace, and home-slight, we the leisse  
May blame our General; as one lothe, to wrap in more distresse  
His loued souldiers: but because they brauely are resolu'd,  
To cast liues after toyles, before they part in shame inuolu'd,  
Provide we for our honored stay; obay black night, and fall  
Now to our Suppers; then appoint our guards without the wall,  
And in the bottome of the dike, which guards I wish may stand  
Of our braue youth: and (Aucus sonne) since thou art in command  
Before our other Kings; be first in thy commands effect:  
It well becomes thee; since tis both, what all thy Peeres expect;  
And in the royall right of things, is no empaire to thee;  
Nor shalt it stand with lesse then right, that they inuited be  
To Supper by thee; all thy Tents are amply storde with wine,  
Brought dayly in Greek ships from Thrace; and to this grace of thine  
All necessaries thou hast fit, and store of men to weight;  
And many meeting there, thou maist heare euery mans conceipt,  
And take the best; it much concerns all Greeks to vse aduice  
Of grauest nature; since, so neere our shippes, our enemies  
Haue lighted such a sort of fires, with which, what man is ioyde?  
Looke, how all beare themselves this night, so liue or be destroyde.  
All heard and followed his aduise: there was appointed then  
Seauen Captaines of the watch, who forth did march with all their men.  
The first was famous Thralymed, aduisefull Nectors sonne;  
Alcalaphus and Ialmen, and mighty Merion;  
Alphareus and Deipyrus, and lonely Lycomed,

Old

And Ciccons say: these seauen bold Lords, an hundred souldiers led  
In euery seuerall company: and euery man his pike;  
Some place on the rampiers top, and some amidst the dyke:  
All pres made, and their suppers tooke: Attides to his tent  
Invited all the Peeres of Greece, and foode sufficient  
Of poside before them, and the Peeres appoyde their hands to it.  
Lume: and thirst being quickly quencht, to counsaile still they sit.  
And first spake Nestor, who they thought of late aduise so well;  
A father graue and rightly-wise, who thus his tale did tell.

Nest high Attides, since in thee I haue intent to end,  
From thee will I begin my speech; to whom loue doth commend  
The Emprre of so many men, and puts into thy hand  
A scepter and establishd lawes, that thou mayst well command  
And counsaile all men vnder thee. It therefore doth behoue  
Thy selfe to speake most since of all, thy speeches most will moue;  
And yet to heare as well as speake: and then performe as well  
As free cust Counsaile; in thee still must sticke what others tell:  
For me, what in my iudgement stands the most conuenient  
I will aduise; and am assurde aduice more competent  
Shall not be giuen: the generall prooffe, that hath before bene made  
Of what I speake, confirms me still, and now may well perswade,  
Because I could not then, yet ought, when thou (most royal King)  
Euen from the tent, Achilles Loue, didst violently bring,  
Against my counsaile, vrging thee, by all meanes to relent:  
But you (obaying your high minde) would venture the euent,  
Dislouring our ablest Greek: a man th'immortals grace;  
Again, yet let's deliberate, to make him now embrace  
Affection to our generall good, and bring his force to field;  
Both which; kind words, and pleasing gifts, must make his vertues yeeld.

Out after (answered the king) my wrongs thou tellest me right;  
Mine owne offence, mine owne tongue graunts; one man must stand in fight  
For our whole armie; him I wrongd, him Loue loues from his hart:  
He seues it in thus honoring him, who lining thus apart  
Proues vs but number: for his want makes all our weakenes scene:  
Yet after my confest offence, soothing my humorous spleene,  
He sweeten his affects againe, with presents infinite;  
It rich (to approue my firme intent) he openly recite,  
Seauen sacred Tripods, free from fire, ten talents of fyne gold,  
Twentie bright caldrons, twelue young horse, well shap't and well controlde,  
And victors too for they haue wonne the prize at many a race:

That

That man (should not be poore, that had but what their winged pafe  
Hath added to my treasure, nor feeble sweet golas defect:  
Seauen Lesbian Laies he shall haue, that were the most select,  
And in their needles rarely skild: whom (when he tooke the towne  
Of famous Lesbos) I did choofe: who wonne the chiefe renowne,  
For beautie from their whole fayre sex; amongst whom he resigne  
Fayre Brytis; and I deeply sweare (for any fact of mine  
That may discourage her receipt) she is vntoucht, and rests  
As he resign'd her. To these gifts (if loue to our requests  
Touchsafe performance, and afford the worke for which we waite;  
Of winning Troy) with brasse and gold, he shall his Name freight;  
And (entring when we be at spoyle) that princely hand of his  
Shall choofe him twentie Trojan Dames, excepting Tyndaris,  
The fayrest Pergamus enfoldes; and if we make retreat  
To Atgos (cald, of all the world, the Naull, or chiefe (eat)  
He shall become my sonne in law, and I will honor him  
Euen as Orestes my sole sonne, that doth in honor synne.  
Thres daughters, in my wel-built Court, unmarried are and fayre,  
Laodice: Chrylothemis, that hath the golden hayre,  
And Iphianassa: of all three, the worthiest let him take  
At ioyntureless, to Peleus Court: I will her ioynture make;  
And that so great, as neuer yet did any maide preferre;  
Seauen citties right magnificent, I will bestow on her;  
Enope and Cardamile, Hyra for her herbs renownde,  
The fayre Aprax, Pedalus, that doth with grapes abound:  
Antax, girdled with greene Meades: Phera, surnamde Diuine;  
All whose bright Turrets, on the seas, in sandie Pylos shine:  
Th' inhabitants in flocks, and herds, are wondrous confluent;  
It ho like a God will honour him, and him with gifts present,  
And to his throne will contribute, what tribute he will rate;  
All this I gladly will performe, to pacifie his hate:  
Let him be milde and tractable: is for the God of ghosts  
To be unrulde impacable, and seeke the blood of hostis;  
Whom therefore men do much abhorre: then let him yeeld to me;  
I am his greater, being a King, and more in yeares then he.

Braue King (saie Nestor) these rich gifts must make him needs relent:  
Chuse then fit legates instantly, to greet him at his tent;  
But stay, admit my choice of them, and let them strait be gone:  
Loue-loued Phoenix shall be chiefe, then Ajax Telamon,  
And Prince Ulysses; and on them, let these two herraids wait,

T

Grave

*Græue Odus and Euribates: come Lords, take water strait,  
 Make pure your hands, and with sweet words appease Achilles minde;  
 Which, we will pray, the king of Gods may gently make inclinde.  
 As lik't his speech, and on their hands, the Heraids water shed;  
 The youths on ownde cups of sacred wine, to all distributed;  
 But, having sacrific'd and drunk, to euery mans content,  
 (With many notes by Nestor giuen) the Legates forward went;  
 With courtship in fit gestures vs'd, he did prepare them well;  
 But most Vlysses; for his grace, did not so much excell;  
 Such rites became Ambassadors, and Nestor urged these,  
 That their most honors might reflect enrag'd AEacides.  
 They went along the shore, and prayed the God that earth doth bind  
 In brackish chaines, they might not faile but bow his mightie minde.  
 The quarter of the Myrmidons they reacht, and found him set  
 Delighted with his solemne harpe, which curiously was fret  
 With workes conceipted, through the verdge: the bawdrick that embrast  
 His lotie necke, was silver twist: this when his hand laide wast  
 Actions city, he did chuse, as his especiall prize,  
 And (louing sacred musicke wel) made it his exercise;  
 To it he sung the glorious deeds of great Heroes dead,  
 And his true mind, that practise sayd, sweet contemplation sead.  
 With him alone and opposite, all silent sat his friend,  
 Attentive and beholding him, who now his song did end.  
 Th' Ambassadors did forwards praise: renown'd Vlysses led,  
 And stood in view: their suddaine sight, his admiration bred,  
 Who with his Harpe and all arose: so did Menetius sonne,  
 When he beheld them: their receipt, Achilles thus begun.  
 Health to my Lords: right welcome men assure your selues ye be,  
 Though some necessity I know, doth make you visite me,  
 Incens'd with iust cause gainst the Greeks. This said, a seuerall seat  
 With purple cushions he set forth, and did their ease entreat:  
 And sayd: Now friend our greatest bowle, with wine unmixt, and neate,  
 Oppose these Lords; and of the depth, let euery man make prooffe;  
 These are my best-esteemed friends, and underneath my rooffe.  
 Patroclus did his deare friends wil: and he that did desire  
 To cheare the Lords (some faint from fight) set on a blasing fire  
 A great brasse pot; and into it, a chine of mutton put,  
 And fat goates flesh; Automedon held, while he peeces cut  
 To roast and boile, right cunningly: then, of a well fed swine,  
 A huge fat shoulder he cuts out, and spits it wondrous fine;*

His

*His good friend made a goodly fire: of which the force once past,  
 He laid the spit, lowe, neere the coales, to make it browne at last;  
 Then sprinkled it with sacred salt, and tooke it from the racks:  
 This rosted, and on dresser set, his friend Patroclus takes  
 Bread in faire baskets; which, set on, Achilles brought the meat,  
 And to diuine Ithacus, tooke his oppos'd seat  
 Upon the bench: then did he will his friend to sacrifice;  
 Who cast sweet incense in the fire, to all the deities.  
 Thus fell they to their readie food: hunger and thirst allaid,  
 Ajax to Phoenix made a signe, as if too long they stayd,  
 Before they told their legacie. Vlysses saw him wink.  
 And (sitting the great boule with wine) did to Achilles drink.  
 Health to Achilles; but our plights stand not in need of meat,  
 Who late sapt at Atides tent, though for thy loue we eate  
 Of many things; whereof a part would make a compleat feast;  
 Nor can we ioy in these kind rites, that haue our harts oppress'd  
 (O Prince) with feare of vtter spoyle: 't is made a question now  
 If we can saue our flecte or not, vnlesse thy selfe in dow  
 Thy powers with wonted fortitude; now Troy and her consorts,  
 Bould of thy want, haue pitcht their tents close to our flects and sortes;  
 And made a firmament of fires; and now no more they say  
 Will they be prison'd in their wals, but force their violent way  
 Euen to our ships; and loue himselfe hath with his lightnings showde  
 Their bould aduentures happy signes; and Hector growes so proude  
 Of his huge strength, borne out by loue; that fearfully he raues;  
 Presuming neither men nor Gods can interrupt his braues.  
 Wilt rage inuades him, and he prays, that some the sacred morne  
 Would light his fury; boasting then, our streamers shal be torne,  
 And all our nauall ornaments fall by his conquering stroke,  
 Our ships shal burne, and we our selues ly stifled in the smoke.  
 And I am seriously afraid, heauen will performe his threats;  
 And that 't is fatal to vs all, far from our native seates  
 To perish in victorious Troy: but rise, though it be late;  
 Deliu'r the afflicted Greeks, from Troys tumultuous hate;  
 It will hereafter be thy grieve, when no strength can suffice  
 To remedy th' effected threats, of our calamities;  
 Consider these affaires in time, while thou maist vse thy power,  
 And haue the grace to turne, from Greece, fates vnrecovered howre;  
 O friend thou knowest, thy royall Syre forward what should be done,  
 That day he sent thee from his Court to honor Atreus sonne:*

T 2

Mj

My sonne (said he) the victorie let loue and Pallas vse  
 At their high pleasures; but do thou no honorde meanes refuse  
 That may aduance her; in fit boundes, containe thy mightie mind,  
 Nor let the knowledge of thy strength, be factiously enclinde,  
 Contriuing mischiefes; be to fame, and generall good profess;  
 The more will all sorts honor thee; Benignity is best.  
 Thus charge thy Syre, which thou forgetst; yet now those thoughts appease  
 That torture thy great spirit with wrath: which if thou wilt surcease,  
 The king will merite it with gifts; (and if thou wilt gine eare)  
 Ile tell how much he offers thee; yet thou sitst angrie here.  
 Seauen tripods that no fire must touch; twise ten pans fit for flame:  
 Ten talents of fine gold, twelue horse, that euer overcame,  
 And brought huge prizes from the field, with swiftnes of their feet:  
 That man should beare no poore account, nor want golds quickning sweete,  
 That had but what he won with them: seauen worthiest Lesbian dames  
 Renownde for skil in huswiferye, and beare the soueraigne fames,  
 For bewtie, from their generall sex; which at thy ouerthrow  
 Of well-built Lesbos he did chuse; and these he will bestow;  
 And, with these, her hee tooke from thee: whom (by his state since then)  
 He sweares he taught not, as faire dames vse to touch by men.  
 All these are ready for thee now: and if at length we take,  
 By helps of Gods, this wealthy towne, thy ships shal burthen make  
 Of gould and brasse at thy desires, when we the spoyle diuide;  
 And twentie beutious Trojan dames, thou shalt select beside,  
 (Next Hellen) the most beautifull; and (when retourned we be  
 To Argos) be his sonne in law; for he will honor thee  
 Like his Orestes, his sole sonne, maintaine in height of blisse:  
 Three daughters beautifull his court, the faire Crylothemis,  
 Laodice, and Iphianels; of all, the fayrest take,  
 To Peleus thy graue fathers court, and neuer iointure make:  
 He will the iointure make himselfe, so great as neuer Syre  
 Gane to his daughters nuptials; seauen citties left entire;  
 Cardamile and Enoppe and Hyra full of flowers;  
 Anthæa, for sweet meadowes prayd, and Phæra deckt with towers;  
 The bright Epæa, Pedalius, that doth God Bacchus please,  
 All on the Sandie Pylos soyle, are seated neere the seas:  
 Th' inhabitants, in drowes and flocks, exceeding wealthy be,  
 Who like a God with worthy gifts, will gladly honor thee,  
 And tribute of especiall rate, to thy high scepter pay:  
 All this he freely wil performe, thy anger to allay.

But

But if thy hate to him be more then his gifts may repress,  
 Yet pittie all the other Greeks, in such extreame distresse;  
 Who with religion honor thee: and to their desperate ill,  
 Thou shalt triumphant glorie bring, and Hector thou maist kill,  
 When pride makes him incounter thee, fild with a banefull spirit;  
 Who vaunts, our whole fletee brought not owe, equal to him in fight.

Swift foot Æacides replyde, diuine Læetes sonne,  
 'Tis requisite I should be hort, and shoue what place hath won  
 Thy serious speech: affirming nought, but what thou shalt approoue  
 Establish in my settled hart; that in the rest I moue  
 No murmure nor exception: for like hellmouth I laath,  
 Who holde, not in his words and thoughts one indistinguishd troth.  
 What fits the freenes of my mind, my speech shall make displayde;  
 Nor Atreus sonne nor all the Greeks shal winne me to their aide:  
 Their sute is wretchedly enforst to free their owne despair;  
 And my life neuer shall be hirde with thankles, desperate prayers:  
 For neuer had I benefit, that euer foilde the foe;  
 Euen share hath he that keeps his tent, and he so fild doth goe;  
 With equall honor Cowards dye, and men most valiant;  
 The much performer, and the man that can of nothing want.  
 No ouerplus I euer found, when with my mindes most strife,  
 To do them good, to dangerous fight, I haue exposde my life.  
 But euen as to vnfeatherd birds, the carefull dam brings meate,  
 Which when she hath bestowde, her selfe hath nothing left to eate:  
 So when my broken sleeps haue drawne the nights t'extreamest length,  
 And ended manie bloudie dayes, with still employed strength,  
 To guard their weakenes, and preferne their wiues contents infract,  
 I haue beene robd before their eyes; twelue citties I haue sackt,  
 Assaile by sea: eleauen by land, while this siege held at Troy:  
 And of all these, what was most deare, and most might crowne the ioy  
 Of Agamemnon; he enioyd, who here behinde remainde;  
 Which when he tooke, a few he gane, and many things retainde:  
 Other, to Optimates and Kings he gane, who hold them fast,  
 Yet mine he forceth; only I sit with my losse disgrast;  
 But so he gaine a lovely dame, to be his beds delight,  
 It is enough; for what cause else doe Greeks and Troians fight?  
 Why brought he hither such an host? was it not for a dame?  
 For fayre-hayrde Hellen? and doth loue, alone the harts inflame  
 Of the Atrides to their wiues of all the men that moue?  
 Euery discrete and honest minde cares for his private lone,

T 3

As

As much as they: as, I my selfe low'd Brylis as my life,  
 Although my captiue; and had will to take her for my wife:  
 Whom since he forste preuenting me, in vaine he shall prolong  
 Hopes to appease me; that know well the deepenes of my wrong.  
 But good Vissles, with thy self, and all you other Kings;  
 Let him take stomacke to repell Troys fierie threatenings;  
 Much hath he done without my helpe; built him a goodly fort,  
 Cut a dyke by it, pitcht with pales; broad, and of deep import:  
 And cannot all these helpes repress this kil-man Hector's fright?  
 When I was arme amongst the Greeks, he would not offer fight  
 Without the shadow of his waile; but to the Scæan ports,  
 Or to the holy beech of loue, come, backt with his consorts;  
 Where once he stood my charge alone, and hardly made retreat;  
 And to make new prooue of our powers, the doubt is: not so great:  
 To morrow then, with sacrifice performe t' imperiall loue  
 And all the gods, Ile lanch my fleet, and all my men remoue:  
 Which (if thou wilt vse so thy sight, or thinkest it worth respect)  
 In for head of the morne thine eyes shall see with sayles erect  
 Amidst the fishie Hellespont, heipt with laborious ores;  
 And if the sea-god send free sayle, the fruitfull Pthian shores  
 Within three dayes we shall attaine, where I haue store of prixe,  
 Left, when with preiudice I came to these maine-voyes:  
 There haue I gold as well as here, and store of rumour-voyes:  
 Dames slender, elegantly girt, and ficle as brignets:  
 These will I take as I retire, as shares I firmly saue;  
 Though Agamemnon be so base to take the gifts he gaue.  
 Tell him all this, and openly, on your honors charge;  
 That others may take shame to heare his lusts command so large;  
 And if there yet remaine a man, he hopeth to deceiue  
 (Being dyde in endless impudence) that man may learne to leaue  
 His trust and Empire: but alas, though like a wolfe he be  
 Shameless and rude; he durst not take my prixe and looke on mee.  
 I neuer will partake his works, nor counsaile as before;  
 He once deceau'd, and iniurde me, and he shall neuer more  
 Tye my affections with his words; enough is the encrease  
 Of one succeffe in his deceipts; which let him ioy in peace,  
 And beare it to a wretched end; wise loue hath rest his braine  
 To bring him plagues; and these his gifts I (as my foes) disdaine;  
 Euen in the numnes of calme death, I will reuengefull be;  
 Though ten or twentie times so much, he would bestow on me:

All

All he hath here, or any where; or Orchemen contains,  
 To which men bring their wealth for strength; or all the store remains  
 In circuite of Aegyptian Thebes; where much hid treasure lies,  
 Whose wals containe an hundred ports, of so aduird a life;  
 Two hundred foultiours may, afrent, with horse and charriots passe:  
 Nor would he amplify all this, like sand, or dust, or graisse,  
 Should he reclaim me, till his wreake paide me for all the paines,  
 That, with his countenelie, burnde, like payson in my vaines;  
 Nor shall his daughter be my wife, although she might contend  
 With golden Venus for her forme; or if she did transcend  
 Blew eyde Minerva for her works: let him a Greek select  
 Fit for her, and a greater King. For if the Gods protect  
 My safety to my fathers court; he shall chuse me a wife.  
 Many faire Achue Princesses, of vnipeached life,  
 In Helle and in Pthia lue, whose Syres doe cities fold,  
 Of whom I can haue whom I wil. And more, an hundred fold,  
 My true minde in my countrie likes, to take a lawfull wife,  
 Then in another Nation; and there delight my life  
 With those goods that my father got; much rather then dye here;  
 For all the wealth of wel-built Troy, posselt when peace was there;  
 All that Apollos marble Fane, in stony Pthos holds,  
 I value equall with the life, that my free breast enfolds.  
 Sheepe, Oxen, Tripods, crest-deckt horse, though lost, may come againe;  
 But, when the white guard of our teeth, no longer can containe  
 Our humane soule; away it fies; and once gone, neuer more  
 To her fraile mansion any man can her lost powrs restore.  
 And therefore since my mother-queene (I amde for her siluer feet)  
 Told me two Fates about my death, in my arrection meet;  
 The one, that if I here remaine t' assist our victorie,  
 My safe returne shall neuer line, my fame shall neuer die:  
 If my returne obtaine succeffe, much of my fame decays,  
 But death shall linger his approche, and I lue many dayes:  
 This being reucaled, t' were foolish pride, t' abridge my life for prayse.  
 Then with my selfe, I will aduise others to horse their saile;  
 For, against the height of Uion you neuer shall preuaile:  
 Loue with his hand protecteth it, and makes the souldiers bould.  
 This tell the king in euerie part; for so graue Legates should;  
 That they may better counsaile vse, to saue their Fleet and friends  
 By their owne valours; since this course drownde in my anger ends:  
 Phoenix may in my tent repose; and in the morne, stercourse

For

For Pthia, if he thinke it good; if not, ile use no force.

All wondred at his sterne reply, and Phœnix, full of cares  
His words would be more weak then my supplyd their wants with teares.

If thy returne incline thee thus (Peleus renowned) say  
And thou wilt let our ships be burnde with harmfull fire of Troy,  
Since thou art angrie, O my sonne; how shal I after be  
Alone in these extreames of death, relinquish'd by thee?  
I, whom thy royall father sent as orderer of thy force,  
When to Atides from his Court, he left thee, for this course  
Yet young, and when in skill of armes thou didst not so abound,  
Nor hadst the habite of discourse, that makes men so renownde:  
In all which, I was sent by him, to instruct thee as my sonne,  
That thou might'st speak when speech was fit, and doe when deedes were done;  
Not sit as dumbe, for want of words; idle for skill to moue:  
I would not then be left by thee, deere sonne begot in loue;  
No nor if God would promise me, to raze the prints of time  
Caru'd in my bosome and my browes, and grace me with the prime  
Of manly youth; as when at first, I left sweet Helles shore  
Deckt with fayre dames, and led the grudge, my angry father bore,  
Who was the fayre Amyntor cild, Iurnamde Otmenides;  
And for a fayre-hayrde harlots sake, that his affects could please,  
Contemnde my mother his true wife, who ceaseles urged me  
To use his harlote Clytia, and still would claspe my knee  
To doe her will, that so my Syre might turne his loue to hate  
Of that lewde dame, conuerting it, to comfort her estate;  
At last I was content to proue, to do my mother good,  
And reconcile my fathers loue; who straight suspicious food,  
Pursuing me with many a cur'e, and to the Furies prayde  
No dame might loue nor bring me seede; the deities obaide  
That gouerne heil: infernall loue, and sterne Perlephone.  
Then durst I, in no longer date, with my sterne Father be:  
Yet did my friends, and meere aliyes enlosme with desires  
Not to depart: kilasheepe, bores, beewes: rost them at solemne fires:  
And from my fathers tunnes, we drunke exceeding store of wine:  
Nine nights they guarded me by turnes, their fires did ceaselesse shine,  
One in the porch of his strong hall, and in the portall one,  
Before my chamber; but when day, beneath the tenth night shone,  
I brake my chambers thicke-framde dores, and through the hals garde past,  
Vnseene of any man or maide: through Greece, then rich, and vast,  
I fled to Pthia, nurse of sheepe, and came to Pelouscourt,

Who

Who entertaind me hartily, and in as grations sort  
As any Syre his onely sonne borne when his strength is spent,  
And blest with great possessions to leaue to his descent:  
He made me rich, and to my charge did much command commen!  
I dwelt in the utmost region, rich Pthia doth extend;  
And gouernde the Dolopians, and made thee what thou art,  
O thou that like the Gods art framde: since (dearest to my hart)  
I vsde thee so, thou lo'ndst none els, nor any where wouldst este,  
Till I had cround my knee with thee, and kern'd thee tenderst meate;  
And giuen thee wine so much, for loue, that in thy infancie  
(Which still discretion must protect and a continuall eye)  
My bosome louingly sustainde the wine thine could not beare:  
Then, now my strength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as deare;  
Much haue I suffred for thy loue, much labourde, wissh'd much;  
Thinking since I must haue no heyre (the Gods decrees are such)  
I would adopt thy selfe my heyre: to thee my hart did giue  
What any Syre could giue his sonne; in thee I hop't to liue:  
O mitigate thy mightie spirits: it fits not one that mooues  
The harts of all, to line vn-mou'd, and succour hates for loues:  
The Gods themselues are flexible; whose vertues, honors, powers  
Are more then thine; yet they will bend their breasts as we bend ours.  
Perfumes, benigne deuotions: sauiors of offsprings burnde,  
And holy rites, the engines are, with which their harts are turnde,  
By men that pray to them; whose faiths, their sinnes haue falsified;  
For, pray'rs are daughters of great loue, lame, wrinkled, ruddy ey'd;  
And euer following iniurie; who (strong and sound of feet)  
Flies through the world, afflicting men: pray'rs yet obtain their cures  
And who so euer reuerenceth that seed of loue, is sure  
To haue them beare, and helpe him to: but if he shall refuse  
And stand inflexible to them; they flye to loue, and vse  
Their powrs against him; that the wrongs he does to them may fall  
On his owne head, and pay those paines, whose cure he sayles to call.  
Then great Achilles honor, thou, this sacred seed of loue,  
And yeld to them: since other men, of greatest mirades they moue:  
If Agamemnon would not giue the selfe same gifts, he vowes,  
But offer others afterwards, and in his still-bent browes  
Entombe his honor, and his word; I would not thus exhort  
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V

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Till I had cround my knee with thee, and keru'd thee tenderst meate;  
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The harts of all, to liue vnmoou'd, and succour hates for loues:  
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V

T assure

*T*o assure which, he hath sent, to thee, the men thou louest best,  
 And most renownde of all the host, that they might soften thee:  
 Then let not both their paines, and prayers, lost and despised bee;  
 Before which, none could reprehend the tumult of thy hart:  
 But now, to rest in expiate, were much too rude a part.  
 Of ancient Worthies we haue heard when they were most displeasde:  
 (To thy high fames) with gifts and prayers they stil haue bene appeasde:  
 For instance I remember well, a fact performde of old,  
 Which to you all my friends I tell: The Curets wars did hold  
 With the well-fought Etolians; where mutuall lines had end  
 About the citie Calidon; Th' Etolians did defend  
 Their flourishing countrie; which to spoyle, the Curets did contend:  
 Diana with the golden throne (with Oeneus much incens'd,  
 Since with his plentious lands first fruits she was not reuerens'd;  
 Yet other Gods, with Hecatombs, had feasts; and she alone,  
 Great Ioues bright daughter, lest vnseru'd; or by oblivion,  
 Or vndue knowledge of her duts) much hurt in hart she swore:  
 And she, enrag'd, excited much: she sent a syluan Bore  
 From their greene groues, with wounding tuskes, who vsually did soyle  
 King Oeneus fieldes; his lofty woods laide prostrate on the soyle;  
 Rent by the roots Trees fresh, adorn'd with fragrant apple flow'rs:  
 Which Meleager (Oeneus sonne) slew with assembled pow'rs  
 Of hunters and of fiercest houndes, from many cities brought;  
 For such he was, that with few lines his death could not be bought;  
 Heapes of dead humanes, by his rage, the funerall piles applide:  
 Yet (slaine at last) the goddesse stir'd about his head and hyde  
 A vondrous tumult; and a war, betwixt the Curets wrought  
 And braue Etolians: all the while fierce Meleager fought,  
 Ill farde the Curets: neere the wals, none durst aduance his crest  
 Though they were many: but when wrath inflamde his haughty breast,  
 (Which oft the firme minde of the wise with passion doth infect)  
 Since twixt his mother, Queene and him, arose a deadly strife;  
 He left the court, and priuately liu'd with his lawfull wife;  
 Faire Cleopatra, small birth of bright Marpillas paine  
 And of Idæus; who, of all terrestriall men, did raigne  
 (At that time) King of fortitude; and, for Marpillas sake,  
 Gainst wanton Phœbus king of flames, his boaw in hand did take,  
 Since he had rauisht her, his ioy; whom her friends, after, gaue  
 The surname of Alcyone, because they could not saue  
 Their daughter from Alcyones Fate: in Cleopatras armes

Lay

*L*ay Meleager, feeding on his anger for the harmes  
 His Mother prayd might fall on him; who, for her brother slaine  
 By Meleager, griev'd, and pray'd the Gods to wreak her paine,  
 With all the horror, could be pow'd, upon her furious birth;  
 Stil knockt she, with her impious hands, the many-feeding earth,  
 To urge sterne Pluto and his Queene, s' incline their vengefull eares,  
 Fell on her knees, and all her breast, deawde with her fierie teares,  
 To make them massacre her sonne, whose wrath enrag'd her thus;  
 Erinis (wandring through the aire) heard, out of Erebus,  
 Prayers, fit for her vnpleas'd minde; yet Meleager lay,  
 Obscurde in furie; then the bruis of the tumultuous fray,  
 Rang through the turrets as they skal'd; then came the Etolian peeres,  
 To Meleager with low suites, to rise and free their feares:  
 Then sent they the chiefe priests of Gods, with offerd gifts t' attone  
 His differing furie; bad him chuse, in sweet-soild Calydon,  
 Of the most fat and yeeldie soyle, what with an hundred steares,  
 Might in a hundred dayes be plowde; halfe, that rich vintage beares,  
 And halfe of naked earth to plow; yet yeelded not his ire.  
 Then to his lofty chamber dore, ascends his royall Syre  
 With rutfull plaints; shooke the strong barres; then came his sisters cries;  
 His mother then, and all entreate; yet still more stiffe he lies;  
 His friends most reuerend, most esteemde; yet none impression tooke,  
 Till the high turrets where he lay, and his strong chamber shooke  
 With the innuading enemies; who now forst dreadfull way  
 Along the cittie; then his wife (in pitifull dismay)  
 Besought him weeping, telling him the miseries sustaind  
 By all the citizens, whose towne, the enemy had gaind;  
 Men slaughtered; children bondslaves made; sweet ladies forst with lust,  
 Fires climbing towers, and turning them to heapes of fruitlesse dust.  
 These dangers softned his Steele hart: up the stout prince arose,  
 Indew'd his bodie with bright armes, and freed the Etolians woes,  
 His smothered anger gining ayre, which Gifts did not assuage,  
 But his owne perill. And because he did not disingage  
 Their liues for gifts, their gifts he lost; but for my sake (deare friend)  
 Be not thou bent to see our plights to these extreames descend,  
 Ere thou assis vs: be not so, by thy ill angell, turnde  
 From thine owne honor: it were shame to see our Navy burnde,  
 And then come with thy timeles aide; for offerd presents come,  
 And all the Greeks will honor thee, as of celestiaall Rome.  
 But if without these gifts thou fight, forst by thy priuate woe;

V 2

Thou



*Thou wilt be nothing so renownde, though thou repell the foe.*

*Achilles answered the last part of this oration, thus;*  
*Phoenix, renownde and reuerend; the honors vrgde on vs*  
*We need not; loue doth honor me, and to my safetie sees,*  
*And will whiles I retaine a spirit, or can command my knees.*  
*Then doe not thou, with teares and woes, impaſſion my affects,*  
*Becomming gratiours to my foe: nor fits it the respects*  
*Of thy vow'd loue, to honor him that hath diſhonord me;*  
*Least ſuch looſe kindnes loſe his heart, that yet is firme to thee.*  
*It were thy prayſe to hurt, with me, the hurter of my ſtate,*  
*Since halfe my honor and my Realme, thou maiſt participate.*  
*Let theſe Lords then returne th'euent, and doe thou here reſpoſe;*  
*And when darke ſleep breaks with the day, our counſails ſhall diſcloſe*  
*The courſe of our returne or ſtay: this ſaid, he with his eye*  
*Made to his friend a covert ſigne, to haſten inſtantly*  
*A good ſoft bed, that the old Prince ſoone as the Peeres were gone,*  
*Might take his reſt; when ſouldierlike braue Ajax Telamon*  
*Spake to Vlyſſes, as with thought, Achilles was not worth*  
*The high direction of his ſpeech, that ſtood ſo ſternly forth*  
*Vnmoūd with th'other Orators: and ſpake not to appeaſe*  
*Pelides wraſh, but to depart: his arguments were theſe;*

*High-iſſued Laertiades, let vs inſiſt no more*  
*On his perſwaſion; I perceiue, the world will end before*  
*Our ſpeeches end, in this affaire: we muſt with vtmoſt haſte*  
*Returne his anſwere, though but bad: the Peeres are els where plaſte,*  
*And will not riſe till we returne; great Thetis ſonne hath ſtorde*  
*Prowd wraſh within him, as his wealth, and will not be imploide,*  
*Rude that he is, nor his friends loue respects, doe what they can:*  
*Wherein paſt all we honour'd him. Ouermoſeful man!*  
*Another for his brother ſlaine, another for his ſonne,*  
*Accepts of ſatisfaction: and he the deed hath done*  
*Liues in below'd ſocietie long after his amends;*  
*To which, his foes high hart for giſts, with patience condeſcends:*  
*But thee a wilde and cruell ſpirit, the gods for plague haue giuen,*  
*And for one gyrl; of whoſe ſayre ſex, we come to offer ſeauen,*  
*The moſt exempt for excellence, and many a better priſe.*  
*Then put a ſweet minde in thy breaſt, reſpect thine owne allies*  
*Though others make thee not remiſſe: a multitude we are,*  
*Sprung of thy royall familie, and our ſupremeſt care*  
*Is to be moſt familiar, and hold moſt lone with thee,*

of

*Of all the Greeks; how great an hoſt ſo euer here there be.*

*He answered, Noble Telamon, Prince of our ſouldiers here;*  
*Out of thy hart I know thou ſpeakſt, and as thou holdſt me deare:*  
*But ſtill as often as I thinke, how rudely I was uſde,*  
*And like a ſtranger for all rites, fit for our good, reſuſde;*  
*My hart doth ſwell againſt the man, that durſt be ſo profane*  
*To violate his ſacred place; not for my priuate bane,*  
*But ſince wrackt vertues generall lawes, he ſhameleſs did inſtrinde:*  
*For whoſe ſake I will looſe the raignes, and giue mine anger ſwindge,*  
*Without my wiſdomes leaſt impeach. He is a ſoole, and baſe,*  
*That pitties vice-plagde mindes, when paines, not loue of right giues place,*  
*And therefore tell your king, my Lords, my iuſt wraſh will not care*  
*For all his cares, before my tents and naue charged are*  
*By warlike Hector, making way through ſlocks of Grecian lines,*  
*Enlightned by their nauall fire: but when his rage arrives*  
*About my tent, and ſable barke, I doubt not but to ſhield*  
*Them and my ſelfe; and make him ſtie the there-ſtrong bounded field.*

*This ſayd, each one but kiſt the cuppe, and to the ſhips retirde;*  
*Vlyſſes firſt: Patroclus then, the men and mayds requirde*  
*To make graue Phoenix bed with ſpeed, and ſee he nothing lacks:*  
*They ſtrait obayde; and laide thereon the ſubtle fruit of flax*  
*And warme ſheep-fels for couering: and there the old man ſlept,*  
*Attending till the golden Morne her uſuall ſtation kept.*  
*Achilles lay in th'inner roome of his tent richly wrought,*  
*And that faire Lady by his ſide, that he from Lesbos brought,*  
*Bright Diomeda, Phorbas ſeede; Patroclus did embrace*  
*The bewitious Iphis giuen to him, when his bold friend did raſe*  
*The loſtie Syrus, that was kept in Enyeus hold.*

*Now at the tent of Atreus ſonne, each man with cups of gold*  
*Receiue'd th'Ambaſſadors returnde; all cluſter'd heere to know*  
*What newes they brought: which firſt the King would haue Vlyſſes ſhow.*  
*Say moſt prayſe worthy Ithacus, the Grecians great renowne,*  
*Will he defend vs or not yet will his prowde ſtomacke downe?*

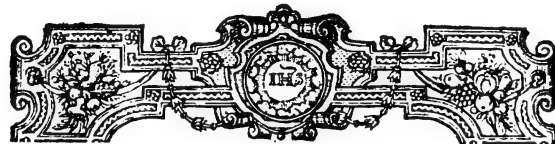
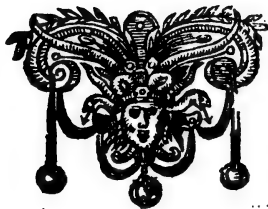
*Vlyſſes made reply; Not yet, will he appeaſed be,*  
*But growes more wraſhfull, prizing light thy offerd giſts and thee,*  
*And wils thee to conſult with vs, and take ſome other courſe*  
*To ſaue our Armie and our Fleet; and ſayes with all his force,*  
*The morne ſhall light him on his way, to Pthys wiſhed ſoyl;*  
*For neuer ſhall high-ſeated Troy be ſackt with all our toyle;*  
*Loue holdes his hand twixt vs and it: the ſouldiers gather hart.*

V 3

Thm

Thus he replies: which Aiax here can equally impart,  
 And both these herraids: Phoenix staves, for so it as his desire  
 To goe with him, if he thought good; if not, he might retire.  
 Allwondred he should be so sterne: at last, bold Diomedes spake;  
 Would God Atides thy request were yet to undertake;  
 And all thy gifts vnoffered, shees prowde enough beside:  
 But this ambassage thou hast sent, will make him burst with pride.  
 But let vs suffer him to stay, or goe at his desire,  
 Fight when his stomacke serues him best, or when loue shall inspire:  
 Mesne while our watch being strongly held: let vs a little rest  
 After our foode: strength lines by both, and vertue is their guest.  
 Then, when the rosy-fingerd Morne, holds out her siluer light,  
 Bring forth thy hoast, encourage all, and be thou first in fight.  
 The kings admire the fortitude, that so diuinely mou'd  
 The skilfull horseman Diomedes, and his aduice approu'd:  
 Then with their nightly sacrifice, each tooke his seuerall sent;  
 Where all receiv'd the soueraigne gifts, soft Somnus aid present.

The end of the ninth Booke.



## THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



**T**H' Atides, watching, wake the other Peeres:  
 And in the Fort, consulting of their feares,  
 Two kings they send, most stout, and honorde most,  
 For royall skowts, into the Trojan hoast;  
 Who meeting Dolon (Heitors brybed Spie)  
 Take him; and learne how all the Quarters lie.  
 He tolde them in the Thracian regiment  
 Otrich King Rhesus, and his royall Tent:  
 Striving for safetie; but they end his strife,  
 And ridde poore Dolon of a dangerous life;  
 Then with digresse wyles, they vse their force  
 On Rhesus life, and take his snowie horse.

*Another Argument.*  
 Kappa the Night exploits applies,  
 Rhesus and Dolons tragedies.

**T**He other Princes at their ships soft fingerd sleep did binde,  
 But not the Generall; Somnus silkes bound not his laboring minde,  
 That turnde and returnde many thoughts. And as quick lightnings flie  
 From wel-deckt Lunos soueraigne, out of the thickned skie,  
 It: sparing some exceeding rayne, or hayle the fruit of cold,  
 Or aow-n-like snow, that sodainely makes all the fields looke old;  
 Or opes the gulfie mouth of warre, with his en sulphurde hand  
 In asfeling flashes, pource through cloudes, on any punishd land:

So from Atides troubled hart, through his darke sorrowes, flew  
Redoubled sighes; his entayles shooke, as often as his view  
Admirde the multituue of fires, that gilt the Phrygian shade,  
And heard the sounds of fifes, and shawmes, and tumults souldiers made:  
But when he saw his fleet and host kneele to his care and loue,  
He rent his hayre up by the rootes, as sacrifice to loue,  
Burnt in his ferie sighes, still breath'd out of his royall hart;  
And first thought good, to Nestors care, his sorrowes to impart;  
To trie if royal diligence, with his approu'd aduise,  
Might fashion counsailes, to preuent their threatned miseries:  
So up he rose, attirde himselfe, and to his strong feet tyde  
Rich shooes, and cast vpon his backe, a ruddy Lions hide  
So ample, it his ankles reacht; then tooke his royall speare:  
Like him was Menelaus pierst with an indurions feare,  
Nor sat sweet slumber on his eyes, still bitter Fates should quise  
The Greeks high fauours, that for him resolu'd such endles fight,  
And first a freckled Panthers hyde, hid his brode backe athwart:  
His head, his brisen keime did arme; his able hand, his dart,  
Then made he all his haste to rayse his brothers head as rare,  
That he who most excelde in rule, might helpe t' effect his care;  
He found him at his ships crookt sterne putting himself in armes,  
Who ioyde to see his brothers spirits awak't without alarmes,  
Well waying th' importance of the time, and first the yonger spake;  
Why, brother, are ye arming thus? is it to vncertake  
The sending of some ventrous Greek, t' explore the foes intent?  
Alas I greatly feare, not one will giue that worke consent,  
Expos'd alone to all the feares, that slowe in gloomy night,  
He that doth this, must know death well; in which ends euerie fright.  
Brother (sayd he) in these affaires we both must vse aduise;  
Loue is against vs, and accepts great Hector's sacrifice;  
For I haue neuer seene, nor heard, in one day and by one,  
So many high attempts well urg'd, as Hector's power hath done  
Against the hapless sons of Grece: being chiefly deare to loue;  
And without cause being neither fruite of any Goddesse loue,  
Nor helpfull God: and yet I feare the deepnesse of his hand.  
Ere it be ac't out of our thoughts will many yeeres withstand.  
But brother, hie thee to thy ships, and Idomen disease  
With warlike Ajax: I will haste, to graue Neleides,  
Exhorting him to rise, and giue the sacred watch command;  
For they will specially embrace incitement at his hand;

And

And now, his sonne, their captaine is, and Idomens good friend  
Bould Merion; to whose discharge, we did that charge commend.  
Commandst thou then (his brother askt) that I shall tarry here  
Attending thy resolu'd approach, or els the message beare  
And quickly make returne to thee? He answerd: Rather stay,  
Least otherwise we faile to meet: for many a different way  
Lies through our labyrinthian host; speake euer as you goe;  
Command strong watch, from Syre to sonne, urge all t' obserue the foe;  
Familiarly, and with their prayse exciting euerie eye,  
Not with vnseason'd violence of proud authoritie,  
We must our patience exercise, and worke our selues with them:  
Loue in our births cominde such care; to eithers Diademe.  
Th' he dismiss him, knowing well his charge before, he went  
Himselfe to Nestor, whom he found in bed within his tent;  
By him, his damaske curets hung, his shield, a paire of darts,  
His shining caske, his arming waste in these he led the harts  
Of his apt souldiers to sharpe warre, not yielding to his yeares;  
He quickly started from his bed, when to his watchfull eares  
Intime feet tolde some approach: he took his Lance in hand,  
And spake to him; Ho, what art thou, that walk'st at midnight? stand;  
Is any wanting at the guardes, or lack'st thou any peere?  
Speake; come not silent towards me; say what intend'st thou heere?  
He answerd, O Neleides, graue honor of our host:  
T'is Agamemnon thou maist know, whom loue afflicteth most  
Of all the wretched men that liue, and wil whilst any breath  
Gives motion to my toyled lims, and beares me vp from death.  
I walke the round thus, since sweet sleepe cannot inclose mine eyes,  
Nor shut those Organs care breaks open, for our calamities;  
My feare is vehement for the Greeks; my hart (the fount of heat)  
With his extreame affect; made cold, without my breast doth beat;  
And therefore are my synewes strooke with trembling: euerie part  
Of what my friends may feele, hath ac't in my disperfed hart.  
But if thou thinkst of any course may to our good redounde,  
(Since neither thou thy selfe canst sleepe) come walke with me the round;  
In way whereof we may confer, and looke to euerie guard:  
Least watching long, and weariness, with labouring so hard,  
Drowne their oppressed memories of what they haue in charge:  
The libertie we giue the foe (alas) is ouerlarge;  
Their Campe is almost mixt with ours, and we haue forth no spies,  
To learne their drifts; who may perchance this night intend surprize.

X

Grave

Grave Nestor answerde: *Worthy kin, let good hearts beare our ill:  
Ioue is not bound to perfect all this busie Hectors will;  
But I am confidently giuen, his thoughts are much dismaide  
With feare lest our distresse incite Achilles to our aide,  
And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours with further pride.  
But I will gladly follow thee, and stir vp more beside:  
Tidides, famous for his Lance, Vlyses, Telamon,  
And bold Phyleus valiant heire: or else if any one  
Would haste to call king Idomen, and Ajax, since their saile  
Lie so remou'd; with much good speed, it might our haste auail.  
But (though he be our honorde friend) thy brother I will blame,  
Not fearing if I anger thee: it is his utter shame  
He should commit all paines to thee, that should himself employ,  
Past all our princes: in the care, and cure of our annoy;  
And be so farre from needing purses to thefe his due respects,  
He should applie our spirits himselfe, with prayers, and urge affects,  
Necessity (a law to lawes, and not to be inuade)  
Makes proofe of all his faculties, not sound, if not inurde.*

Good father (said the King) *Sometimes you know I haue desired  
You would improve his negligence, too oft to ease retire;  
Nor is it for defect of spirit, or compasse of his braine;  
But with observing my estate, he thinks, he should abstaine,  
Till I commanded, knowing my place; unwilling to assume,  
For being my brother, any thing might proue he did presume;  
But now he rose before me farre, and came, & auoide delaies;  
And I haue sent him for the man, your selfe desired to raise;  
Come, we shall finde them at the guardes we plaist before the fort;  
For thither my direction was, they should with speed resort.*

Why now (said Nestor) *none will grudge, nor his iust rule withstand;  
Examples make excitements strong, and sweeten a command.*

Thus put he on his arming trusse, faire shoes vpon his feet,  
About him a mandilion, that did with buttons meete  
Of purple; large and full of fouldes; curl'd with a warme full nap;  
A garment that gainst colde in nights did souldiers vse to wrap:  
Then tooke he his strong Lance in hand, made sharpe with sharpened Steele,  
And went along the Grecian fleet. First at Vlyses keele,  
He cald; to breake the sylken fumes that did his sences binde:  
The voice through th' Organes of his eares straight rung about his minde.  
Forth came Vlyses, asking him: *Why stirre yee thus so late?  
Sustaine we such enforceine cause? He answerde: Our estate*

Doth

*Doth force this perturbation; vouchsafe it worthy friend,  
And come, let vs excite one more, to counsaile of some ende  
To our extremes, by fight, or flight. He, backe, and tooke his shield,  
And both tooke course to Diomedes; they found him laid in field  
Far from his tent: his armour by; about him was disspread  
A ring of souldiers; euery man, his shield beneath his head,  
His speare fixt by him as he slept, the great end in the ground;  
The point, that bristled the darke earth, cast a reflection round,  
Like pallid lightnings throwen from Ioue; thus this Heroe lay  
And vnder him a big oxen hyde; his royall head had stay  
On Arras hangings, rowled vp: whereon he slept so fast  
That Nestor stir'd him with his foot, and chid to see him cast  
In such deep sleep, in such deep woes: and askt him why he spent  
All night in sleep, or did not heare the Troians neere his tent?  
Their Campe drawne close vpon their dike, small space twixt foes and foes?*

He, starting vp, sayd, *Strange old man, that neuer tak'st repose,  
Thou art too patient of our toyle; haue we not men more yong,  
To be imployde from king to king? thine age hath too much wrong.*

Said like a king, replied the Syre: *for I haue sonnes renownde,  
And there are many other men might goe this toyle some round;  
But you must see, imperious Neede hath all at her command;  
Now on the eager rasors edge, for life or death, we stand:  
Then goe (thou art the younger man) and if thou loue my ease,  
Call swift-foot Ajax vp thy selfe, and young Phyleides.*

Thus said, he on his shoulders cast a yealow Lions hide  
Bigge, and reacht earth, then tooke his speare, and Nestors will applyde;  
Kai'de the Heroes, brought them both. All met, the Round they went,  
And found not any Captaine there, asleep or negligent;  
But waking, and in armes, gaue care to any little sound:  
And as keene dogs keep sheepe in Cotes, or folds, of Hurdles bound,  
And grimms at euerie breach of aire, enuious of all that moues;  
Still listning when the rauenous beaſt, stalks through the hilly groues:  
Then men and dogs stand on their guards, and mightie tumults make,  
Sleepe wanting waight to close one winke: so did the captaines wake,  
That kept the watch, the whole sad night; all with intentive eare  
Conuerted to the enemies tents, that they might timely heare  
If they were stirring to surprize: which Nestor ioyde to see:  
Why so deare sonnes, maintaine your watch, sleepe not a winke said he,  
Rather then make your fames, the scorne of Trojan periurie.  
Thus said, he formost pass the dyke; the others seconded;

X 2

Euen

Euen all the kings that had beene cald to counsaile, from the bed;  
 And with them went Meriones, and Nestors famous sonne:  
 For both were calde by all the Kings, to consultation.  
 Beyond the dyke they chus'd a place, neere as they could from blood;  
 Where yet appearede the falls of some, and whence (the crimson flood  
 Of Grecian liues being pourde on earth by Hector's furious chase)  
 He made retreat, when night repourd grim darknes in his face.  
 There sat they downe, and Nestor spake; Of friends remains not one,  
 That will relie on his bold mind, and view the Campe alone  
 Of the prowde Troians: to approue if any stragling mate  
 He can surprise neere th' utmost tents, or learne the briefe estate  
 Of their intentions for the time; and mixe like one of them  
 With their outguards, expiscating if there nowde extreame,  
 They force on vs, will serue their turnes, with glorie to retire,  
 Or still encampe thus farre from Troy? This may he well enquire,  
 And make a braue retreat vntoucht: and this would winne him fame  
 Of all men canapied with heauen; and euerie man of name  
 In all this host shall honor him, with an enriching meede;  
 A blacke Ewe and her sucking Lambe (Rewards that now exceed  
 All other best possessions, in all mens choise requests)  
 And still be bidden by our kings, to kinde and royall feastes.

All reuerent one anothers worth; and none would silence breake,  
 Lest worst should take best place of speech: at last did Diomed speake;

Nestor, thou askst if no man heere haue hart so well inclinde  
 To worke this stratageme on Troy: yes, I haue such a minde:  
 Yet if some other prince would ioine, more probable will be  
 The strengthened hope of our exploit: two may together see  
 (One going before another still) lie danger euerie way;  
 One spirit vpon another workes; it takes with firmer stay  
 The benefit of all his powers: for though one knew his course,  
 Yet might he well distrust himselfe, which th' other might enforce.

This offer euerie man assumde; all would with Diomed goe;  
 The two Aiaces, Merion, and Menelaus too:  
 But Nestors sonne enforst it much, and hardie Ithacus,  
 Who had to euerie ventrous deede a minde as venturous.

Amongst all these thus spake the king; Tydides most belou'd;  
 Chuse thy associate worthily, a man the most approu'd  
 For use and strength in these extreames. Many thou seest stand forth;  
 But chuse not thou by height of place, but by regard of worth;  
 Least with thy nice respect of right to any mans degree,

Thou

Thou wrongst thy venture, chusing one least fit to ioine with thee,  
 Although perhaps a greater king: this spake he with suspect,  
 That Diomed (for honors sake) his brother would select.

Then sayd Tydides; Since thou giu'st my iudgement leaue to chuse,  
 How can it so much truth forget Vlysses to refuse,  
 That beares a minde so most exempt, and vigorous in th' effect  
 Of all high labors; and a man Pallas doth most respect?  
 We shall returne through burning fire, if I with him combine;  
 He sets strength in so true a course, with counsailes so diuine.

Vlysses, loth to be esteemde a louer of his praise,  
 With such exceptions humbled him, as did him higher raise:  
 And sayd; Tydides prayse me not, more then free truth will beare,  
 Nor yet empaire me: they are Greeks that giue iudicial leare.  
 But come, the morning hastes; the stars are forward in their course,  
 Two parts of night are past; the third is left to employ our force.  
 Now borrowed they for haste some armes: bold Thralymedes lent  
 Aduentrous Diomed his sword (his owne was at his tent)  
 His shield, and helme, tough and well tann'd, without or plume or crest,  
 And cald a murron; archers heads, it vsed to inuest.

Meriones lent Ithacus his quier and his bowe;  
 His helmet fashioned of a hide: the workeman did bestow  
 Much labor in it, quilting it, with bowstrings: and without,  
 With snowie tuskes of white-mouthde Bores, it was armed round about  
 Right cunningly; and in the midst, an arming cap was plaste,  
 That with the fixt ends of the tuskes, his head might not be raste.  
 This (long since) by Autolycus, was brought from Eleon,  
 When he laid waste Amintors house, that was Ormenus sonne.

In Scandia, to Cytherius, surnamde Amphydamas,  
 Autolycus did giue this Helme: he, when he feasted was  
 By honor'd Molus, gaue it him, as present of a Guest:  
 Molus to his sonne Merion, did make it his bequest.  
 With this, Vlysses armde his head, and thus they (both addrest)  
 Tooke leaue of all the other kings: so them a glad ostent,  
 (As they were entring on their way) Minerva did present;  
 A Hernebow consecrate to her; which they could ill diserne  
 Through sable night: but by her clange they knew it was a Herne.  
 Vlysses ioide, and thus inuok't: Heare me great seede of loue,  
 That euer dost my labors grace, with presence of thy loue:  
 And all my motions dost attend, still loue me (sacred dame)

X 3

Especially

Especially in this exployte, and so protect our fame,  
We both may safely make retreat, and thriftily imploy  
Our boldnesse in some great affaire, hauefull to them of Troy.

Then prayd illustrate Diomed: Vouchsafe me likewise eare,  
O thou unconquered Queene of Armes: be with thy snares neare,  
As to my royall fathers steps, thou wens't a bountious guide,  
When th' Achines, and the Peeres of Thebes, he would haue pacifide,  
Sent as the Greeks Ambassador, and left them at the flood  
Of great Eteopos; whose retreat thou mad'st to swim in blood  
Of his enambusht enemies: and if thou so protect  
My bold endeavors; to thy name an Hecstor, most select,  
That neuer yet was tam'd with yoke, broad fronted, one yeare old,  
He burne in zealous sacrifice, and set the hornes in gold.

The Goddesse heard, and both the Kings their dreadlesse passage bore,  
Through slaughter, slaughtered carcases, armes, and discolored gore.

Nor Hector let his Princes sleepe, but all to counsaile cald:  
And askt, What one is here to woe, and keep it vnappald,  
To haue a gift fitte for his deed, a Charriot and two horse  
That passe for speede the rest of Greece? what one dares take his course,  
For his renowne (besides his gifts) to mixe amongst the foe,  
And learne if still they hold their quays, or with this ouerthrowne  
Determine flight, as being too weake, to hold vs longer warre?

All silent stood; at last stood forth, one Dolon, that did dare  
This dangerous worke; Eumedes heyr, a Herald much renown'd:  
This Dolon did in gold and brasse exceedingly abound;  
But in his forme was quite deform'd; yet passing swift to run:  
Amongst fine sisters he was left, Eumedes onely son;  
And he toold Hector, his free hart would undertake to explore  
The Greeks intentions; but (sayd he) thou shalt be sworne before,  
By this scepter, that the course of great AEacides  
And his strong charriot bound with brasse, thou wilt before all these  
Resigne me as my valuers prize: and so I rest vnwon'd  
To be thy spie, and not returne, before I haue approv'd  
(By venturing to Actides ship, where their counsels are tel'd)  
If they resolute still to resist; or flie, as quite expeld.

He put his scepter in his hand, and cald the thunders God  
(Saturnias husband) to his oath, those horse should not be rode  
By any other man then he, but he for euer toy  
(To his renowne) their seruices for his good done to Troy.

Thus

Thus swore he, and forswore himselfe, yet made base Dolon bould:  
Who on his shoulders hung his bowe, and did about him fould  
A white wolues hide; and with a helme of wesels skins did arme  
His weasels head: then tooke his darte, and neuer turn'd to harme  
The Greeks with their related drifts: but, being past the troups  
Of horse and foote, he promptly runs, and as he runs he stoups  
To undermine Achilles horse; Vlysses straight did see,  
And said to Diomed, This man makes footing towards thee  
Out of the tents; I know not well if he be vs'd as spie  
Bent to our fleet, or come to rob the slaughtered enemy:  
But let vs suffer him to come a little further on  
And then pursue him. If it chance that we be ouergone  
By his more swiftnesse; urge him still, to run upon our fleet,  
And (least he scape vs to the towne) still let thy laueline meete  
With all his offers of retreat. Thus slept they from the plaine  
Amongst the slaughtered carcases; Dolon came on amaine  
Suspecting nothing; but once past, as far as mules outdraw  
Oxen at plow; being both put on, neither admitted law,  
To plow a deep soild furrow forth; so far was Dolon past;  
Then they pursue, which he perceiu'd, and slaide his speedlesse hast;  
Subtly supposing Hector sent to countermand his spie;  
But in a lauelins throw or lesse, he knew them enemy;  
Then laid he on his nimble knees, and they pursue like winde.  
As when a brace of greyhounds are laide in with hare or hinde,  
Close-mouth'd and skild to make the best of their industrious course,  
Serue eithers turne and put on hard; lose neither ground nor force:  
So constantly did Tydeus sonne, and his town-racing peere,  
Pursue this spie; still turning him, as he was winding neere  
His couert; till he almost mixt, with their out-courts of guard.

Then Pallas prompted Diomed, least his due worths rewarde  
Should be empair'd, if any man did want he first did sleath  
His sword in him, and he be cald but second in his death;  
Then spake he (threatning with his Lance) Or slay or this comes on,  
And long thou canst not run, before thou be by death outgone.

This said, he threw his laueline forth: which mist, as Diomed would;  
Above his right arme it made way; the pile stucke in the moulde:  
He slaide and trembled, and his teeth did chatter in his head;  
They came in blowing, seide him fast; he, weeping, offer'd  
A wealth by ransom for his life, and tolde them he had brasse,

much

Much gold and iron, that fit for use, in many labors, was;  
From whose rich heapes his father would a wondrous portion giue,  
If, at the great Achaian fleet, he heard his sonne did liue.

Vlysses bad him cheare his hart: Thinke not of death, sayd he;  
But tell vs true, why runst thou forth, when others sleeping be?  
Is it to spoyle the carcasses? or art thou choicely sent  
T' explore our drifts? or of thy selfe, seek'st thou some wist euent?

He trembling answerd: Much reward did Hector's oth propose,  
And urgde me much against my will, t' endeavor to disclose,  
If you determinde still to stay, or bent your course for flight,  
As all dismaide with your late foyle, and wearied with the fight;  
For which exploite, Pelides horse and chariot, he did weare  
I onely euer, should inioy. Vlysses smilde to heare  
So base a swaine haue any hope so high a price t' aspire;  
And said, his labors did affect a great and pretious hyre,  
And that the horse Pelides raignde, no mortall hand could vse  
But he himselfe, whose matchlesse life, a Goddesse did produce.  
But tell vs and report but truth, where leftst thou Hector now?  
Where are his armes? his famous horse? on whom doth he bestow  
The watches charge? where sleepe the Kings? intend they still to lye  
Thus neere encampt, or turne suffise with their late victorie?

All this, sayd he, Ile tell most true. At Ilus monument  
Hector with all our princes sit, t' aduise of this euent;  
Who chuse that place remon'd, to shun the rude confused sounds  
The common Souldiers throwe about: but, for our watch and rounds  
Whereof (brave Lord) thou mak'st demaund, none orderly wee keepe;  
The Troians that haue rooves to saue, onely abandon sleepe;  
And priuately without commaund, each other they exhort  
To make preuention of the worst; and in this slender sort  
Is watch and garde maintaine with vs: th' auxiliarie bandes  
Sleep soundly, and commit their cares into the Troians hands;  
For they haue neither wiues with them, nor children to protect;  
The lesse they need to care, the more, they succour dull neglect.

But tell me (sayd wise Ithacus) are all these foraigne powers  
Appointed quarters by them (elues, or else commixt with yours)?

And this (sayd Dolon) too (my Lords) Ile seriously vnfold:  
The Peons with the crooked bowes, and Cares quarters hold  
Next to the Sea; the Leleges, and Caucons ioynde with them,  
And braue Pelasgians; Timbers Meade, remoude more from the streame,

B

Is quarter to the Licians; the lostie Mysian force;  
The Phrygians, and Meonians, that fight with armed horse.  
But what neede these particulars? if ye intend surprise  
Of any in our Trojan campe; The Thracian quarter lies  
Vnmoost of all, and uncommixt with Trojan regiments,  
That keepe the voluntarie watch; new pitch are all their tents.  
King Rhaelus, Eioneus sonne commands them, who hath steeedes  
More white then snow; huge, and well shapte; their fierie paze exceedes  
The windes in swiftnes: these I saw; his Charriot is with gold  
And pallid siluer richly framde, and wondrous to behold:  
His great and golden armour is not fit a man should weare;  
But for immortal shoulders framde: come then and quickly beare  
Your happy prisoner to your flete: or leaue me here fast bound  
Till your well-urgde and rich returne, proue my relation sound.

Tydidies dreadfully replide; Thinke not of passage thus,  
Though of right acceptable newes; thou hast aduertisde vs,  
Our handes are houlds more strict then so: and should we let thee free  
For offerd ransome; for this scape, thou still wouldst scounting be  
About our ships; or do vs skathe in plaine opposed armes;  
But if I take thy life, no way can we repent thy harmes.

With this, as Dolon reacht his hand to vse a suppliants part  
And stroke the beard of Diomedes; he stroake his necke a thwart,  
With his forst sword, and both the nerues he did in sunder wound;  
And suddenly his head, deceiu'd, fell speaking on the ground;  
His wesels helme they tooke, his bowes, his wolues skin, and his Lance:  
Which to Minerua, Ithacus did zealously aduance  
With lifted arme into the aire; and to her thus he spake;  
Goddesse, triumph in thine owne spoyle: to thee we first will make  
Our inuocations, of all powers, throne on th' olympian hill;  
Now to the Thracians, and their horse, and beds, conduct vs still.

With this, he hung them up aloft, vpon a Tamricke bow,  
As eyesfull Trophies: and the sprigges that did about it grow,  
He proued from the leany armes, to make it easier viewde,  
When they should hastily retire, and be perhaps perswade.  
Forth went they, through blacke blood and armes, and presently aspride  
The guardlesse Thracian regiment, fast bound with sleepe and tynde:  
Their armes lay by, and triple ranks they as they slept did keepe,  
As they should watch and garde their king; who in a fatal sleepe,  
Lay in the midst; their charriot horse, as they coach fellows were,

Y

Fedde

Fedde by them; and the famous steeds, that did their Generall beare,  
Stood next him, to the hinder part of his rich charriot tyed.

Vlysses saw them first, and said: Tydides I haue spied  
The horse that Dolon (whom we slew) assurde vs we should see:  
Now vse thy strength, now idle armes are most unfit for thee:  
Prise thou the horse; or kill the guard, and leaue the horse to me.

Minerua with the Azure eyes breathde strength into her king,  
Who fild the rent with mixed death: the soules, he set on wing,  
Issued in grones, and made ayre swell into her stormy flood:  
Horror, and slaughter had one power; the earth did blush with blood.

As when a hungrie Lion flies, with purpose to deuoure  
On flocks vnkept, and on their liues doth freely vse his power;  
So Tydeus sonne assailede the foe. twelue soules before him slew;  
Vlysses wayted on his sword, and euer as he slew,  
He drew them by their strengthles heeles, out of the horses sight;  
That when he was to lead them forth, they should not with affright  
Bogle, nor snore, in treading on the bloodyed carcases;  
For, being new come, they were vnusde to such sterne sights as these.  
Through foure ranks now did Diomed the king himselfe attaine;  
Who (snoring in his sweetest sleepe) was like his soldiers slaine.  
An ill dreame by Minerua sent, that night, stood by his head,  
Which was Oenides royall sonne, vnconquer'd Diomed.

Meane while Vlysses loose his horse, tooke all their raines in hand,  
And led them forth: but Tydeus sonne did in contention stand  
With his great minde, to doe some deede, of more audacities  
If he should take the Charriot, where his rich armes did lie,  
And draw it by the beame away; or beare it on his backe;  
Or if of more dull Thracian liues, he should their bodies sacke.

In this contention with himselfe, Minerua did suggest,  
And bad him thinke of his retreats; least from their tempted rest  
Some other God should stirre the foe, and send him backe dismaide:  
He knew the voice; tooke horse, and fled; the Troians heauenly aide  
(Apollo with the siluer boaw) stood no blinde sentinell  
To their secure and drowfie hoast, but did discover well  
Minerua following Diomed; and angrie with his act,  
The mighty hoast of Ilion he entred, and awak't  
The counsen germane of the king, a Counsailor of Thrace,  
Hopocoon: who when he rose, and saw the desert place  
Where Rhelus horse did vse to stand; and th' other dismall harmes,

Men

Men struggling with the pangs of death: he shriekt out thicke alarmes;  
Calde Rhelus Rhelus; but in vaine: then still, arme arme he cryde:  
The noyse and tumult was extreame, on euery startled side  
Of Troyes huge hoast; from whence in throngs all gatherd and admird,  
Who could performe such harmefull fact's, and yet be safe rettyrde.  
Now comming where they slew the skowte, Vlysses stayde the steeds;  
Tydides lighted, and the spoyles (hung on the Tamricke reedes)  
He tooke and gaue to Ithacus, and vp he got againe;  
Then slew they ioyfull to their Fleet: Nestor did first attaine  
The sounds the horse hoofs strook through ayre, and sayd; My royal Peeres  
Doe I but dote? or say I true? me thinks about mine eares  
The sounds of running horses beate. O would to God they were  
Our friends thus soone returnde with spoyles: but I haue hartie feare,  
Least this high tumult of the foe, doth their distresse intend.  
He scarce had spoke when they were come; both did from horse descend;  
All, with embraces and sweet words, to heauen their worth did raise.  
Then Nestor spake; Great Ithacus, euen heapt with Grecian prayes;  
How haue you made these horse your prise? pearst you the dangerous hoast,  
Where such gemmes stand? or did some God your high attempts accoast,  
And honor'd you with this rewarde? why, they be like the Rayes  
The Sunne effuseth. I haue mixt with Troians all my dayes;  
And now, I hope you will not say, I alwayes lye aborde,  
Though an old soldier I confesse: yet did all Troy afforde  
Neuer the like to any sence, that euer I possesse;  
But some good God, no doubt, hath met, and your high valours blest:  
For he that shadowes heauen with clouds, lowes both as his delights:  
And she that supples earth with blood, can not forbear your fights.

Vlysses answerd, Honore Syre, the willing Gods can giue  
Horse much more worth, then these men yeeld, since in more power they liue:  
These horse are of the Thracian breed; their King, Tydides slew,  
And twelue of his most trusted guard, and of that meaner crew  
A skowte for thirteenth man we kild, whom Hector sent to spie  
The whole estate of our designs, if bent to fight or flie.

Thus (followed with whole troopes of friends) they with applauses past  
The spacious dike, and in the tent of Diomed they plast  
The horse without contention, as his deseruings meede:  
Which (with his other horse set vp) on zealous wheat did feed.  
Poore Dolons spoyles Vlysses had; who shinde them on his stern,  
As trophies vowde to her that sent the good-aboding Herne.

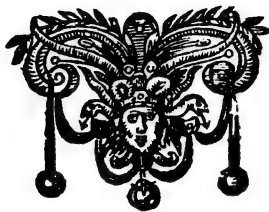
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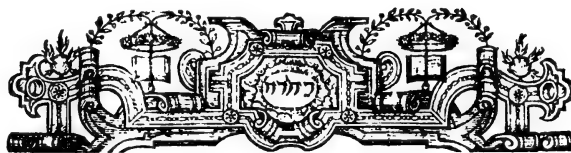


Then entred they the meere maine sea, to cleanse their honours sweat  
 From off their feet, their thighes and neckes: and when their vehement heate  
 Was calme, and their swolne hartes refreshed, more curious baths they vsde;  
 Where odorons and dissoluing Oyles, they through their lims diffusede.  
 Then, taking breakfast, a big bowle, fild with the purest wine,  
 They offerd to the mayden Queene, that hath the azure cyne.

The ende of the tenth Booke.



THE



## THE ELEVENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



**A** Trides and his other Peeres of name  
 Leade forth their men; whom *Eris* did inflame.  
*Hektor* (by *Iris* charge) takes deedles breath,  
 Whiles *Agamemnon* plyes the worke of death;  
 Who with the first bears his imperiall head:  
 Himselfe, *Ulysses*, and King *Diomedes*,  
*Euripylus*, and *Esculapius* sonne  
 (Enforc't with wounds) the furions skirmish shun.  
 Which Martiall fight, when great *Achilles* viewes,  
 A little his desire of fight renues:  
 And forth he sends his friend to bring him word  
 From old *Neleides*, what wounded Lord  
 He in his Chariot from the skirmish brought:  
 Which was *Machion*, *Nestor* then besought,  
 He would perswade his friend to wreake their harmes,  
 Or come himselfe, deckt in his dreadfull armes.

Another Argument.

*Lambda* presents the Generall,  
 In fight the worthiest man of all.

**A** Vrora, out of restfull bed, did from bright Tython rise,  
 To bring each deathlesse essence light, and vse, to mortall eyes;  
 When Ioue sent *Eris* to the Greeks, sustaining in her hand  
 Sterne signes of her designes for warre: shee tooke her horrid stand

Y 3

Vpon

Vpon Vlysses huge blacke Barke, that did at anchor ride,  
Amidst the fleet; from whence her sounds might ring on euerie side,  
Both to the tents of Telamon, and th' author of their smarts,  
Who helde, for fortitude and force, the nauies utmost parts.

The red eye Goddesse seated there, thundred the Orithian song,  
High and with horror, through the eares of all the Grecian throng;  
Her verse with spirits inuincible, did all their breasts inspire;  
Blew out all sturkenes from their lims, and set their hearts on fire;  
And presently was bitter warre more sweet a thousand times  
Then any choice, in hollow keeles, to greet their native climes.

Attrides summond all to armes, to armes himselfe disposed:  
First on his legs he put bright Greaves, with silver buttons closed;  
Then with rich Curace armed his breast, which Cyniras beslowde  
To gratifie his royall guests; for euen to Cyprus slowde  
Th' unbounded fame of those designs the Greeks proposde for Troy,  
And therefore gave he him these armes, and wisht his purpose ioi.  
Ten rows of azure mist with blacke: twelve golden like the Sun:  
Twise ten of tin, in beaten pathes did through this armour run,  
Three serpents to the gorget crept, that like three rainebowes shinde,  
Such as by loue are fixt in cloudes when wonders are diuinde.  
About his shoulders hung his sworde, whereof the hallow hilt  
Was fashion'd all with shining bars exceeding richly gilt;  
The scaberd was of silver plate, with golden hangers graft;  
Then tooke he up his waightie shield, that round about him cast  
Defensiu shadows; ten bright Zones of gold-affecting brasse  
Were driuen about it; and of tin (as full of glosse as glasse)  
Sweld twentie bosses out of it; in center of them all,  
One of blacke mettall, had engrauen, full of extreame apall,  
An ugly Gorgon compassed with Terror and with Feare:  
At it a silver Bawdrick hung, with which he vnde to beare  
(Wounde on his arme) his ample shield; and in it there was wouen  
An azure Dragon, curld in fouldes; from whose one necke was clouen  
Three heads contorted in an orbe; then plasht he on his head  
His fower-plum'd caske; and in his hands two darts he managed  
Armed with bright Steele that blaste to heauen: then Iuno and the maide  
That conquers empires; trumpets seru'd, to summon out their aide  
In honor of the Generall: and on a sable cloude  
(To bring them furious to the field) at thundring out aloud.

Then all enemynde their Charioters to ranke their charriot horse  
Close to the dike: forth marcht the foot, whose front they did re-enforce

With

With some horse troupes: the battaile then was all of Charioters  
Linde with light horse: but Iupiter disturbd this forme with feares;  
And from ayres upper region did bloudy vapors raine,  
For sad ostent, much noble life shouldere their times be laine.  
The Troian host, at Ilus tombe, was in Battalia led  
By Hector and Polydamas, and old Anchiles seed,  
Who Godlike was esteem'd in Troy; by grave Antenor's race,  
Diuine Agenor, Polybus, unmarried Acamas,  
Proportionde like the states of heauen: in front of all the field  
Troys great Priamides did beare his al-ways-equall shield,  
Still plying th' ordering of his power. And as amidst the skie  
We sometimes see an ominous star blase cleare and dreadfully,  
Them run his golden head in cloudes, and straight appeare againe;  
So Hector otherwhiles did grace the vanguard, shining plaine:  
Then in the rereguard hid himself; and labored euerie where  
To order and encourage all: his armour was so cleare,  
And he applide each place so fast, that like a lightning throwne  
Out of the shield of Iupiter, in euerie eye he shone.  
And as vpon a rich mans crop of barley or of wheat,  
Opposde for swiftnes at their worke, a sort of Reapers sweats;  
Beare downe the furrowes speedily and thicke their handfuls fall;  
So at the ioyning of the host ran slaughter through them all:  
None stoopt to any fainting thought of foule inglorious flight;  
But equall bore they up their beads, and farde like wolues in fight;  
Sterne Etis, with such weeping sight; reioyst to feed her eies;  
Who onely showde her selfe in field, of all the deities.  
The other in Olympus tops, sat silent and repinde  
That loue to do the Troians grace should beare so fixt a minde.  
Hecarde not, but (entronde apart) triumphant sat in swag  
Of his free power; and from his seat tooke pleasure to display  
The citty so adorne with tow'rs; the sea with vessels filld;  
The splendor of resulgent armes, the killer and the kild.  
As long as bright Aurora rulde, and sacred day increast,  
So long their darts made mutuall woundes, and neither had the best:  
But when in hill-enuirond vales, the timber-feller takes  
A sharpe set stomacke to his meat, and dinner ready makes  
His sinnowes fainting and his spirits, become surcharg'd and dull;  
Time of accusstomed ease arriue: this hands with labor full;  
Then by their valures Greeks brake through the Troian ranks, and cheerd  
Their generall Squadrons through the host: then first of all appearede

The

The person of the king himselfe; and then the Troians lost  
 Byanon, by his royall charge, a leader in the host:  
 Who, being slaine, his charioteer, Oileus, did alight  
 And stood in skirmish with the king; the king did deadly smite  
 His forehead with his eager lance, and through his helme it ranne  
 Enforcing passage to his braine, quite through the hardened panne;  
 His braine mixt with his clotted blood, his body strowd the ground.  
 There left he them; and presently, he other obiects found  
 Ius and Antiphus, two sonnes king Priam did beget;  
 One lawfull, th' other wantonly; both in one chariot met  
 Their royall foe; the baser borne, Ius, was chariotere,  
 And famous Antiphus did fight: both which king Peleus heire  
 Whilome in Ida keeping flocks did deprehend and binde,  
 With plyant Offers; and for prize, them to their Sire resignde.  
 Attrides, with his wel-aimde lance, smote Ius on the brest  
 Above the nipple; and his sword, a mortall wound imprest  
 Beneath the eare of Antiphus: downe from their horse they fell.  
 The king had seene the youths before, and now did know them well,  
 Remembring them the prisoners of swift Eacides,  
 Who brought them to the sable steete, from Idas foodle leas.  
 And as a Lion hauing found the furrow of a Hinde  
 Where shee hath calu'd two little twinnes; at will and ease doth grinde  
 Their ioints snatcht in his folliue lawes, and crusheth into mist  
 Their tender liues; their dam (though neere) not able to resist;  
 But, shooke with vehement feare her selfe, flies through the Oken chafe  
 From that fell sauadge; drown'd in sweate, and seeks some conuert place:  
 So when with most unmatched strength the Grecian Generall bent  
 Gainst these two Princes, none durst ayde their native kings descent;  
 But fled themselves before the Greeks: and where these two were slaine,  
 Pylander, and Hypolochus, not able to restraine  
 Their head-strong horse; the silken raines being from their hands let fall;  
 Were brought by their unruly guides before the Generall;  
 Antimachus begat them both, Antimachus that tooke  
 Rich gisftes and gold of Hellens loue, and would by no meanes brooke  
 Iust restitution should be made of Menelaus wealth,  
 Bereft him, with his rauisht Queene by Alexanders stealth.  
 Attrides Lion-like did charge his sonnes, who on their knees  
 Fell from their chariote, and besought regarde to their degrees;  
 Who being Antimachus his sonnes, their father would afforde  
 A worthy ranfome for their liues; who in his house did hoorde

Much

Much hidden treasure; brasse and gold, and Steele, wrought wondrous choise.  
 Thus wept they, vsing smothering teares, and heard this rugged voice  
 Breath'd from the vnrelenting king; if you be of the breed  
 Of stout Antimachus, that said the honorable deed  
 The other Peeres of Ilion in counsaile had decreed,  
 To render Hellen and her wealth: and would haue basely slaine  
 My brother and wife Ithacus, Ambassadors t' attaine  
 That most due motion; now receiue, wreak for his shamefull part.  
 This said, in poore Pylanders breast he fixt his wreakfull darts  
 Who upwards spred th' oppressed earth, his brother croucht for dread:  
 And as he lay, the angrie king cut off his armes and head,  
 And let him like a football lie, for euerie man to spurne.  
 Then to th' extreamest heat of fight, he did his valure turne,  
 And led a multitude of Greeks: where foote dia foote subdue,  
 Horse slaughter'd horse; Neede fether'd flight; the battred center flew  
 In clouds of dust about their eares, rais'd from the horses hooues,  
 That beat a thunder out of earth, as horrible as Loues.  
 The king (perswading speedy chace) gaue his perswasions way  
 With his owne valour, slaughtering still. As in a stormy day,  
 In thicke-set woods a rauinous fire, wraps in his fierce repaire  
 The shaken trees; and by the rootes, doth toss them into ayre;  
 Euen so beneath Attrides sword, flew up Troyes flying beeles:  
 Their horse drew emptie Charriots, and sought their thundring wheelles  
 Some fresh directors through the field, where least the pursute drines:  
 Thicke fell the Troians; much more sweet to vultures, then their wines.  
 Then Ioue drew Hector from the darts, from dust from death and blood,  
 And from the tumult: still the king firme to the pursute stood;  
 Till at old Ius monument, in midst of all the field,  
 They reacht the wilde Figtree, and longd to make their towne their shield.  
 Yet there they rested not; the king, still cride, Pursue, pursue;  
 And all his vnreproved hands, did blood and dust embue.  
 But when they came to Sceas ports, and to the Beach of Ioue,  
 There made they stand; there euerie eye, fixt on each other, stroue  
 Who should outlooke his mate amaze: through all the field they fled.  
 And as a Lion, when the night becomes most deafe and dead,  
 Inuades Oxe herdes, affrighting all, that he of one may wreak  
 His dreadfull hunger, and his neck he first of all doth breake,  
 Then laps his blood and entrailes up: so Agamemnon plyde  
 The manage of the Troian chace, and still the last man dyed;  
 The other fled; a number fell by his imperiall hand:

2

Some

*Some growling downwards from their horse, some upwards strowd the sand.  
High was the furie of his lance: but hauing beat them close  
Beneath their walls, the both worlds Syre did now againe: epose  
On fountaine-flowing Idas tops, being newly slid from heauen,  
And held a lightning in his hand: from thence this charge was giuen  
To Iris with the golden wings; Thaumantia, she (said he)  
And tell Troys Hector, that as long as he enraged shall see  
The souldier-louing Atreus sonne, amongst the formost fight,  
Depopulating troopes of men; so long he must excite  
Some other to resist the foe, and he no armes aduance:  
But when he, wounded, takes his horse, attaine with shaft or Lance;  
Then will I fill his arme with death, euen till he reach the Fleet,  
And peacefull night treads busie day, beneath her sacred feet.*

*The wind-foot swift Thaumantia obeyde, and vnde her wings  
To famous Iliou, from the mount enchaist with siluer springs:  
And found, in his bright Chariot, the hardy Troian knight,  
To whom she spake the words of loue, and vanisht from his sight.  
He leapt vpon the founding earth, and booke his lengthfull dart,  
And euerie where he breathd exhorts, and stir'd vpon euerie hart:  
A dreadfull fight he set on foot, his souldiers strait turnde head;  
The Greeks stood firme; in both the hostes the field was perfected:  
But Agamemnon, formost still, did all his side exceede;  
And would not be the first in name, vnlesse the first in deede.*

*Now sing faire preidents of verse, that in the heauens embowre,  
Who first encountred with the king, of all the aduerse powre;  
Iphidamas, Antenor, sonne, ample and bigly set,  
Brought vp in pasture-springing Ithace, that doth soft sheepe beget:  
In graue Cisseus noble house, that was his mothers Syre,  
(Fairst Theano) and when his breast was bightned with the Syre  
Of gay some youth; his grand-fire gaue his daughter to his loue:  
Who straight his bridall chamber left: Fame with affection stroue,  
And made him furnish twelue faire ships, to lend fayre Troy his hand:  
His ships he in Percepe left, and came to Troy by land:  
And now he tried the fame of Greece, encountering with the king,  
Who threw his royall lance and mist: Iphidamas did sing,  
And stroke him on the arming waste, beneath his coat of brasse,  
Which forst him stay vpon his arme, so violent it was:  
Yet pierst it not his wel-wrought zone; but when the lazie head  
Tried hardnes with his siluer waste, it turnde againe like lead.  
He followed grasping the ground end: but with a Lions wyle,*

That

*That wrests away, an Hunters lasse, he caught it by the pyle,  
And pluckt it from the casters hand, whom with his sword he strooke  
Beneath the care, and with his wound his timeles death he tooke;  
Hefell, and slept an iron sleepe wretched young man, he dyde  
Farre from his newly-married wife, in ayde of forraine pride,  
And saw no pleasure of his loue; yet was her ioynture great:  
An hundred Oxen gaue he her, and vow'd in his retreat  
Two thousand head of sheepe and Goates; of which he store did leaue:  
Much gaue he of his lowes first frutes: and nothing did receiue.  
When Coon (one that for his forme, might feast an amorous eye,  
And elder brother of the slaine) beheld his tragedie;  
Deep sorrow sate vpon his eyes, and (standing laterally  
And to the Generall vndisfernde) his Laueline he let flie;  
That twist his elbow and his wrist, transixt his armeless arme;  
The bright head shinde on th' other side. The unexpected harme  
Imprest some horror in the king: yet so he ceast not fight,  
But rusht on Coon with his Lance, who made what haste he might,  
(Sealing his slaughtered brothers foote) to draw him from the field,  
And cald the ablest to his aide; when vnder his round shield  
The kings brasse Laueline, as he drew, did strike him helpelesse dead,  
Who made Iphidamas the blocke, and cut off Coons head.  
Thus vnder great Atreides arme Antenor issue thrinde,  
And to suffice precise Fate, to Plutos mansion diu'd.  
He with his Lance, sword, mightie stones, pourd his Heroick wreak  
On other Squadrons of the foe, whiles yet warme blood did breake  
Through his cleft vaines: but when the wound was quite exhaust and crude,  
The eager anguish did approue his princely fortitude.  
As when most sharpe and bitter pangis distrust a laboring dame,  
Which the diuine Ilithia, that rule the painefull frame  
Of humane child-birth poure on her: th' Ilithia that are  
The daughters of Saturnia: with whose extreame repaire  
The woman in her trauel strines, to take the worst it giues:  
Which though it must be; 'tis louses fruit, the end for which she limes;  
The meane to make her selfe new borne: what comforts will redounde;  
So Agamemnon did sustaine the torment of his wound.  
Then tooke he Chariot, and to Fleet bad haste his Chariotere,  
But first pourde out his highest voice, to purchase euerie care:  
Princes and Leaders of the Greeks, braue friends, now from our Fleet  
Doe you expell this boistrous sway: loue will not let me meet  
Illustrate Hector, nor giue leaue, that I shall end this day*

*In fight against the Ilian power: my wound is in my way.*

*This said, his ready Charioteer did scourge his sprightfull horse,  
That freely to the sable Fleet, perform'de their fierie course,  
To beare their wounded Soueraigne, apart the Martiall thrust,  
Sprinkling their powerfull breasts with some, and snowing on the dust.  
When Hector heard of his retreat, thus he for same contends;  
Troians, Dardanians, Lycians, all my close-fighting friends,  
Thinke what it is to be renown'd: be souldiers all of name;  
Our strongest enimie is gone, loue vowes to doe vs fame;  
Then in the Grecian faces driue your one-hoou'd violent sleeds,  
And farre aboue their best be best, and glorifie your deeds.*

*Thus as a dog-given Hunter sets, vpon a brace of Bores,  
His white-tooth'd hounds puff, shewts, breath terms, & on his emprise pors,  
All his wilde art to make them pinche: so Hector urg'd his hoast,  
To charge the Greeks, and he himselfe most bold and actiue moit:  
He brake into the heat of fight, as when a tempest raues,  
Stoores from the clouds, and all on heapes, doth cusse the purple waues.  
Who then was first and last he kilde, when loue did grace his deed:  
Alteus, and Autonus, Opy and Clytus seed;  
Prince Dolops, and the honore Syre of sweet Euryalus  
(Opheltus) Agelaus next, and strong Hipponous;  
Orus, Ephyminus; all of name: the common souldiers sell,  
As when the hollow flood of ayre in Zephyrus cheeks doth swell,  
And perseth all the gathred clouds, white Notus power did draw;  
Wraps waues in waues, hurls vp the froth beat with a vehement slaw:  
So were the common soldiers wrackt in troops, by Hectors hand.  
Then ruine had inforst such workes as no Greeks could withstand;  
Then in their fleet they had beene hous'd; had not Lacertes sonne  
Strid vp the spirit of Diomedes with this impression.*

*Tydydes, what do we sustaine, forgetting what we are?  
Stand by me (dearest in my loue) were horrible impaire  
For our two valures to endure a custumarie sight,  
To leaue our naue still engag'd, and but by fits to fight.*

*He answered; I am bent to stay, and any thing sustaine:  
But our delight to proue vs men, will proue but short and vaine.  
For loue makes Troians instruments, and virtually then  
Wieldes arms himselfe; our crosse affaires are not twixt men and men.  
This said, Thimbræus with his lance, he tumbled from his horse,  
Neere his left nipple wounding him: Vlysses did enforce  
Faire Molion, minion to this king, that Diomedes subdu'd:*

*Both*

*Both sent they thence till they return'de, who now the king pursu'd  
And furrow'd through the thickned troups. As when two chafed bores  
Turn head gainst kennels of bould bounds, and race way through their gores:  
So (turn'd from flight) the forward kings show'd Troians backward deuths  
Nor fled the Greeks: but by their mils to get great Hector breath.  
Then tooke they horse and chariote from two bould Cittie foes,  
Merops Percolius mightie sonnes: their father could disclose,  
Beyond all men, hid Auguries; and would not giue consent  
To their egression to these wars: yet wilfully they went;  
For fates, that order sable death, enforst their tragedies:  
Tydides slew them with his lance, and made their armes his prise.  
Hyporochus, and Hyppodus, Vlysses rest of light:  
But loue, that out of Ida lookt, then equally'd the fight;  
A Grecian, for a Trojan then, paid tribute to the fates;  
Yet royall Diomedes slew one, euen in those euen debates,  
That was of name more then the rest; Pæons renowned sonne,  
The prince Agaltrophus; his lance, into his hip did run:  
His squier detain'd his horse apart, that hindred him to flie;  
Which he repented at his hart: yet did his feet apply  
His scape with all the speed they had, along it the formost bands;  
And there his loued life dissolu'd. This, Hector vnderstands,  
And rusht with clamors on the king; right soundly seconded  
With troups of Troians: which perceiv'd by famous Diomedes,  
The deep concept of loues high will, stifned his royall haire;  
Who spake to neere-fought Ithacus: The fate of this affaire  
Is bent to vs: come let vs stand, and bound his violence:  
Thus threw he his long laueline forth, which smot his heads defence  
Full on the top, yet pierst no skin; brasse tooke repulse with brasse;  
His helme (with three souldes made and sharpe) the gift of Phœbus was;  
The blowe made Hector take the troupe; sunke him upon his hand  
And strooke him blinde; the king pursu'd before the formost band  
His darts recourie: which he found, laid on the purple plaine:  
By which time, Hector was reuiu'd, and taking horse againe  
Was far commixt within his strength, and fled his darksome graue.  
He followed with his thirsie lance, and this elusie braye;  
Once more be thankfull to thy heeles (proud dog) for thy escape;  
As if chiefe sat neere thy bosome now: and now another rape  
Hath thy Apoilo made of thee, to whom thou well maiest pray  
When through the singing of our darts, thou findest such guarded way:  
But I shall mee: with thee at length, and bring thy latest hower,*

If with like fauor any God be fauor of my power;  
 Meane while some other shall repay what I suspend in thee:  
 Thus said, he set the wretched soule of Pacons issue free;  
 Whom his late wound not fully slew: but Priams eldest birth,  
 Against Tydides bent his bowe, hid with a hill of earth;  
 Part of the ruinated tombe, for honore thus built:  
 And as the Curace of the slaine (engrauen and richly gilt)  
 Tydides from his breast had spoyld, and from his shoulders rafe  
 His target and his solide helme; he shot, and his keene shaft  
 (That neuer flew from him in vaine) did nayle unto the ground  
 The kings right foot: the splenefull Knight laught sweetly at the wound,  
 Crept from his couert and triumpht; Now art thou maimd (said he)  
 And would to God my happy hand had so much honorede me,  
 To haue infixt it in thy breast, as deep as in thy foot;  
 Euen to th'expulsiue of thy soule; then blest had beene my shoot  
 Of all the Troians: who had then breathde from their long vnrests;  
 Who feare thee as the braying goats abhor the king of beasts.

Vndaunted Diomed replyde: You, Brauer, with your bowe;  
 You sickle hayd lower: you that hunt and steere at wenches so:  
 Durst thou but stand in armes with me, thy iully archerie  
 Would giue thee little cause to vaunt: as little suffer I  
 In this same tall exploite of thine performde when thou wert hid,  
 As if a woman or a childe, that knew not what it did,  
 Had toucht my foote: a cowards steele hath neuer any edge:  
 But mine (I assure it sharpe) still layes dead carcases in pledge;  
 Touch it: it renders liueless straight: it strikes the fingers ends  
 Of haples widaowes in their cheeks, and children blinde of friends:  
 The subiect of it makes earth red, and aire with sighes inflames,  
 And leaues lims more embrace with birdes, then with enamored dames.  
 Lancel-famde Vlysses, now came in, and slept before the king,  
 Kneeld opposite, and drew the shaft: the eager paine did sting  
 Though all his bodie straight he tooke his royall chariot there,  
 And with direction to the flecte, did charge his charioter.

Now was Vlysses desolate, feare made no friend remaine:  
 He thus spake to his mighty minde; What doth my state sustaine?  
 If I should flie this ods in feare that thus comes clustering on,  
 I were high dishonor: yet were worse to be surprisde alone;  
 'Tis loue that drives the rest to flight: but thats a faint excuse;  
 Why do I tempt my mind so much pale cowards fight refuse:  
 Ide that affects renoune in war, must like a rocke be fixt,

Wound,

Wound, or be wounded: valures truth puts no respect betwixt.  
 In this contention with himselfe, in flew the shade bandes  
 Of targateres; who siegde him round, with mischiefe-filled hands.  
 As when a crew of gallants watch the wilde muse of a Bore;  
 Their dogs put after in full crie, he russeth on before;  
 Whets, with his lather-making lawes, his crooked tuskes for blood;  
 And (holing firme his vsuall haunts) breaks through the deepned wood;  
 They charging, though his hote approach be neuer so abhorde:  
 So, to assaile the loue-lou'd Greek, the Ilions did accord,  
 And he made through them: first he hurt vpon his shoulder blade  
 Deiope a blamelesse man at armes, then sent to endles shade  
 Thoon and Eunomus, and strooke the strong Chetlidamas,  
 As from his Chariote he leapt downe, beneath his tarde of brasse;  
 Who fell and erawide vpon the earth, with his sustaining palmes,  
 And lest the fight: nor yet his lance left dealing Martiall almes;  
 That, Socus brother by both sides, yong Catops did impresse:  
 Then princely Socus to his aide, made brotherly accesse,  
 And (comming neere) spake in his charge; O great Laertes sonne  
 Infatiate in slye stratagems, and labors neuer done;  
 This hower, or thou shalt boast to kill the two Hypasides  
 And prize their armes, or fall thy selfe in my resolu'd accesse.  
 Thus said, he threw quite through his shield his fell and wel-drinen Lance:  
 Which held way through his curaces, and on his ribs did glance,  
 Plowing the flesh along it his sides, and Pallas did repell  
 All inward passage to his life. Vlysses knowing well  
 The wound vndeedly, (setting backe his foot to forme his stand)  
 Thus spake to Socus: O thou wretch, thy death is in this hand,  
 That slayest my victorie on Troy: and where thy charge was made  
 In doubtfull tearms (or this or that) this bal thy life inuade.  
 This frighted Socus to retreat; and in his faint reuerse,  
 The Lance betwixt his shoulders fell, and through his breast did perse:  
 Downe fell he sounding, and the king thus plaide with his miscase.

O Socus, you that make by birth the two Hypasides:  
 Now may your house and you perceiue death can outfly the stier;  
 Ah wretch thou canst not scape my vowes: old Hypasus thy Syre,  
 Nor thy well honore mothers hands; in both which lies thy worth,  
 Shall close thy wretched eyes in death, but vultures dig them forth,  
 And hide them with their darksome wings: but when Vlysses dies,  
 Diuinest Greeks shall tombe my course, with all their obsequies.  
 Now from his bo. ie and his shield the violent lance he drew,

That

That princely Socus had infixt : which drawne, a crimson deaw  
Fell from his bosome on the earth : the wound did dare him sore.  
And when the furious Troians saw Vlysses forced gores  
(Encouraging themselves in grosse) all his destruction vowde;  
Then he retire and summond ayde : thrise shouted he aloud,  
(Which did denote a man engage) thrise Menelaus eare  
Observ'd his aide, suggesting voice : and Ajax being neere,  
He told him of Vlysses shewts, as if he were enclosde  
From all assistance; and advisde their aides might be dispoſde,  
Against that Ring that circled him : least, charg'd with troopes alone  
(Though valiant) he might be oppress, whom Greece so built upon.

He led, and Ajax seconded : they found their loue-low'd king  
Circled with foes. As when a den of bloodie Lucerns cling  
About a goodly palmed Hart, hurt with a hunters boaw;  
Whose scape, his nimble feet inforce, whilst his warme blood doth flow,  
And his light knees haue power to mowe; but (maistred with his wound,  
Emboſte within a shadie hill) the Lucerns charge him round,  
And teare his flesh; when instantly fortune sends in the powers  
Of some sterne Lion; with whose sight, they ſle, and he deuours:  
So charge the Ilians Ithacus, many and mightie men:  
But then made Menelaus in : and horride Ajax then,  
Bearing a target like a Tow'r : close was his violent stand,  
And euerie way the foe disperſt; when, by the royall hand,  
Kinde Menelaus led away the hurt Laertes sonne,  
Till his faire Squire had brought his horse; victorious Telamon  
Still plyed the foe, and put to sword a young Priamides,  
Doriclus, Priams bassard sonne : then did his Lance impresse  
Pandocus, and strong Pyralis, Lylander, and Palertes.  
As when a torrent from the hills, swolne with Saturnian showers,  
Falls on the fieldes; beares blasted Oakes and withred roſine flowers,  
Loose weedes, and all disperſed filth, into the Oceans force:  
So, matchlesse Ajax beat the field, and slaughtered men and horse.  
Yet had not Hector heard of this, who fought on the left wing  
Of all the hoast, neere those sweet herbs, Scamanders flood doth spring;  
Where many forheads trade the ground, and where the skirmish burnd;  
Neere Nestor, and king Idomen; where Hector onerturnde  
The Grecian squadrons, authoring high service with his lance  
And skilfull manadge of his horse : nor yet the discrepance  
He made in death betwixt the hoasts, had made the Greeks retire,  
If faire-hayrde Helens second sponse had not repreſt the fire

Of bould Machaons fortitude, who with a three fork head  
In his right shoulder wounded him; then had the Grecians dread,  
Left in his strength decline, the foe should laughter their hurt friend;  
Then Idomen urg'd Neleides, his charriote to ascend,  
And getting neere him take him in; and beare him to their tents;  
A surgeon is to be preferd, with physicke ornaments,  
Before a multitude. his life gives hurt lines native bounds,  
With sweet insperſion of fit balmes, and perfect search of woundes.

Thus spake the royall Idomen: Neleides obeyd,  
And to his charriote presently, the wounded Greek conuaide:  
The sonne of Eſculapius, the great phyſition:  
To ſleat they ſlew. Cebriones perceiv'd the slaughter don  
By Ajax on the other troupes; and spake to Hector thus:  
Whiles we encounter Grecians here, ſterne Telamonius  
Is yonder raging, turning up in heapes our horse and men;  
I know him by his ſpacious ſhield: let vs turne charriote then  
Where both of horse and foete the fight moſt hotely is propoſde,  
In mutuall slaughters: ha: ke, their throats from cries are neuer cloſde.  
This ſaid with his ſhrill ſcourage, he ſtoke the horse that faſt enſewde,  
Stung with his laſhes; toſſing ſhields and carcaſes embrewde:  
The chariote tree was drownd in blood, and th'arches by the ſeat  
Diſperpled from the horses houes, and from the wheelebands beat.  
Great Hector longd to breake the ranks, and ſtartle their cloſe fight;  
Who horribly amaſde the Greeks; and plyed their ſuddaine fright  
With buſie weapons, euer wingd : his lance, ſword, weightie ſtones:  
Yet charg'd be other Leaders bands, not dreaſfull Telamons,  
With whom he wiſely ſbund ſoule blowes: but loue (that weigheſ about  
All humane powers) to Ajax beaſt, diuine repreſſions drowe,  
And made him ſhun, who ſbund himſelfe: he ceaſt from fight amaſde:  
Caſt on his back his ſcauen-fold ſhield, and round about him gaſde,  
Like one turnde wyld; lookt on himſelfe, in his diſtract retreat;  
Knee before knee did ſcarcelly mowe; as when from beards of Neate  
Whole threaues of Bores and mungriſ chace a Lion ſkulking neere,  
Loth he ſhould taint the wel-priſde fat of any ſtall-fed ſteere  
Conſuming all the night in watch; he (greedy of his prey)  
Oft thruſting on, is oft thruſt off; ſo thicke the Iauelins play  
On his bould charges, and ſo hot the burning firebrands ſhine,  
Which be (though horrible) abhors, about his glowing eyne;  
And carely his great heart retires: ſo Ajax from the foe,

For feare their fleet should be inflam'd gainst his swolne hart did goe.  
 As when a dull mill Asse comes neere a goodly field of corne  
 Kept from the birdes by childrens cries; the boyes are ouerborne  
 By his insensible approach, and simply he will ease:  
 About whom many wands are broke, and still the children beates;  
 And still the self-providing asse, doth with their weakenesse beare,  
 Not stirring till his wombe be full, and scarcely then will stee  
 So the huge sonne of Telamon, amongst the Troians farde;  
 Bore showers of darts upon his shield, yet scorn'd to flye, as skarde;  
 And so kept softly on his way, nor would he mend his paze  
 For all their violent pursutes, that still did arme the chase  
 With singing lances: but at last, when their Cur-like presumes,  
 More vrgde, the more forborne; his spirits, 'id rarifie their fumes,  
 And he reuok't his actiue strength; turn'd head and did repell  
 The horse troupes that were new made in: twixt whom the fight grew fell,  
 And by degrees he stole retreat: yet with such puissant stay  
 That none could passe him to the fleet: in both the armies sway  
 He stode, and from strong hands receiv'd sharpe luelins on his shield;  
 Where many stucke throwne on before, many fell short in field  
 Ere the white bodie they could reach; and stucke, as telling how  
 They purpos'd to haue pierst his flesh: his perill pierced now  
 The eyes of Prince Eurypilus, Euemons famous sonne;  
 Who came close on, and with his dart strook Duke Apisaon,  
 Whose surname was Phausiades, euen to the concrete blood  
 That makes the lyuer: on the earth, out gush't his vitall blood:  
 Eurypilus made in, and eas'd his shoulders of his armes:  
 Which Paris seeing, he drew his Bowe, and wreakt in part the harmes  
 Of his good friend Phausiades: his arrow he let flye,  
 That smote Eurypilus, and brake, in his attainted thye:  
 Then tooke he troope, to shun blacke death, and to the flyers cryde;  
 Princes, and Leaders of the Greeks; stand, and repulse the tyde  
 Of this our honor-wracking chase; Ajax is downde in darts,  
 Ifeare past scape; turne, honor'd friends, helpe out his ventrous parts:  
 Thus spake the wounded Greeks; the sound, cast on their backs their shields,  
 And rais'd their darts: to whose reliefe Ajax his person wield;  
 Then stood he firmly with his friends, retiring their retyre:  
 And thus both hostis indifferent ioyn'd, the fight grew hote as fire.  
 Now had Neleides sweating steeds, brought him and his hurt friend  
 Amongst their Fleet; Æacides, that wisely did intend,

(Standing

(Standing afterne his tall neckt ship) how deepe the skyrmysh drew  
 Amongst the Greeks, and with what ruth the inscution grew;  
 Saw Nestor bring Machaon hurt, and from within did call  
 His friend Patroclus: who like Mars in forme celestiall  
 Came forth with first found of his voice (first spring of his decay)  
 And askt his princely friends desire: Deare friend, said he, this day  
 I doubt not will enforce the Greeks, to swaime about my knees;  
 I see vnassured neede imployde in their extremitie:  
 Goe sweet Patroclus and enquire of old Neleides,  
 Whom he brought wounded from the fight: by his backe parts I ghesse  
 It is Machaon: but his face I could not well descrie,  
 They past mee in such earnest speede. Patroclus presently  
 Obey'd his friend and ran to know: they now descended were;  
 And Nestors squire, Eurimidon, the horses did vngeare:  
 Themselves stood neere th'extremest shore, to let the ventile aire  
 Drie up their sweat; then to the tent; where Hecamede the faire  
 Set chayres, and for the wounded prince a potion did prepare.  
 This Hecamede, by wars hard fate, fell to old Nestors share  
 When Thetis sonne saekt Tenedos. Shee was the princely seede  
 Of worthy king Artynous, and by the Greeks decrede  
 The prize of Nestor, since all men, in counsaile he surpass:  
 First, a faire table she appoyde, of which the feet were grasse  
 With blewish mettall, mixt with blacke: and on the same she put  
 A brasse fruit dish; in which she seru'd a holosome onion, cut,  
 For pittance to the potion, and henny newly wrought;  
 And bread, the fruit of sacred meale: then to the borde she brought  
 A right faire cup, with gold studs drinen, which Nestor did transfer  
 From Pylus: on whose swelling sides, fowre handles fixed were;  
 And vpon euery handle sate a paire of doves of gold;  
 Some billing, and some pecking meat. Two gilt feet did uphold  
 The antique body: and withall so weightie was the cup,  
 That being propos'd brim full of wine one scarce could lift it up;  
 Yet Nestor drunke in it with ease, sight of his yeares respect;  
 In this the Goddesse-like faire dame, a potion did consecret  
 With good old wine of Pramnus; and serap't into the wine  
 Cheefe made of goates milke; and on it, spers't flow'r, exceeding fine:  
 In this sort for the wounded Lord, the potion she prepar'd  
 And bad him drinke: for companie, with him old Nestor shar'd.  
 Thus physically quencht they thirst, and then their spirits reuiu'd

d 4 2

With



*With pleasant conference. And now Patroclus being arride,  
Made stay at th' entrie of the tent: old Nestor seeing it,  
Rose, and receiv'd him by the hand, and faine would haue him sit.  
He set that curtesie aside, excusing it with haste;  
Since his much to be reuerent friend, sent him to know who past,  
(Wounded with him in chariote) so swiftly through the shore;  
Whom now said he I see and know, and now can stay no more:  
You know good Father, our great friend is apt to take offence:  
Whose fieric temper will inflame, sometimes with innocence.*

*He answerd, When will Pelcus sonne, some royall pittie show  
On his thus wounded countrimen? Ah, is it yet to know  
How much affliction tyres our host? how our especiall aide  
(Tainted with lances, at their tents) are miserably laide?  
Vlisses, Diomed, our king, Eurypylus, Machaon,  
All hurt, and all our worthiest friends; yet no compassion  
Can supple thy friends friendlesse breast. Doth he reserve his eye  
Till our fleet burne, and we our selues, one after other die?  
Alas, my forces are not now, as in my younger life.  
Oh would to God, I had that strength, I used in the strife  
Betwixt vs and the Elians, for Oxen to be driuen;  
When Iumoniust lofty soule, was by my valure giuen  
As sacrifice to destinie; Hypporocus strong sonne,  
That dwelt in Elis, and fought first in our contention.  
We forragde (as proclaimed foes) a wondrous wealthie boote;  
And he, in rescue of his Herdes, fell breathlesse at my foote.  
All the Dorpe Bores with terror fled, our prey was rich and great,  
Twice fine and twentie flocks of sheepe, as many herds of neate;  
As many goates, and nastie swine; a hundred fiftie mares,  
All forrel; most, with sucking foales; and these soone-momed wares,  
We draue into Neileus towne, fayre Pylos, all by night.  
My fathers hart was glad to see so much good fortune quite  
The forward minde of his young sonne, that vsde my youth in deeds,  
And would not smother it in moodes. Now drew the Suns bright seedes  
Light from the hills; our Herraldes now, accited all that were  
Endamag'd by the Elians; our princes did appeare;  
Our boote was parted; many men, th' Epeians much did owe,  
That (being our neighbors) they did spoyle; afflictions did so slowe  
On vs poore Pyleans, though but few: in brake great Hercules  
To our sad confines of late yeares, and wholly did suppress*

Our

*Our haples princes: twice sixe sonnes, renowned Neileus bred;  
Onely my selfe am left of all: the rest subdu'd and dead.  
And this was it that made so proud the base Epeian bands,  
On their neere neighbors, being oppress'd to lay iniurious hands;  
A herd of Oxen for himselfe: a mightie stocke of sheepe:  
My Syre selected, and made choice of shepheards for their keep:  
And from the generall spoyle, he culd three hundred of the best:  
The Elians ought him infinite, most plague of all the rest:  
Fower wager-winning horse he lost, and charriots interuented  
Being led to an appointed race. The prize that was presented  
Was a religious threefoote urne: Augcas was the king,  
That did detaine them, and dismiss their keeper sorrowing  
For his low'd charge, lost with fowle words. Then both for words and deedes  
My Syre being worthily incens'd, thus rully he proceedes  
To satisfaction, in first choice of all our wealthie prize;  
And as he shar'd much, much he left, his subiects to suffice;  
That none might be oppress'd with power, or want his portion due:  
Thus for the publike good we sharde; then we to temples drue  
Our complete cittie: and to heauen, we thankfull rights did burne  
For our rich conquest: the third day, ensweing our returne  
The Elians flew on vs in heapes; their generall leaders were  
The two Moliones; two boyes, untrayned in the feare  
Of horrid warre, or use of strength. A certaine cittie shines  
Vpon a loftie prominent; and in th' extreame confines  
Of sandie Pylos, seated, where Alpheus flood doth run;  
And cald Thryella; thus they sieg'd, and gladly would haue won:  
But (hauing past through all our fields) Minerva, as our spie,  
Fell from Olympus in the night, and arm'd vs instantly:  
Nor mustred she unwilling men, nor vnpreparde for force:  
My Syre yet would not let me arme: but hid away my horse;  
Esteeming me no souldier yet: yet shynde I nothing lesse  
Amongst our Gallants, though on foote; Minervas mightinesse  
Led me to fight, and made me heare a souldiers worthy name.  
There is a flood fals into sea, and his crookt course doth frame  
Close to Arena, and is cald bright Mynicus streame:  
There made we halt: and therethe Sun cast many a glorious beame  
On our bright armours: horse and foote insea'd together there:  
Then marcht we on: by fiery noone, we saw the sacred cleare  
Of great Alpheus; where to loue, we did faire sacrifice,*

A 3

And

And to the azure God, that rules the underliquid skies,  
 We offerd vp a solemne bull, a bull i' Alpheus nam<sup>e</sup>,  
 And to the blew eyde mayde we burn'd a heffer neuer tame.  
 Now was it night, we syp, and slept about the flood in arms;  
 The foe laide hard siege to our towne, and shooke it with alarmes:  
 But for preuention of their splenes, a mightie worke of warre  
 Appeard behinde them. For as soone, as Phoebus herie Carre  
 Cast nightes foule darknes from his wheelles (inuoking reuerend Ioue,  
 And the vnconquered maide his birth) we did th' euent approue,  
 And gaue them battaile; first of all I slew (the armie saw)  
 The mightie souldier Mulius, Augeus sonne in law,  
 And spoyld him of his one-hou'd horse: his eldest daughter was  
 Bright Agamede, that for skill in similes did surpasse;  
 And knew as many kinde of drugs, as earths broad center bred:  
 Him charge I with my brasse arme lance, the dust receiu'd him lead:  
 I (leaping to his chariote) amongst it the formost prest;  
 And the great hearted Elyans, fled frighted, seeing their beft  
 And lofteie souldier taken downe, the Ge-uerall of their horle,  
 I followed like a blacke whirlwinde, and did for prize enforce  
 Full fiftie charriots, euerie one furnisht with two arme men,  
 Who eate the earth, slaine with my lance; and I had slaughterd then  
 The two young boyes Moliones, if their world circling Syre,  
 (Great Neptune) had not safte their liues, and couered their retire  
 With vnpiers'd cloudes: then Ioue bestowde a haughtie victorie  
 Vpon vs Pyleans. For so long we did the chafe apply,  
 Slaughtering and making spoyle of armes, till sweet Buprasius soile,  
 Aleius, and Olenia, were famde with our recoile;  
 For there Minerva turnd our power: and there the last I slew;  
 As when our battaile ioynde, the first: the Peleas then withdrew  
 To Pylos, from Buprasius. Of all the immortalls then,  
 They most thank Ioue for victories; Nestor, the most of men:  
 Such was I euer, if I were, employde with other Peeres,  
 And I had honor of my youth, which dies not in my yeares.  
 But Great Achilles onely ioyes habilitie of act  
 In his braue Prime, and doth not daine t' impart it where t' is lackt;  
 No doubt he will extreemely mourne, long after that blacke hower,  
 Wherein our ruine shall be wrought, and rue his ruthles power.  
 O friend, my memorie reniues the charge Menetius gaue  
 Thy towaranes; when thou setst forth to keepe out of the grane

Our

Our wounded honor; I my selfe, and wise Vlysses were  
 Within the roome, where euerie word then spoken we did heare:  
 For we were come to Peleus court, as we did mustering passe  
 Through rich Achaia, where thy Syre, renownde Menetius was,  
 Thy selfe and great Eacides; when Peleus the King  
 To thunder-louing Ioue did burne an Oxe for offering,  
 In his Court-yard: a Cup of gold crownde with red wine he held  
 On th' holy Incensorie powde: you, when the Oxe was feld,  
 Were dressing his diuided lims; we in the Portall stood:  
 Achilles seeing vs come so neere, his honorable blood  
 Was strooke with a respectiue shame; rose, tooke vs by the hands,  
 Brought vs both in, and made vs sit, and vsde his kinde commands,  
 For seemely hospitable rights; which quickly were apposde.  
 Then (after needfulnesse of foode) I first of all disclosde  
 The royall cause of our repaire; mou'd you and your great friend,  
 To consort our renownde designes: both straight did condiscend;  
 Your fathers knew it, gaue consent, and graue instruction  
 To both your valours. Peleus charge'd his most unequald sonne,  
 To gouerne his victorious strength, and shine past all the rest  
 In honor, as in meere maine force. Then were thy partings blest  
 With deere aduises from thy Syre. My loued sonne, sayd he  
 Achilles by his grace of birth, superiour is to thee,  
 And for his force more excellent, yet thou more ripe in yeares;  
 Then with sound counsailes (ages fruits) imploy his honor'd eares,  
 Command and ouerrule his moodes: his nature will obey  
 In any charge discreetly giuen, that doth his good assay:  
 Thus charge'd thy Syre, which thou forgett; yet now at last approue  
 (With forced reference of these) th' attraction of his loue.  
 Who knowes if sacred influence may blesse thy good intent,  
 And enter with thy gracious words, euen to his full consent?  
 The admonition of a friend is sweet and vehement.  
 If any Oracle be slun, or if his mother Queene  
 Hath brought him some instinct from Ioue, that fortifies his splene;  
 Let him reigne command to thee, of all his Myrmidons,  
 And yeeld by that meanes some repulse, to our confusions;  
 Adorning thee in his bright armes, that his resembled forme  
 May haply make thee, thought himselfe, and calme his hostile forme:  
 That so a little we may ease our overcharged hands;  
 Draw some breath, not expire it all: the foe but faintly stands

Beneath

*I*eneath his labors; and your charge, being fierce, and freshly giuen,  
They easily from our tents and Fleet, may to their walls be driuen.

*This moun'd the good Patroclus minde; who made his utmost haste*  
*T'informe his friend; and as the Fleet of Ithacus he past,*  
*(At which their markets were dispos'd, counsailes and Martiall corts,*  
*And where to th' Altars of the Gods, they made diuine resorts)*  
*He met renown'd Euryпилus, Eumons noble sonne*  
*hialting his thigh hurt with a shaft: the liquid sweat did run*  
*Downe from his shoulders and his browes: and from his raging wound*  
*Forth flow'd his melancholic blood, yet still his minde was sound:*  
*His sight, in kinde Patroclus breast, to sacred pittie turn'd,*  
*And (nothing more immartiall, for true ruth) thus he mournd;*  
*Ah wretched progenie of Greece, Princes, delect'd kings:*  
*Was it your Fates to nourish beasts, and stretch the out cast wings*  
*Of sauage vultures here in Troy? Tell me, Eumemons fame,*  
*Doc yet the Greeks withstand his force, whom yet no force can tame?*  
*Or are they hopelisse throwne to death, by his resistles lance?*  
*Diuine Patroclus (he reply'd) no more can Greece aduance*  
*Defensue weapons; but to Fleet, they headlong must retire:*  
*For those that to this hower haue held our Fleet from hostile fyre,*  
*And are the bulwarks of our host, lie wounded at their tents;*  
*And Troys vnvanquishable power, still as it toyles, augments:*  
*But take me to thy blacke sternde ship, saue me, and from my thye*  
*Cut out this arrow; and the blood that is engor'd and dry,*  
*Wash with warme water from the wound: then gentle salues apply,*  
*Which thou knowest best: thy princely friend hath taught thee surgerie;*  
*Whom (of all Centaures the most iust) Chyron did institute:*  
*Thus to thy honorable hands my case I prosecute,*  
*Since our Physitians cannot helpe: Machaon at his tent*  
*Aceeds a Physitian himselfe, being Leach and patient:*  
*And Podalirius, in the field, the sharpe conflict sustaines.*  
*Strong Menetiades reply'd; how shall I ease thy paines?*  
*What shall we doe, Euryпилus? I am to vse all hast,*  
*To signifie to Thetis sonne occurrents that haue past*  
*At Nestors honorable sute: but be that worke atchieu'd,*  
*When this is done; I will not leaue thy torments unrelieu'd.*  
*This said, atwart his backe he cast, beneath his breast, his arme,*  
*And nobly helpt him to his tent: his seruants seeing his harme,*  
*Disperade Ox-hides upon the earth, whereon Machaon lay:*

Patroclus

*Patroclus cut out the sharpe shaft, and clearly wash away*  
*With luke-warme water, the black blood: then twist his hands he brus'de*  
*A sharpe and mitigatorie roote: which when he had infus'de*  
*Into the greene well-cleansed wound, the paines he felt before*  
*Were well and instantly allaid; the wound did bleed no more.*

The ende of the Eleuenth Booke.



Bb

THE



## THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



### The Argument.

**T**He Troians, at the Trench, their powers engage,  
Though greeted by a bird of bad presage.  
In five parts they diuide their powre, to skale,  
And prince *Sarpedon* forceth downe the pale;  
Great *Hektor* from the Port teares out a stone,  
And with so dead a strength he sets it gone  
At those brode gates the Grecians made to guard  
Their Tents and shippes; that, broken, and vnbar'd,  
They yeeld way to his powre; when all contend  
To reach the shippes: which all at last ascend.

### Another Argument.

*My*, workes the Troians all the grace,  
And doth the Grecian Fort deface.

**P**atroclus, thus employ'd in cure of hurt *Eurypilus*;  
Both hostis are all for other wounds, doubly contentious;  
One, all wayes labouring to expell; the other to invade:  
Nor could the brode dike of the Greeks, nor that strong wall they made,  
To guard their fleete, be long vnrae't; because it was not raise'd,  
By grane direction of the Gods, nor were their deities pray'de

(When

(When they begun) with *Hecatombes*, that then they might be sure  
(Their strength being season'd well with beaus) it should haue force t'endure;  
And so, the safeguare of their fleete, and all their treasure there  
Infallibly had beene confirm'd; when now, their bulwarkes were  
Not onely without powre of checke, to their assaulting foe  
(Euen now; as soone as they were built) but apt for ouerthrowes  
Such as, in verie little time, shall burie all their fight  
And thought, that euer they were made; as long as the despight  
Of great *Aecides* held up, and *Hector* went not downe;  
And that by those two meanes stood safe, king *Priams* sacred Towne;  
So long their Rampire had some vse, (though now it gaue some way):  
But when Troys best men sufferd Fate, and many Greeks did pay  
Deare for their sufferance; then the rest, home to their Countre turn'd,  
The tenth yeare of their warres at Troy, and Troy was sackt and burn'd,  
And then the Gods fell to their Fort: then they their powres employ  
To ruine their worke, and left lesse of that, then they, of Troy.  
*Neptune* and *Phoebus* tumb'l'd downe from the *Idalian* hills,  
An inundation of all floods, that thence the brode sea fills  
On their huge rampire; in one glut, all these together rorde,  
*Rhesus*, *Heptaporus*, *Rhodius*, *Scamander* (the adorde)  
*Careus*, *Simois*, *Grenicus*, *Aetepus*; of them all,  
*Apollo* open'd the rough mouths, and made their lussie fall  
Rauish the dustie champain, where as many a helme and shield,  
And halfe-god race of men were strow'd: and that all these might yeeld  
Full tribute to the heauenly worke; *Neptune* and *Phoebus* won  
Ioue to vnburthen the blacke wombes of clouds (fild by the sun)  
And poure them into all their streames, that quickly they might fend  
The huge wal swimming to the sea. Nine dayes their lights did spend  
To nights; in tempests; and when all, their utmost depth had made;  
Ioue, *Phoebus*, *Neptune*, all came downe, and all in state did wade  
To ruine of that impious fort: Great *Neptune* went before,  
H'rought with his trident, and the stones, trunks, roots of trees he tore  
Out of the Rampire; tost them all into the *Hellepont*;  
Euen all the proud toyle of the Greeks, with which they durst confront  
The to-be-burned Deities; and not a stone remainde,  
Of all their huge foundations; all with the earth were plaine'd.  
Which done; againe the Gods turn'd backe the siluer-flowing floods,  
By that vast channell, through whose vaults, they pour'd abroad their broods,  
And couerd all the ample shore againe with dustie sand;  
And this the end was of that wall, where now so many a hand

Bb 2

H 46

Was emptied of stones, and darts, contending to invade;  
 Where clamor spent so high a throat, and where the fell blowes made  
 The new-built wadden Turrets grone. And here the Greeks were pent  
 Tam'd with the Iron whip of Ioue, that terrors vehement  
 Shooke ouer them by Hectors hand; who was (in euerie thought)  
 The terror-master of the field, and like a whirlwinde fought;  
 As fresh as in his morns first charge. And as a sauage Bore  
 Or Lion, hunted long; at last with hounds and hunters store,  
 Is compast round; they charge him close, and stand (as in a Towre  
 They had incha't him) pouring on of darts an Iron showre;  
 His glorions hart yet, nought appall'd, and forcing forth his way;  
 Here ouerthrowes a troope; and there a running ring doth slay  
 His utter passage; when againe that slay he ouerthrowes;  
 And then, the whole field frees his rage: so Hector wearies blowes;  
 Runs out his charge vpon the Fort; and all his force would force  
 To passe the dike. Which being so deepe, they could not get their horse  
 To venture on; but trample shore, and on the verie brinke,  
 To neigh with spirit; yet still stand off: nor would a humane thinke  
 The passage safe; or if it were, twas lesse safe for retreat;  
 The dike being euerie where so deep, and (where twas least deep) set  
 With stakes exceeding thick, sharp, strong, that horse could neuer passe;  
 Much lesse their Charriots, after them: yet for the foote there was  
 Some hopefull seruice, which they wisht, Polydamas then spake;  
 Hector, and all our friends of Troy, we indiscretly make  
 Offer of passage, with our horse: ye see the stakes, the wall  
 Impossible for horse to take, nor can men fight at all,  
 The place being streight; and much more apt, to let vs take our bane  
 Then giue the enemy: and yet if Ioue decree the wane  
 Of Grecian glorie vterly, and so bereaue their harts,  
 That we may freely charge them thus, and then will take our parts;  
 I would with all speed, wisht th' assault; that ougly shame might shed  
 (Thus farre from home; these Grecians bloods. But, if they once turne head  
 And sally on vs from their fleete, when in so deepe a dike  
 We shall lye struggling; not a man of all our host is like  
 To liue, and carrie backe the newes: and therefore, be it thus;  
 Here leaue we horse, kept by our men, and all on foot let vs  
 Hold close together, and attend the grace of Hectors guide,  
 And then they shall not beare our charge; our conquest shall be died  
 In their lines purples. This aduice pleas'd Hector; for twas sound;  
 Who first obey'd it; and full arm'd, betooke him to the ground;

And

And then all left their Charriots, when he was scene to lead,  
 Rushing about him; and gaue up each Charriot, and fled  
 To their directors to be kept in all precinct of warre;  
 There, and on that side of the dike: and thus the rest prepare  
 Their onset in five regiments. They all their powre diuide:  
 Each Regiment allow'd three Chieffes; of all which, euen the pride,  
 Seru'd in great Hectors Regiment; for all were set on fire  
 (Their passage beaten through the wal) with hazardous desire,  
 That they might once, but fight at fleet. With Hector Captaines were,  
 Polydamas, and Cebriones; who was his Chariotere:  
 But Hector found that place a worfe, Chieffes of the second band  
 Were Paris, and Alcatous, Agenor, the command  
 The third strong Phalanx had, was giuen to th' angure Hellenus,  
 Deiphobus, that God-like man, and mightie Ailius;  
 Euen Ailius Hyrtacides, that from Arisba rode  
 The huge bay horse; and had his house where riuier sellers flowd.  
 The fourth charge, good Eneas led, and with him were combind  
 Archelochus, and Acamas (Antenors dearest kinde)  
 And excellent at euerie fight. The fifth braue companie,  
 Sarpedon had to charge; who chus'd, for his commands supply,  
 Altopoecus, great in arms, and Glaucus; for both these  
 Were best of all men, but himselfe; but he was fellowles.  
 Thus fitted with their well-wrought shields, downe the steep dike they goe;  
 And (thirstie of the walls assault) belieuie in ouerthrowe;  
 Not doubting but with headlong fals to tumble downe the Greeks,  
 From their blacke Naxie; in which trust all on; and no man seeks  
 To crosse Polydamas aduice, with any other course,  
 But Ailius Hyrtacides, who (proude of his bay horse)  
 Would not forsake them; nor his man that was their manager,  
 (Foolle that he was) but all to fleete, and litle knew how neere  
 An ill death sat him, and a sure; and that he neuer more  
 Must looke on lofty Ilion, but looks, and all, before,  
 Put on th' all-covering mist of Fate, that then did hang vpon  
 The Lance of great Deucalides: he fatally rush't on  
 The left hand way; by which the Greeks, with horse and Charriot,  
 Came usually from field to fleete: close to the gates he got;  
 Which both vnbar'd, and ope he found; that so the easier might  
 An entrie be for any friend that was behind in flight;  
 Yet not much easier for a foe, because there was a guard  
 Maintaind vpon it; past his thought, who still pusht for it hard,

Bb 3

Eagerly

Eagerly shewing; and with him, were five more friends of name  
 That would not leaue him, though none else would hunt that way for fame  
 (In their free choice) but he himselfe. Orestes, Iameneus,  
 And Acamas, Aliades, Thoön, Oenomaus,  
 Were those that followed Asius: within the gates they found  
 Two eminently valorous, that from the race renowned  
 Of the right valiant Lapithes deriv'd their high descent.  
 Fierce Leonteus, was the one, like Mars in detriment;  
 The other mightie Polepæt, the great Pirithous sonne:  
 These stood within the lofty gates, and nothing more did shun,  
 The charge of Asius, and his friends, then two high hill-bred Okes,  
 Well rooted in the binding earth, obey the aerie strokes  
 Of winde and weather, standing firme, gainst euerie seasons spight;  
 Yet they poure on continued blowes, and beare their shields upright;  
 When in the meane space, Polypæt and Leonteus cheerd  
 Their souldiers to the fleetes defence: but when the rest had heard  
 The Troians in attempt to skale, clamor and slight did slowe,  
 Amongst the Grecians; and then (the rest dismaide) these two  
 Met Asius entring; thrust him backe, and fought before their doores:  
 Nor far'd they then like Okes that stood. But as a brace of Bores  
 Coucht in their owne bred hill, that heare a sort of hunters shewte,  
 And hounds in hot trayle, comming on, then from their dens break out,  
 Trauerse their force, and suffer not, in wildnes of their way,  
 About them any plants to stand: but thickets, offering slay,  
 Breake through, and rend up by the roots: whet gnashes into aire,  
 Which tumult fills, with howls, hounds, hornes, and all the hote affaire  
 Beates at their hosomes: so their armes rung with assailing blowes;  
 And so they stirr'd them in repulse: right well assur'd that those  
 Who were within, and on the wall, would adde their parts: who knew  
 They now fought for their rents, fleete, liues, and fame; and therefore threw  
 Stones from the walls and towers, as thicke, as when a drift winde shakes  
 Blacke-clouds in peeces; and pluckes snow in great and plumie flakes  
 From their soft bosomes; till the ground be wholly cloy'd in white;  
 So earth was hid with stones, and darts; darts from the Troian fight;  
 Stones from the Greeks: that on the helms and bossie Troian shields  
 Kept such a rapping, it amaz'd great Asius, who now yields,  
 Sighes, beats his thighs, and in a rage, his fault to loue applies.  
 O loue (said he) now cleere thou show'st, thou art a friend to lyes;  
 Pretending, in the sight of Greece, the making of it good;  
 To all their ruines: which I thought, could neuer be withstood;

Yet

Yet they, as yellow Waspes, or Bees (that, hauing made their nest  
 The gasping Cranny of a hill) when for a hunters feast,  
 Hunters come hot and hungrie in, and digge for honny Comes;  
 They flye upon them, strike and sling; and from their hollow homes,  
 Will not be beaten, but defend their labours fruites, and brood:  
 No more will these be from their port; but either lose their blood  
 (Although but two, against all vs) or be our prisoners made;  
 All this, to do his action grace, could not firme loue perswade,  
 Who for the generall counsaile stood, and gainst his singular braue)  
 Bestow'd on Hector, that dayes fame; yet he, and these behaue  
 Themselves thus nobly at this port: but how at other ports,  
 And all alongst the stony wall, sole force, gainst force and forts,  
 Rag'd in contention twixt both boasts; it were no easie thing,  
 (Had I the bosome of a God) to tune to life, and sing.  
 The Troians fought not of themselves, a fire from heauen was throwne  
 That ran amongst them, through the wall, mere added to their owne;  
 The Greeks held not their owne: weak griefe went with her wither'd hand  
 And dip't it deeply in their spirits, since they could not command  
 Their forces to abide the field; whom harsh necessitie  
 (To save those ships, should bring them home) and their good forts supply  
 Draue to th'expulsive fight they made; and this might sloop them more  
 Then neede it selfe could eleuate: for euen Gods did deplore  
 Their dire estates; and all the Gods, that were their aids in war;  
 Who (though they could not clear their plights) yet were their friends thus far,  
 Still to uphold the better sort; for then did Polepæt passe  
 A Lance at Damalus; whose helme was made with cheeks of brasse,  
 Yet had not prooffe enough: the pyle draue through it, and his skull;  
 His braine, in blood dround; and the man so late so spirit-full  
 Fell now quite spirit-less to earth; so emptied be the vaines  
 Of Pylon, and Oimeneus liues; and then, Leonteus gains  
 The lifes end of Hippomachus, Antimachus-his sonne;  
 His Lance fell at his gyrdle stead; and with his end, begun  
 Another end; Leonteus left him; and through the prease  
 (His keene sword drawne) ran desperately upon Antiphates,  
 And liueless tumbled him to earth, nor could all these liues quench  
 His ferie spirit; that his flame in Menons blood did drench,  
 And rag'd up, euen to Iameneus, and yong Orestes life;  
 All heapt together, made their peace in that red field of strife:  
 Whose faire armes while the victors spoyld, the youth of Lion,  
 Of which there seru'd the most and best, still boundly built upon

The

The wisdom of Polydamas, and Hector's matchlesse strength;  
 And follow'd, fill'd with wondrous spirit, with wish, and hope at length  
 (The Greeks wall wun) to fire their fleet; but (having past the dike,  
 And willing now to passe the wall) this prodigie did strike  
 Their hearts with some deliberate slay: a high flowne eagle forde  
 On their troopes left hand, and sustaine'd a Dra: on all engorde,  
 In her strong serres, of wondrous size: and yet had no such checke  
 In life and spirit, but still she fought; and turning backe her necke  
 So slung the eagles gorge; that down she cast her feruent pray,  
 Amongst the multitude; and tooke, upon the windes, her way;  
 Crying with anguish. When they sawe a branded Serpent sprawle,  
 So full amongst them; from above, and from loues fowle let fall;  
 They tooke it, an ostent from him: stood frighted; and their cause  
 Polydamas thought iust, and spake; Hector, you know, applause  
 Of humor hath beene farre from me, nor fits it, or in warre  
 Or in affaires of Court; a man, imploy'd in publike care,  
 To blanch things further then their truth, or flatter any powre:  
 And therefore, for that simple course, your strength hath oft beene sowre  
 To me in counsailes; yet, againe, what shewes in my thoughts best,  
 I must discover; let vs cease, and make their flight our rest  
 For this dayes honor; and not now attempt the Grecian fleet;  
 For this (I feare) will be th'euent; the prodigie doth meet  
 So full with our assayre in hand. As this high flying fowle,  
 Vpon the left hand of our host, (implying our controule)  
 Honord above vs; and did trusse within her goulden serres  
 A Serpent so embrew'd, and bigge; which yet (in all her feares)  
 Kept use, and feruent spirit to fight; and wrought her owne release,  
 Nor did the Eagles Airie feed: so though we thus far prease  
 Vpon the Grecians; and perhaps may ouerrunne their wall;  
 Our high minds aiming at their fleet; and that we much appall  
 Their trussed spirits; yet are they so Serpent-like disposed  
 That they will fight, though in our serres, and will at length belofde  
 With all our outcries; and the life of many a Trojan breast,  
 Shall with the Eagle flie, before we carrie to our nest  
 Them, or their Naie: thus expounds the angue this ostent,  
 Whose depth he knowes; and these should feare. Hector with countenance bent  
 Thus answerd him; Polydamas, your depth in augurie,  
 I like not; and I know right well, thou dost not satisfie  
 Thy seife in this opinion: Or if thou think'st it true,  
 Thy thoughts, the Gods blinde; to aduise, and urge that, as our due,

That

That breaks our duties; and to loue; whose vow and signe to me  
 Is past directly for our speede: yet light-wing'd birds must bee  
 (By thy aduice) our Oracles; whose feathers little stay  
 My serious actions. What care I, if this, or th' other way,  
 Their wilde wings way them; if the right, on which the sunne doth rise,  
 Or, to the left hand, where he sets? 'Tis loues high Counsaile lies  
 With those wings, that shall beare up vs; loues, that both earth and heauen;  
 Both men, and Gods sustaines and rules: One augurie is giuen  
 To order all men, best of all; fight for thy Countries right.  
 But why fearest thou our further charge? for though the dangerous fight  
 Straw all men here, about the fleet, yet thou need'st neuer feare  
 To beare their Fates; thy warie hart will neuer trust thee, where  
 An enemies looke is; and yet, fight; for, if thou dar'st abstaine,  
 Or whisper into any eare, an absence so vaine  
 As thou aduise'st, neuer feare, that any foe shall take  
 Thy life from thee; for tis this Lance. Thus said; all forwards make;  
 Himselfe the first: yet before him, exulting clamor flew;  
 And thunder louing Iupiter, from Iostre Ida blew  
 A storme that vsberd their assault, and made them charge like him;  
 It drave directly on the flecte, a dust so fierce, and dim,  
 That it amaz'd the Grecians; but was a grace diuine,  
 To Hector, and his following Troopes; who wholly did incline  
 To him, being now in grace with loue; and so put bouldly on  
 To rase the rampire; in whose beight they fiercely set upon  
 The Parrapets and puld them downe; ras't euerie formost fight;  
 And all the Butteresses of stone, that held their towers vpright,  
 They tore away with Crowes of iron, and hap't to ruine all.  
 The Greeks yet stood, and stil repaire'd the sure fights of their wall  
 With hides of Oxen; and from thence, they pourd downe stones in shewres  
 Vpon the underminers heads. Within the furmost Towers,  
 Both the Aiaces had comma'd, who answerd euerie part;  
 Th' assaulters, and their souldiers; repref, and put in hart;  
 Repaying valour, as their wall; spake some faire, some reprov'd,  
 Who euer made not good his place; and thus they all fort mon'd;  
 O Countnimen, now need in aide, would haue exceffe be spent;  
 The excellent must be admird, the meane'st excellent;  
 The worst, do well; in changing warre, all should not be alike;  
 Nor any idle: which to know fits all, least Hector strike  
 Your mindes with frights, as eares with thunders; forward be all your hands  
 Vrge one another; This doubt downe, that now betwixt vs stands,

C c

loue

Ioue will goe with vs to their wals ; To this effect , alowde  
 Spake both the Princes ; and as high (with this) the expulsion slowde.  
 And as in winter time, when Ioue his cold-slarpe lauelines throwes  
 Amongst vs mortalls ; and is mon'd, so white earth with his snowes ;  
 (The windes a sleepe) he freely poures, till highest prominents,  
 till tops, lowe Meddowes, and the fields, that crowne with most contents  
 The toyles of men ; sea ports, and shores are hid ; and euerie place,  
 But floods (that snowes faire tender flakes, as their owne brood, embrace) :  
 So both sides couerd earth with stones, so both for life contend,  
 To shoue their sharpnesse, through the wall vprore stood up an end.  
 Nor had great Hector, and his friends the rampire ouerrun,  
 If heauens great Counsaylor, high Ioue, had not inflam'd his sonne  
 Sarpedon (like the Forrests king, when he on Oxen flies)  
 Against the Grecians : his round Targe, he to his armes applies  
 Brasse-leau'd without ; and all within, thicke Ox-hydes, quilted hard ;  
 The verge naid round, with rodde of gould ; and with two darts prepar'd,  
 He leads his people ; as ye see a mountaine Lion fare,  
 Long kept from prey ; in forcing which, his high minde makes him dare,  
 Assault vpon the whole full fould : though guarded neuer so  
 With well-arm'd men, and eager dogges, away he will not goe,  
 But venture on, and either snatch a prey, or be a prey :  
 So farae diuine Sarpedons mind, reioi'd to force his way  
 Through all the fore-fights, and the wall : yet since he did not see  
 Others as great as he, in name, as great in mind as he ;  
 He spake to Glaucus ; Glaucus, say, why are we honor'd more,  
 Then other men of Lycia, in place with greater stoue  
 Of meates and cups ? with goodlier roofes, delight some gardens, walkes ?  
 More Lands ; and better ? so much wealth, that court and countrie talks  
 Of vs, and our possessions ; and euerie way we goe,  
 Gase on vs as we were their Gods ; this where we adwell, in so  
 The shores of Xanthus ring of this ; and shal not we excoede,  
 As much in merite, as in noise ? Come ; be we great in deed  
 As well as looke ; shine not in gould, but in the flames of fight ;  
 That so our near-arm'd Lycians may say ; See, these are right  
 Our kings, our rulers ; these deserue to eate, and drinke the best,  
 These gouerne not ingloriously : these thus exceed the rest,  
 Do more then they command to doe. O friend, if keeping backe  
 Would keep backe, age from vs ; and death, and that we might not wracke  
 In this lifes humane sea at all, But by deferring now  
 We shoud death euer ; nor would I halfe this vaine-volour shame,

Nor

Nor glorifie a folly so, so wish thee to a dance :  
 But since we must goe, though not here, and that besides the chance  
 Propos'd now, there are infinite fates of other sorts in death ;  
 Which (neither to be fled nor scap't) a man must sinke beneath :  
 Come ; trie me, if this sort be ours ; and either render thus,  
 Glorie to others ; or make them resigne the like to vs.  
 This motion, Glaucus shifted not, but (without words) obey'd ;  
 Fore-right went both ; amightie troope of Lycians followed :  
 Which, by Menelltheus obseru'd, his hayre stood up on end ;  
 For at the Towre where he had charge, he saw calamitie bend  
 Her horrid browes in their approach. He threw his looks about  
 The whole fights neere, to see what Chiefe might helpe the miserie out  
 Of his poore souldiers ; and beheld where both th' Aiaces sought,  
 And Teucer, newly come from fleete, whom it would profite nought  
 To call ; since tumult, on their helms, shields, and upon the ports  
 Layd such lowde claps : for euerie way defences of all sorts  
 Were adding, as Troy tooke away ; and clamor slew so high  
 Her wings strooke heauen, and dround all voice : the two Dukes yet so night  
 And at the offer of assault, he to th' Aiaces sent  
 Thoos the herralde, with this charge : Run to the regiment  
 Of both th' Aiaces ; and call both, for both were better here ;  
 Since here will slaughter, instantly, be more enforc'd then there.  
 The Lycian Captaines this way make ; who in these fights of stand,  
 Haue often shew'd much excellence : yet, if laborious hand  
 Be there more needfull then I hope ; at least afford vs some ;  
 Let Ajax Telamonius, and th' archer Teucer come.  
 The Herralde hasted, and arriu'd, and both th' Aiaces tould,  
 That Peticus noble sonne desire, their little labor would  
 Employ it selfe in succoring him ; both their supplies were best,  
 Since death assaild his quarter most ; for on it fiercely prest  
 The well-pron'd mightie Lycian Chiefe. Yet if the seruice there  
 Allowde not both ; he prayd that One, part of his charge would beare ;  
 And that was Ajax Telamon ; with whom he wish'd would come  
 The archer Teucer. Telamon left instantly his roome  
 To strong Lycomedes ; and will'd Ajax Olliades  
 With him to make up his supply, and fill with courages  
 The Grecian harts till his returne, which should be instantly  
 When he had well relieu'd his friend. With this, the companie  
 Of Teucer he tooke to his aide ; Teucer, that did defend  
 (As Ajax did) from Telamon : with these two did attend

Cc 2

Pandion



Pandion, that bore Teucers bowe, When to Menestheus Towre  
They came; alongst the wall, they found him, and his hartned power  
Toying in making strong their fort; the Lycian princes set  
Blacke whyrlewinde-like, with both their powers, upon the parapet:  
Ajax, and all resisted them: clamor amongst them rose;  
The slaughter, Ajax led: who first the last deare fight did close  
Of strong Epicles; that was friend to Ioues great Lycian sonne.  
Amongst the high manition heape, a mightie marble stone  
Lay highest; neere the Pynacle; a stone of such a paise,  
That one of this times strongest men, with both hands, could not raise.  
Yet this did Ajax rouse, and throw, and all in shreds did drie  
Epicles foure-sopt caske and skull; who (as ye see one due  
In some deep river) left his height; life left his bones withall.  
Teucer shot Glaucus (rushing up yet higher, on the wall)  
Where naked he discern'd his arme, and made him steale retreat  
From that hote seruice; least some Greek, with an insulting threat,  
(Beholding it) might fright the rest. Sarpedon much was grieved,  
At Glaucus parting; yet fought on, and his great hart relieu'd  
A little with Alcmaons blood, surnam'd the Horides,  
Whose life he hurld out, with his Lance; which following through the prease  
He drew from him, Downe from the tower, Alcmaon dead it strook;  
His faire arms ringing out his death. Then fierce Sarpedon tooke  
In his strong hand the battlement, and downe he tore it quite;  
The wall stript naked; and byode way, for entrie and full fight,  
He made the many. Against him Ajax, and Teucer made;  
Teucer, the rich belt on his brest, did with a shaft inuade:  
But Iupiter auerted death; who would not see his sonne  
Dye at the tayles of th' Achine hippes. Ajax did fetch his run,  
And (with his Lance) strooke through the Tardge, of that braue Lycian king;  
Yet kept he it from further paise; nor did it any thing  
Dismaie his minde, although his men stood off from that high way,  
His valour made them; which he kept, and hop't that stormie day  
Should euer make his glory cleere. His mens faults thus he blam'd;  
O Lycians, why are your hote spirits, so quickly disinflam'd?  
Suppose me ablest of you all: tis hard for me alone,  
To ruine such a wall as this; and make Confusion,  
Way to their Nauie; lend your hands. What many can dispatch  
One cannot thinke: the noble worke of many, hath no match.

The wise kings iust rebuke, did strike a reuerence to his will  
Through all his souldiers; all stood in, and gainst all th' Achies still

Made

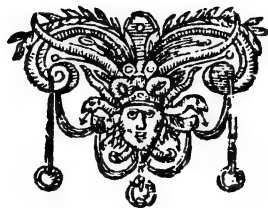
Made strong their Squadrons; insomuch that to the aduerse side  
The worke shewde mightie; and the wall when twas within deferyed,  
No easie seruice; yet the Greeks could neither free their wall,  
Of these braue Lycians; that held firme the place they first did skale;  
Nor could the Lycians from their fort the sturdie Grecians drie;  
Nor reach their fleet: but as two men, about the lymits strue  
Of Land that toucheth in a field; their measures in their hands,  
They mete their parts out curiously, and either stiffly stands,  
That so farre is his right in law; both hugely set on fire  
About a passing little ground: so greedily as fire  
Both these foes, to their seuerall endes; and all exhaust their moyst  
About the verie battlements (for yet no more was lost).  
With sword and fire they vext for them, their Targes hugely round;  
With Oxehides linde; and bucklers light, and many a ghastly wound  
The sterne steele gaue, for that one prise; whercof, though some receiu'd  
Their portions on the naked backs, yet others were bereau'd  
Of braue liues, face-ward, through their shields stowrs, but wakes euery where  
Were freckled with the bloods of men; nor yet the Greeks did beare  
Base back-ward faces; nor their foes would therefore be outfac'd:  
But, as a spinster poore and iust, ye sometimes see strait lac'd  
About the weighing of her webbe; who (carefull) hauing charge,  
For which, she would prouide some meanes, is loth to be too large  
In giuing or in taking weights; but euer with her hand,  
Is doing with the weights and wolk, till both in iust paise stand:  
So euently stood it with these foes, till Ioue to Hector gaue  
The turning of the skoles; who first against the rampire draue,  
And spake so lowde that all might heare; O stand not at the pale  
(Braue Trojan friends) but mend your hands: up, and break through the wall,  
And make a bonfire of their fleete: all heard, and all in heapes  
Got skaling ladders, and aloft. In meane space Hector leapes  
Vpon the port; from whose out-part, he tore a masse stone  
Thicke downward; vponwards edg'd it was so huge a one  
That two vast yocemen of most strength (such as these times begit)  
Could not from earth, list to a Cart; yet he did brandish it  
Alone (Saturnius made it light); and swinding it, as nought,  
He came before the plankie gates, that all for strength were wrought,  
And kept the Port: two folde they were, and with two rafters bard;  
High, and strong lockt: he raide the stone, bent to the hurle so hard,  
And made it with so maine a strength, that all the gates did cracke;  
The rafters left them, and the folds one from another brake;

C c 3

The


*The bindges peece-meale flew, and through the feruent little rocke  
 Thundred a passage; with his weight, th'in wall his brest did knocke;  
 And in rusht Hector, fierce and grimme as any stormy night;  
 His brasse Armes, round about his brest, reflected terrible light.  
 Each arme, held up, held each a dart: his presence cald up all  
 The dreadfull spirits his Being held; that to the threatned wall  
 None but the Gods might checke his way: his eyes were furnaces;  
 And thus he look't backe; cald in all: all fird their courages,  
 And in they flowde: the Grecians fled; their fleet now, and their fright  
 Askt all their rescue; Greece went downe; tumult was at his height.*

The ende of the Twelfth Book.





To the right Gracious and worthy, the Duke of  
LENNOX, &c. Diuine HOMER humblye submittes  
*that desert of acceptation in his Presentment, which all worthiest  
Dukes haue acknowledg'd, worth Honor and Admiracion.*

 Mongst th' Heröes of the Worlds prime years,  
Stand here, great Duke, & see the shine about you;  
Informe your princely minde and spirit by theirs;  
And then, like them, liue euer; looke without you,  
For subiects fit to vse your place, and grace;  
Which throwe about you, as the Sunne, his Raies;  
In quickning, with their power, the dying Race  
Of friendles *Vertue*; since they thus can raise  
Their honor'd Raisers, to *Eternitie*.  
None euer liy'd by *Selfe-love*: Others good  
Is th' object of our owne. They (liuing) die,  
That burie in themselues their fortunes broode.  
To this soule, then, your gracious count'nance giue;  
That gaue, to such as you, such meanes to liue.

D d





To the most graue, and honor'd Temperer of Lawe,  
and Equitie, the Lord CHANCELOR, &c. The first  
Prescriber of both (Authentique HOMER) humbly presents his  
*Englisb Reniuall, and beseecheth Noble countenance to the sacred vertues hee  
eterniseth.*

**T**Hat Poesie is not so remov'd a thing,  
From graue administrie of publike weales,  
As these times take it; heare this Poet sing,  
Most iudging Lord: and see how he reueales  
The mysteries of Rule, and rules to guide  
The life of Man, through all his choicest waies.  
Nor be your timely paines the lesse applied  
For Poesies idle name; because her Raies  
Haue shinde through greatest Counsaillors, and Kings.  
Heare Royall *Hermes* sing the Egyptian Lawes;  
How *Solon*, *Draco*, *Zoroastes* sings  
Their Lawes in verse: and let their iust applause  
(By all the world giuen) yours (by vs) allow;  
That since you grace all vertue, honour you.



Of the most Renoun'd, and worthy Earle; Lord  
Treasurer, and Treasure of our Countrie, the Earle of  
SALISBVRIE, &c. *The first Treasurer of humane wisdom (Diuine  
HOMER) beseecheth Grace, and welcome to his Englisb Arriuall.*

**O**uch safe, great Treasurer, to turne your eye,  
And see the opening of a Greeian Mine;  
Which, Wisedome long since made her Treasury;  
And now, her title doth to you resigne.  
Wherein as th'Ocean walks not, with such waues;  
The Round of this Realme; as your Wisedomes seas;  
Nor, with his great eye, sees; his Marble, faues  
Our State, like your Vlyssian policies:  
So, none like HOMER hath the world enspherde;  
Earth, Seas, and Heauen, fixt in his verse, and mouing;  
Whom all times wisest Men, haue held vnpe'rde;  
And therefore would conclude with your approving.  
Then grace his spirit, that all wise men hath grac't,  
And made things euer flitting, euer last.





To the most honor'd Restorer of auncient Nobilitie,  
both in blood, and vertue, the Earle of SUFFOLK, &c.  
oldest HOMER (the first eternizer of those combin'd graces) pre-  
sents his Reminall, in this English Apparance; beseeching his honor'd, and  
free Countenance.

**O**igne, Noblest Earle, in giuing worthy grace,  
To this great gracet of Nobilitie:

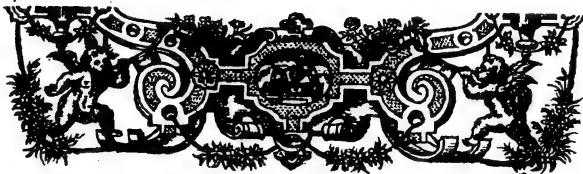
See heere what sort of men, your honorde place  
Doth properly command; if Poesie  
(Proffest by them) were worthily exprest.

The grauest, wisest, greatest, need not, then,  
Account that part of your command the least;

Nor them such idle, needles, worthless Men,  
Who can be worthier Men in publique weales,

Then those (at all parts) that preferib'd the best?  
That stir'd vp noblest vertues, holiest zeales;

And euermore haue liv'd as they profest?  
A world of worthiest Men, see one create,  
(Great Earle); whom no man since could imitate.



To the most antiently Noble and learned Earle,  
the Earle of NORTH-HAMPTON, &c. Old HOMER  
(the first Parent of Learning and Antiquitie) presents this part  
of his eternall Issue, and humbly desires (for helpe to their entire propagation)  
his cheerefull, and iudiciall Acceptance.

**O** you, most learned Earle, whose learning can  
Reiect illiterate Custome, and embrace  
The reall vertues of a worthie Man,

I prostrate this great *Worthie*, for your grace;  
And pray that Poesies well-deserv'd ill Name  
(Being such, as many moderne Poets make her)  
May nought eclypse her cleare essentiall flame:

But as she shines here, so refuse or take her.

Nor do I hope; but euen your high affaires

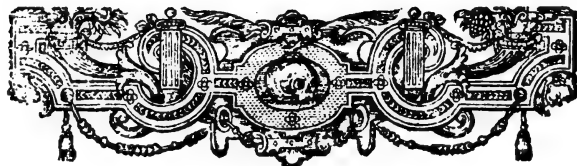
May suffer intermixture with her view;  
Where *Wisdom* fits her, for the highest chaires;

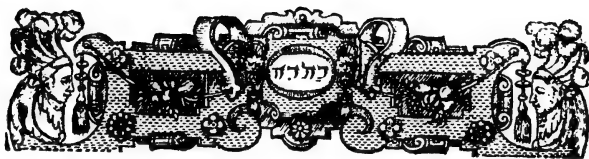
And mindes, growne olde, with cares of State, renew:

You then (great Earle) that in his owne tongue knowe

This king of Poets; see his English shewe.

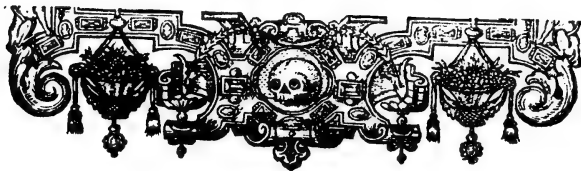
E c





To our English *Athenia*, Chaste Arbitresse of ver-  
tue and learning, the Ladie ARBELLA; reuiu'd HO-  
MER submits cause of renewing her former conference with his ori-  
ginal spirit; and prays her iudiciall grace to his English Conuersion.

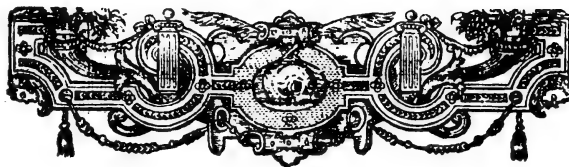
What to the learn'd *Athenia* can be giuen  
(As offering) fitter, then this Fount of Learning?  
Of Wisdome, Fortitude; all gifts of Heauen?  
That by the, both the height, bredth, depth dis-  
Of this diuine soule, when of old he liv'd; (cerning  
(Like his great *Pallas*, leading through his wars)  
Her faire hand, through his spirit thus reuiu'd,  
May lead the Reader; shoue his Commentars;  
All that haue turnd him into any tongue:  
And iudge if ours reueale not Mysteries,  
That others neuer knew, since neuer sung;  
Not in opinion; but that satisfies.  
Grace then (great Lady) his so gracious Muse,  
And to his whole worke his whole spirit infuse.



To the most honor'd Patronesse and Grace of  
*Vertue*, the Countesse of Bedford.

TO you, faire Patronesse, and Muse, to Learning;  
The Fount of learning and the Muses sends  
This Cordiall for your vertues; and forewarning  
To leaue no good, for th'ill the world commends.  
Custom seduceth but the vulgar sort:  
With whome, when Noblesse mixeth, the is vulgar;  
The truly-Noble, still repaire their Fort,  
With gracing good excitements, and gifts rare;  
In which the narrow path, to Happinesse,  
Is onely beaten. *Vulgar* pleasure sets  
Nets for her selfe, in swindge of her excesse;  
And beates her selfe there dead, ere free she gets.  
Since pleasure then with pleasure still doth waste;  
Still please with vertue, Madame: That will last.

Ec 2





*To my euer-observed and singular good Lord, the  
Earle of Svssex; with dutie, alwaies profest to his  
most Honor'd Countesse.*

**Y**Ou that haue made, in our great Princes Name  
(At his high birth) his holy Christian vowes;  
May witnesse now (to his eternall Fame)  
How he performs them thus far; & stil growes  
About his birth in vertue; past his yeares  
In strength of Bountie, and great Fortitude.  
Amongst this traine, th en, of our choicest Peeres,  
That follow him in chace of vices rude,  
Summon'd by his great Herralde *Homers* voice;  
March you; and euer let your Familie  
(In your vowes made for such a Prince) reioyce.  
Your seruice to his State shall neuer die.  
And, for my true obseruance, let this showe,  
No meanes escapes, when I may honor you.



*Against the two Enemies of Humanitie and Reli-  
gion (Ignorance and Impietie) the awak't spirit of the  
most-knowing and diuine H O M E R, calls (to attendance of our  
Heroicall Prince) the most Honor'd and uncorrupted Heroe, the  
Earle of PEMBROKE, &c.*

**A**Boue all others may your Honor shine;  
As, past all others, your ingenuous beames  
Exhale into your grace the forme diuine  
Of godlike *Learning*; whose exiled streames  
Runne to your succor, charg'd with all the wracke  
Of sacred Vertue. Now the barbarous witch  
(Fowle *Ignorance*) sits charming of them backe  
To their first Fountaine, in the great and rich;  
Though our great Soueraigne counter-check her charms  
(Who in all learning, raignes so past example)  
Yet (with her) *Turkys* *Policie* puts on armes,  
To raze all knowledge in mans Christian Temple.  
(You following yet our king) your guard redouble:  
Pure are those streames, that these times cannot trouble.

E c 3





To the right gracious *Illustrator of vertue*, and worthy  
of the fauor Royall, the Earle of MOUNTGOMRIE.

**T** Here runs a blood, faire Earle, through your cleare  
That well entitles you to all things Noble; (vains,  
Which still the liuing Sydnian soule maintaines,  
And your Names ancient Noblesse doth redouble:  
For which, I needes must tender to your Graces  
This noblest worke of Man; as made your Right.  
And though *Ignoblesse* all such workes defaces  
As tend to *Learning*, and the soules delight:  
Yet since the sacred Penne doth testifie,  
That *Wisedome* (which is *Learnings* naturall birth)  
Is the cleare Mirror of Gods Maiestie,  
And *Image* of his goodnesse here in earth;  
If you the *Daughter* wish, respect the *Mother*:  
One cannot be obtainde, without the other.



To the most learned and Noble Concluser of  
the *Warres Arte*, and the *Muses*, the Lord LISLE, &c.  
the first *Prescriber* and *Concluser* of both (*Divine HOMER*) in all  
observation presents both.

**N** Or let my paines in him (long honor'd Lord)  
Faile of your auncient Nobly-good respects;  
Though obscure *Fortune* neuer would afford  
My seruice thowe, till these thus late effects.  
And though my poore deserts weigh'd neuer more  
Then might keepe downe their worthless memorie  
From your high thoughts (enrich't with better store)  
Yet yours, in me, are fixt eternally;  
Which all my fit occasions well shall proue.  
Meane space (with your most Noble Nephewes) daine  
To shoue your free and honorable loue  
To this Greeke Poet, in his English vaine.  
You cannot more the point of death controule,  
Then to sticke close by such a liuing soule.



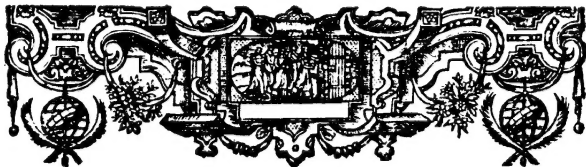




To the right Noble, and (by the great eternizer of  
Vertue, Sir P. SYDNEY) long since, eterniz'd, Right  
vertuous, the accomplish'd Lord WOTTON, &c.



Our friend (great SYDNEY) my long honor'd Lord,  
(Since friendship is the bond of two, in one)  
Tels vs, that you (his quicke part) doe afforde  
Our Land the living minde that in him shone.  
To whom there neuer came a richer gift  
Then the Soules riches; from men ne're so poore:  
And that makes me, the soule of *Homer* live  
To your acceptance; since one minde both bore.  
Our Prince vouchsafes it: and of his high Traine  
I wish you, with the Noblest of our Time.  
See here, if Poetrie be so slight and vaine  
As men esteeme her in our moderne Rime,  
The great'st, and wisest men that euer were,  
Haue giuen her grace: and (I hope) you will, here.



The right valorous, learned, and full sphere of  
Noblesse, the Earle of SOUTH-HAMPTON, the Mu-  
ses great Heralld, *HOMER*, especially calls to the following of our  
most forward Prince, in his sacred expedition, against Ignorance and  
Impietie.



In choice of all our Countries Noblest spirits  
(Fit, those aforesaid Monsters to conuince)  
I could not but inuoke your honor'd Merits,  
To follow the swift vertues of our Prince.  
The cries of *Vertue*, and her *Foxtresse, Learning*,  
Brake earth, and to *Elysium* did descend,  
To call vp *Homer*: who therein discerning  
That his excitements, to their good, had end  
(As being a Grecian) puts-on English armes;  
And to the hardie Natures in these clymes  
Strikes-vp his high and spiritfull alarms,  
That they may cleare earth of those impious Crimes:  
Whose conquest (though most faintly all apply)  
You know (learn'd Earle) all liue for, and should die.

F f



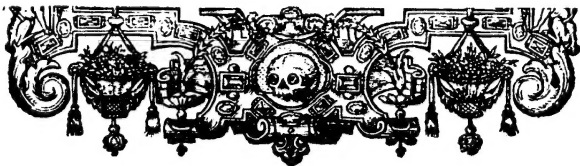


To conclude, and accomplish the right Princely Traine of  
*our most excellent Prince, HENRIE, &c. In entertainment of all the*  
*vertues brought hither, by the preserver. HOMER, &c. His damne worth solicits*  
*the right Noble and virtuous Herse the Earle of Arundell, &c.*

**T**He end crownes all: and therefore though it chance,  
 That here, your honor'd Name be vsde the last ;  
 Whose worth all Right should (with the first) aduance,  
 Great Earle, esteeme it, as of purpose past.  
 Vertue had neuer her due place in earth ;  
 Nor stands shee vpon Forme ; for that will fade :  
 Her sacred substance (grafted in your birth)  
 Is that, for which she calls you to her aide.  
 Nor could she but obserue you with the best  
 Of this Heroicall, and Princely Traine ;  
 All following her great Patron to the Feast  
 Of *Homers* soule, inuiting none in vaine.  
 Sir then, Great Earle, and feast your soule, with his :  
 Whose food, is knowledge ; and whose knowledge, blisse.

*Subscrib'd by the most true obseruants of  
 all your Heroicall vertues,*

Geo. Chapman.



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